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the 'information' and 'communication' fields, and the 'information science' and 'communication science' fields.

It is important to note that the 'information science' and 'communication science' fields are not the same as the 'information science' and 'communication science' fields. The 'information science' field is a discipline that studies the nature and properties of information, while the 'communication science' field is a discipline that studies the nature and properties of communication.

The 'information science' and 'communication science' fields are both interdisciplinary fields that draw on knowledge from a variety of disciplines, including philosophy, psychology, sociology, and computer science.

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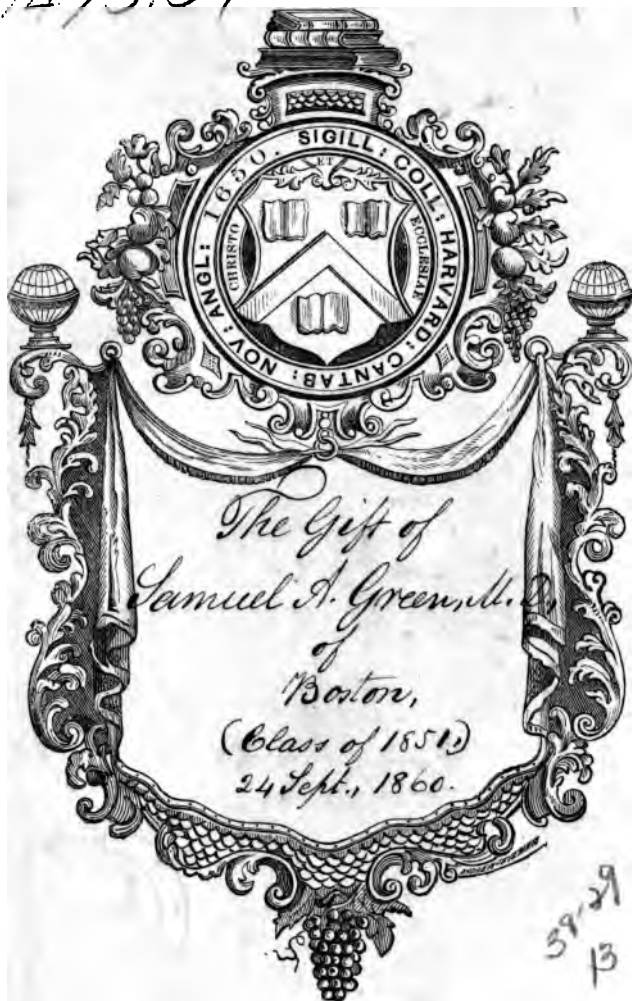
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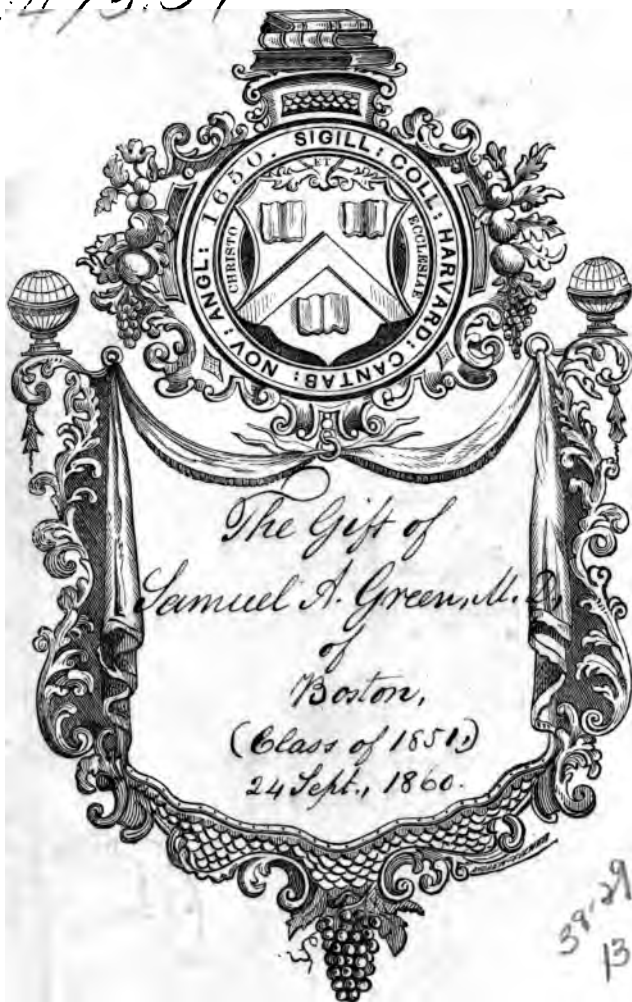
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13 June 1861.



ADVENTURES
OF
A MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY
ROBERT DOUGLAS,

SURGEON, ROYAL NAVY.

WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
BURGESS, STRINGER, & CO.
222 BROADWAY.
1848.

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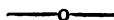
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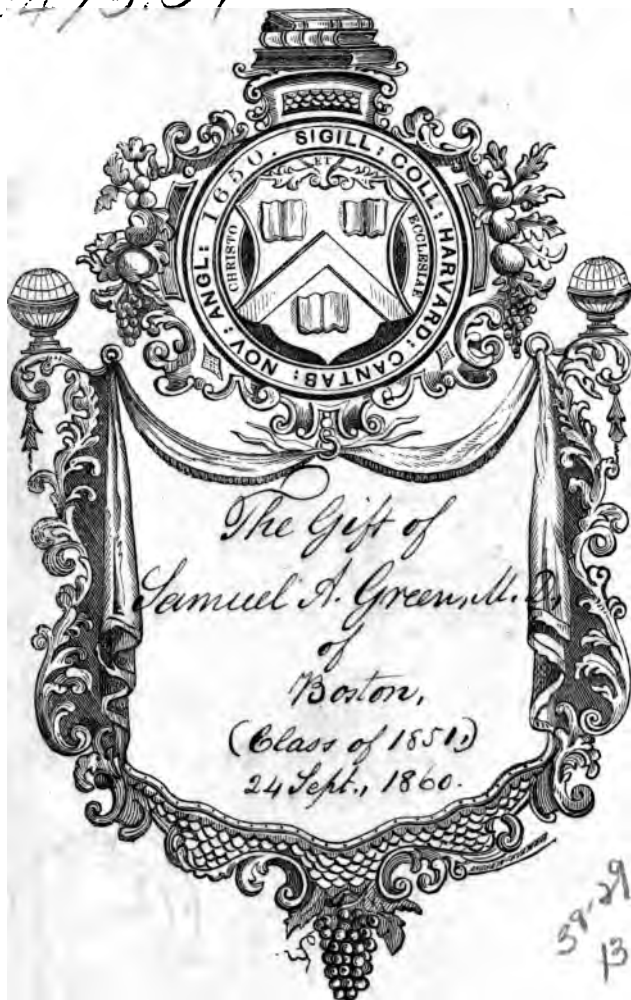
S K E T C H
OF THE
L I F E O F T H E A U T H O R .

THE life of a young, ambitious, and talented man, whose career has been brought to a sudden and premature close, cannot be entirely without interest. The hardships he endured, and the difficulties he surmounted, may also render a record of it valuable to those who are laboring under like disadvantages. There are no doubt, many young men, with talents equal to his, animated with as great ardor and enthusiasm, and feeling as strong a thirst for distinction, who are at this moment enduring sufferings as severe as those he experienced. To them his example must be an especial lesson of profit, by showing to them what industry and perseverance can accomplish.

Robert Douglas was born in the neighborhood of Glasgow, in 1820, and was the second son of Edward Douglas, Esq., portioner, who at one time carried on an extensive business in that city. When very young, his father removed to a large house situated in the neighborhood of Glasgow, which, from the vast extension of the city, is now reckoned within its boundaries. Here Robert, together with an elder brother, since dead, was put to a private school, where he acquired the fundamental parts of an English education. The few joyous years which were passed while attending this school, when, in the perfection of childish glee, he used to ramble through the fields, plucking the wild flowers as he went, or wandered alone by the brink of the river, and dream away the day, he has often said, formed the only purely happy portion of his life.

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female mind, he always succeeded with them in making himself a favored and welcome guest.

The profession which he had chosen was well adapted for the study of the human mind and the observation of frail nature, stripped of its outward trappings. The mind depressed with disease becomes careless of the worldly tinsel that usually screens its failings. The cloak of hypocrisy is no longer available; and when the patient has arrived at the state which leads him to seek for comfort from that source where it is never denied, the physician in such cases will always find suitable subjects for deep thought and serious meditation.

While attending the hospitals, Douglas had ample opportunity for study. Many of his tales are founded on incidents which he witnessed there, and which are sometimes pictured with a vividness and minuteness of detail that never fail to awaken an interest in the reader; occasionally too, by the way, to create a feeling something akin to horror. From such passages, many will conclude that they were penned by an individual of gloomy character and morbid imagination. But it is not from his writings that a just idea of his powers or character can be formed, though the public, of course, will judge of him from his compositions. Those who were long intimate with him knew well that his mind partook largely of the cheerful gaiety characteristic of buoyant youth, and had nothing of that gloom which is remarkable in his writings.

His forte, unquestionably, was description. He possessed an uncommon power of taking in at a glance all the features of a scene or a landscape; indeed, whatever he had once looked upon was so indelibly impressed upon his memory, that, long afterwards, he could write a faithful description of it, even to the minutest particulars. All who have read his tales, and are familiar with the scenery for a few miles around his native city, can easily point out the locality, though described under another name. He took great pleasure in strolling about the country, and was thoroughly acquainted with every nook and by-road for miles around. This was the chief out-door exercise in which he indulged, unless, perhaps, football-playing, of which he was always passionately fond. It was a favourite game with the students in the College-park, where he was often to be found; but he also took great delight in occasionally mixing among the *riff-raff* of the city, who were in the habit of pursuing the same game in the long summer evenings on the public green. Amongst these he was well known, and he used to astonish them by the expert-

ness which he displayed and the enthusiasm with which he enjoyed the diversion.

When another year at the classes would have completed his course of study, qualifying him to appear before the faculty for his diploma, as a surgeon, an unfortunate change took place in his father's circumstances, which entirely deprived him of the means necessary for pursuing his studies; and, for a time, threatened to put a stop to them altogether. A series of reverses of fortune, which we do not deem it essential to particularize, put it out of his father's power to afford him that aid on which he had hitherto relied.

This sad reverse was a severe discouragement to young Douglas. At the time, he knew of no quarter where he could properly apply. He had, therefore, no alternative but to relinquish his studies, and, for a short time at least, devote himself to some manual employment. Although he had been aware of the straitened circumstances of his father, he expected to have been so far improved in his own condition as not to require his help, and therefore was wholly unprepared for the sudden calamity which now befell him. His hardships commenced from this period, and continued for the space of nearly three years, during which it may be said that his life was one continued struggle with poverty.

It is not easy to conceive with what feelings the idea of falling back in life must have been borne by an educated, aspiring, sensitive young man. However, he bore his misfortunes manfully, and, with all the evils of penury staring him in the face, resolved to labour without ceasing till he obtained the means of finishing his education. It was not long before he procured an engagement in a lawyer's office as a copying clerk. The remuneration was small, but, with unusual diligence and an energetic perseverance, for which he was distinguished, he managed to save as much, in a few months, as enabled him to pay the fees of the few remaining classes which it was necessary for him to attend.

During the session he was constantly employed, when out of the classroom, in the office, copying papers and translating old Latin documents. For the latter work he was rather better paid than for the usual law-papers; it being considered a more difficult task, and one which few of the clerks could undertake with confidence. To him it presented no difficulty, and, being at liberty to take these papers home, after devoting a few hours to study, he sat down to them, continued writing for the greater part of the night, and generally had them finished in the morning.

In 1841 he went to Edinburgh to obtain his diploma, and, as he expressed it, "passed the board with flying colors." After remaining a few days in the capital, he returned home with his credentials, as a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians, intending immediately to set about procuring an appointment as assistant surgeon in the Navy. It was with this view that he had devoted himself to the study of medical science, always believing that he could command sufficient interest to procure employment. But a few years had elapsed since then, and now, when fully qualified to make application, the assistance on which he depended was no longer available. A change had taken place in the Government; and with the party in power he had no interest. For some months previously he had been aware of the increased difficulty which the change of ministry would add to his appointment; but he had no idea of the utter hopelessness of his case till now, when he sought the aid of those friends on whom he had depended. He made application in every quarter where he thought there was the slightest chance of success, but all without effect; and, at length, after wandering about for three months, dispirited and almost broken-hearted, he relinquished the idea in sheer despair. The next best thing that occurred to him was to settle down as an ordinary practitioner in his native city; though in this capacity he was fully alive to the almost insurmountable obstacles which a young man would have to encounter before he could work himself into a practice, which, even at the end of a number of years, would barely yield him the means of a very humble subsistence. He considered that, if he could once bring himself prominently before the public, he stood a good chance of success; the chief thing was to become known as a man of ability, either in or out of his profession. At this time he belonged to a literary debating society, the members of which were principally young men in business, with a few students who were desirous of acquiring the habit of speaking fluently in public. Soon after he became a member he made considerable improvement in his mode of address, getting completely rid of that *mauvaise honte*, which is always felt in some degree by amateur orators, so that he could rise on any occasion with the greatest coolness and self-possession, and deliver his opinions upon any topic on which he desired to be heard.

He was proud of his talent as a debater, and, being in the habit of occasionally attending public meetings about this time, he saw several whom he knew to be less able than himself, making a respectable figure in public, and, by these means apparently, rising into notice. He resolved

therefore, to follow the same course, and ever afterwards lost no opportunity of pushing himself forward. Indeed, his writings were at all times inferior to his conversation. Though sometimes rough and boisterous, from the excessive flow of his spirits, he was at all times easy, entertaining, and agreeable. No one could be dull in his presence; his manners were so lively, his mode of talking so animated, that the dullest company was sure to be enlivened, and acknowledged his superiority by the attention to which they listened to his conversation. In relating a story or anecdote; he was equal to any man we ever knew. If he had gone out of town for a day, he was certain on his return to have collected a score of yarns, and the subjects of them were often so unimportant, and apparently so destitute of wit and humour, that, but for his mode of telling, they would have failed to excite the slightest interest. It is somewhat surprising that he never attained the same ease in writing. Whenever he attempted dialogue he failed; nevertheless he often talked of producing a tragedy: there is, however, no evidence among his papers of his ever having begun such a work; perhaps he was deterred from the attempt by the difficulty he found in moulding his ideas into a dramatic form.

Since he had become a member of the society we have mentioned, he was constantly in the habit of taking a share in every discussion that happened to arise in any private or public company where he chanced to be present; so that he now felt no restraint or backwardness in appearing before a large audience, where a greater display was looked for. As an instance of these private discussions in which he took such pleasure, we may mention one that occurred in Edinburgh while he was there. It took place in the public room of a large tavern, where a numerous company are daily in the habit of dining economically together. The room was filled with people. During the repast the conversation turned upon the trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners for conspiracy, which had lately created a strong excitement throughout the whole of Scotland. He had often heard the subject talked of in a small book-shop which he used to frequent, and, being intimate with all its details, he was of opinion, like many others, that the spinners, as a body, were, at that time, hardly dealt with. The tenor of the conversation being rather adverse to this view of it, he ventured, in a few words, to give his opinion. At first the conversation was confined to a small circle around him, but, very shortly, he found a staunch opponent in the centre of the room, who seemed able and willing to debate the question with him. Judging from his mode of speak-

ing, he appeared to be a lawyer, and possessed a very fair knowledge of the subject, as well as a thorough acquaintance with the state of the factory-workers generally. The debate was carried on with great spirit, on both sides, for nearly two hours; when Douglas, after a powerful speech, completely vanquished his opponent, and shortly afterwards left the house in great glee at the astonishment he had created.

While he was looking about for a proper situation to open a shop and commence practising, another opportunity occurred which he thought favorable to his darling project—an appointment in the Navy. The municipal election for the city magistrates was drawing near; and hearing that a keen contest was likely to take place in the district where his father's property was situated, he determined to take advantage of the opening which the occasion offered for pushing his own interest. The Whig and Tory parties in the district were equally balanced, but the former, being out of power, could of course be of no use to him; so he determined to favor the latter. After consulting with a number of his father's former and present tenants, all of whom he found favorable to his wishes, he went directly to the Tory candidate, and, having explained his object, was gratified with the assurance that he would use his influence with his brother, an M. P., to procure him an appointment. With his usual promptitude and energy, Douglas immediately began canvassing, and early on the morning of the election he was at the head of "fifty faithful Irishmen," as he called them, whom he marshalled up to the polling-booth. At the close of the poll he had the pleasure of hearing his friend declared duly elected, a result which, we have reason to know, was wholly owing to his services. The gentleman was as good as his word. In a few days his application was sent off duly certified, and in less than a fortnight he received a notice from the Secretary of the Board of Admiralty, to proceed immediately to London.

A short time previously to this, while wandering idly about the city, he had written two short sketches in prose, which he submitted to an intimate friend, who advised him to offer them to Mr. Colburn, for his Magazine. With this he complied, though he had slender hopes of their being accepted. He was therefore agreeably surprised, when busy with the election business, on receiving a letter from Mr. Colburn, expressing his willingness to accept the contributions, and offering what Douglas considered a handsome remuneration.

His prospects now began to brighten; he was an accepted contributor

to one of the first-class London magazines, and was in daily expectation of being called up for examination before the Board of Admiralty. He arrived in London on the 7th of December, 1841, and from this date began a close correspondence with the writer of this notice.

He was not long in London before he received an appointment to H.M.S. "Calcutta," then stationed in the Mediterranean; and, as he was to take his passage out to Gibraltar in the "Queen," he was ordered to proceed to Spithead, and join that vessel. His mind was now full of literary projects. Every letter had a new one, and to enumerate them all would take up too much space and answer no good purpose. While in London he composed "A Tale of Galvanism," a wild and powerfully-written story, which appeared before he left the metropolis, and at the time attracted considerable attention. He also commenced a translation of one of Lucian's tragedies for the "New Monthly Magazine"; but, after proceeding some length, he threw it aside, finding, from the nature of the subject, that without great alteration, it would be impossible to render it suitable for that publication.

On joining the "Queen," and after a few months' absence from home, when the excitement of London had left him in quiet, he began to experience that most miserable of all maladies—home-sickness. Every thing around him was strange and foreign. He had not been long enough on board to acquire a friend to whom he could apply for advice or consolation; and moreover, he was greatly annoyed by the tricks to which all new-comers are subject on first entering the Navy. In a long melancholy letter, written at this time, he recounts, in a most lugubrious strain, all his grievances, and expresses a wish that he had never entered the service. Much of the annoyance which he experienced when he first entered the Navy, we have no doubt was owing chiefly to his own behaviour. He had set out in life with much of the ardor and enthusiasm of youthful genius; but, like many young men of undoubted talent, he was deficient in knowledge of the world. At this time he was highly elated by his favorable prospects, and being always of a bold, forward disposition, never felt any delicacy in speaking of himself or his affairs, and showing that he had a just estimate of his own merits. This being the case, it is not probable that he was less reserved on board, so that, to those who did not know him intimately, he must have appeared as nothing more than a talkative, boastful egotist; any little merit that he

gave evidence of possessing being far overbalanced by his seeming self-conceit.

For three months he remained on board the "Queen," during which time he composed the "Widow's Child," the "Romance of a Walk," and the "Adventures of a Night," all of which appeared successively in the "New Monthly," and were highly spoken of by the papers, as they were published.

On the 14th March, 1842, he was transferred to the "Formidable," to take his passage out to Gibraltar, there to join his own vessel, then cruising in the Mediterranean. After a very stormy passage, he arrived at his destination; and, although it was the first time he had been to sea, he neither then, nor all the time he was in the service, experienced the slightest touch of sea-sickness. The "Calcutta" was daily expected, and he had but a few days to look about him before she arrived. In this vessel he visited the principal ports in the Mediterranean, and, by numerous excursions on shore, he increased his knowledge, not omitting to improve his mind by observation and reflection on all that he witnessed.

From the "Calcutta" he was transferred to H.M. Steamer "Polyphemus," where for two months he had full medical charge of the vessel. With this command he was exceedingly well pleased, and judging from his correspondence, he seems to have led a very merry life during the short time that it lasted. His letters at this time contain some very amusing adventures, and for some of the "larks" he was afterwards, on his return to England, called to account by the Admiralty.

We are unwilling to swell this notice with unnecessary matter, but as a specimen of a number of the adventures which he relates, we give the following—he being the only individual implicated. On the 10th of August, 1842, he writes, "I got into a precious scrape the other night here at Gibraltar. There are some beautiful gardens on the outside of the town, where all the inhabitants go late in the evening to promenade. I had been out riding that day into Spain, and after a long ride had drank a quantity of London porter, and smoked half a dozen cigars, so that I was in rather a queer state. I was not in uniform—that was a mercy—but had on a white jacket and trousers and a black silk hat. Well, as I was staggering through this promenade, late at night, on my way to the dockyard, where my steamer was lying, who should I meet but a pretty little woman. I immediately accosted her, and began to make all sorts

of mock-love, as we walked up a zig-zag slope of the rock, when up came a great heavy Spaniard, who at once recognized the woman as his wife,—she disappeared, and I, being valorous from the porter I had drank, immediately fell upon him with my whip. He stood it wonderfully, and only bawled out at the top of his voice. All of a sudden, up came about a dozen Spaniards, and such a precious jabbering there was ! A fight was immediately proposed, to which I making no objection, we fell to it, but on the first fall the Spanish villain *bit* me quite through the left eyebrow. I shall carry the scar to my grave. I felt his teeth meet in the middle of my flesh—it was a strange sensation. One of them made a grab at my handkerchief, but did not get it, the others kicked me most unmercifully ; but I, making a grasp at my hat, which one of them was trying on, showed the heels of a foot-ball player, and bolted, while they pursued—*haud passibus æquis*. I did not feel comfortable till I heard the ‘ Who goes there ? ’ of the sentries at the dockyard ;—my face was covered with blood, and I lost my whip, a beautiful thing I bought at Marseilles.”

His next vessel was the “ Thunderer,” where he remained from August, 1842, till September, 1843. It was by far the happiest period of his naval life, and during this time, he wrote some of his best tales. On his return to England in November, 1842, he paid a short visit to his friends in Scotland ; a marked improvement being observable in his appearance. He was no longer the mere boy that he formerly appeared, but a polished, observant, thinking citizen of the world, though he still possessed the hearty, rollicking, exuberant spirit of the medical student. Of late he begun to place little dependence upon his chance of rising in the service, and now he spoke very lightly of his prospects in this way. His mind was wholly taken up with his literary career, and he appeared resolved to direct his energies towards rising as a writer.

He had always a great abhorrence of being classed among what are styled the morbid writers. In reply to a letter hinting that his style partook a little of this strain, he says, “ I have just finished a tale for Colburn, entitled the ‘ Story of a Genius : ’ there is nothing of the horrible or terrible in it. Pray what do you call the witch scene in Macbeth ;—shipwreck scene in Don Juan, where folks eat each other ;—the passage in the ‘ Siege of Corinth,’ where the dogs eat the dead, and lazily mumble their bones ;—the torture scene at the end of ‘ Old Mortality ; ’—the scene

in 'Rob Roy,' where the Spy is pitched from the precipice into the lake ;— or any other of the most celebrated passages in literature? I have always kept such in view when writing, and in all that I have done I have never yet outstepped the bounds of nature or probability."

It will perhaps be interesting to many to see the first rude outline of some of his tales, before they were put upon paper ; the two following are those of the "Miners" and the "Outcast," both published in this collection :—"There is a strange conception flying across my mind of a man (a squire) lying at the bottom of a pit, out of which he cannot get, and dying of hunger, and at the same time seeing his wife in dalliance with a young clever little villain, who afterwards dies, and is found, by the students who lift him, *turned* in his coffin. I shall also introduce a high-spirited, virtuous girl, who will not 'fall,' as Hood complains that all my women do, and a brother with equal or greater talent, but muscular and stern, a very devil in short ; the little chap shall be Belial, and he,—I forgot who,—but a coarse, unpolished, scheming, vulgar brute. I think it will take form, and work itself up into a very spirited, though lengthened tale—have you any suggestions on the subject?"

In another letter he writes—"I should like to have your opinion of the sketch of a tale I sent you, and on that of another, in this way :—A gentleman of very great beauty of face and figure enchants all society, and wins the heart of a beautiful woman ; a lady who, for his good looks, rejected a man of talent to whom she was previously attached. On the marriage night she discovers her husband to be a leper, his whole body, save his face, hands, and feet, being one mass of hideous leprosy ; of course there is the devil to pay, and they agree to live separately—what think you of that idea?"

In the latter end of February, 1843, the "Thunderer" set sail for the Cape of Good Hope with troops. During this voyage he touched at St. Helena, Rio Janeiro, Madeira, and the Isle of France. He writes :—"We left St. Simon's Bay for the Isle of France with the 12th regiment, and fetched away the 87th. It is a remarkable and very beautiful spot, but unhealthy ; we lost two men in the five days that we lay there, and five more on the way home. Dysentery is the particular charm of the place, and is sometimes so rife that sentinels have been known to drop dead with it at their posts, which I suppose is the origin of the name *dysentery*. The celebrated Peter Botte Mountain is in this island ; it is a high

*There were said that Douglas thought these were the
most celebrated shows in the whole of modern times*

mountain, with a tremendous peak. Here also is the scenery of 'Paul and Virginia,' and their tombs are shown at the village of Pamplémouzes—whether authentic or not, heaven knows; I don't. I have written an article for Colburn about this island. I was also at St. Helena and saw Bonaparte's grave, and picked up some anecdotes about him, which will also appear in the 'New Monthly.'"

He returned to England in September, 1843, and the "Thunderer" having been paid off, he again went down to Glasgow to his friends, where he remained for three months. At the expiration of that time he was appointed to H.M. brig "Crane," and in March sailed for the Brazils. He returned in September, having been absent six months, during which he had no opportunity of writing. However, before sailing, Mr. Colburn had sent him copies of all the numbers of the Magazines containing articles by him, for the purpose of revision, previously to their separate publication; and he amused himself by looking them over. With regard to some of them, he says, "I have been much amused by reading the early papers. The first I like very well; the second, though graphic, I don't like so well; the third, or "Story of a Genius," appears to me a strange piece of inequality; the idea is a noble one, and, if I had to work it out now, how differently would I finish it! I think when I get time I will hatch up some other idea of equal force, and embody it."

He was very much dissatisfied with the "Crane," and for the first time in his life, he spoke of his health being impaired. He was anxious, therefore, to get into a coasting vessel, so that he might have an opportunity of being on shore occasionally. From Devonport, where he was staying, on the 11th of October, 1844, he writes—"Do you know that I am now getting quite an old man, frail and infirm, unable to stand the least draught of cold air, or wet feet, or exposure to the weather of any kind. Since I left Scotland last I have not known what health properly is, and I am afraid I shall never again know that exuberant health and strength that I had when I used to go about your place; I am full of pains in my joints from rheumatism while I write this letter."

This was the last communication which his friends received, and although it indicated failing health, there was nothing to create any uneasiness, or prepare them for the grievous loss which they were shortly to sustain. It was evident, however, that his general health had received a serious, and, as it ultimately proved, a fatal shock, which no doubt

tended to hurry on his end. About a fortnight after this he was appointed, as he had desired, to one of the coasting packets—H.M. steamer “Albion,” so that he might have an opportunity of taking a run down to see his friends for a few days. While on board he was seized, on the 6th of November, with typhus fever, which, owing to the previously delicate state of his health, carried him off on the 12th, after six days’ illness.

Thus died Robert Douglas, at the early age of twenty-four; cut off in the bloom of youth, full of life and hope. Blest with a robust healthy constitution, capable of enduring a more than ordinary amount of mental or physical toil, he had no cause to contemplate the nearness of such a contingency, but was rather looking forward to, and preparing for, a long and busy career of usefulness.

In the foregoing pages we have touched on the leading events of his life and the principal features of his character. Had the plan of this publication admitted, we might have done so at greater length, by the introduction of those letters which bore upon the narrative. But an author will be judged by his writings; and, though the effusions of twenty-one are seldom remarkable for depth of philosophy or greatness of design, there will be found in all of his an originality of conception, a breadth of observation, and a progressive improvement, which gave the most encouraging promise of future greatness. He loved literature for its own sake, and was an ardent admirer of the great minds whose genius had made it honorable; to rank among them was his greatest ambition, and to this end he had devoted his life. Neither was he averse to science—as a professional man he was deeply read in the best authors, much more so than in works of general literature.

In stature he was of the middle size, stout, robust and always healthy. His complexion was dark, his features well formed, and his countenance animated with a pair of glowing black eyes, always beaming with mirth and good humor. His temper, indeed, was seldom ruffled; and his spirits often partook of the boisterousness of boyhood.

ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

IMAGINE a young man, possibly with an outward appearance of even boyish youth—give him powers and habits both of intense study and extreme dissipation,—manners displaying at once the refinement that education must always produce, and the coarseness of what I fear I must call libertinism ; the look of conscious knowledge beyond others, as much of the recondite truths of science as of all the tricks and dodges of the town, an air of pride, likewise, and perhaps of poverty : clothe him in a pea-jacket, a rusty black stock, with no shirt visible, and trousers strapped down over his shoes. Then add a big stick, and you will possess a tolerably correct notion of a medical student.

He studies, probably, at a school several hundred miles from his home. He is young, and his own master ; at once, and for the first time, thrown on his own resources, and far from the advice or control of his friends. Dissection, by making him habitually familiar with all of mortal nature that men have been wont to hold in awe, renders him, in time, an utterly reckless and regardless being ; while the temptations to sin, and numerous and powerful indeed they are, by which he is surrounded on all sides, can hardly fail to demoralize, for a time, a mind already so strongly predisposed to their influence. But if rakish conduct be excusable in any one, surely it is in him, considering that in a short year or two he settles into the quiet and strictly moral and exemplary medical practitioner.

I have known a young man of this class who frequently passed forty-eight hours of time at a spell without closing his eyes in sleep, and it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, as far as inclination went, whether he passed it in arduous study—possibly of a question in science that re-

quired the talent of a master to catch even a glimpse of—or spent it in the pursuit of furious fun, roystering and devilment. Equally alert have I seen one at Chemistry and cricket, Physiology or football, Surgery and singlestick, milling and *Materia Medica*, Doctoring and drinking; these various accomplishments being diversified by the occasional effusion of a sonnet to her at home, or the insertion of an article in one of the magazines, with the view of raising a sovereign or two when cash was at ebb. Among this class the spirit of adventure and romance still lingers, ere she take her final flight from earth to heaven, before the advancing deluge of decency and matter of fact. Among them, disguises and rope-ladders are not yet extinct, and assignments, encounters, and hairbreadth escapes are of nightly occurrence. But listen to this young fellow.

"I studied for a year at the University of Glasgow, in the north. A medical education is to be had there cheap enough, and of excellent quality. My friends, coming to be aware of these facts, packed me off thither, nor did I feel much inclination myself to revolt at the measure. It is a large town, very densely populated, and very wealthy withal, for manufacturing and trading, which have separately enriched separate cities, have here combined their resources, and in the factory districts of the city the female population is to the male as the proportion of five to one. When you take each and all of these points into due consideration, you will perceive that it is not at all a very repulsive place to a medical student. For my own part I dropped into the heart of a select circle of youths, a regular clique, equally prepared for whatever might turn up of an evening—hard study, oysters, larking, or love-making. We used to honor with our patronage a peculiar house of entertainment, where the senses were ravished with whiskey-punch, Scotch ale, and the notes of a horrible old spinet, dignified with the name of a piano. It was in that identical street where dwelt whilome Baillie Nicol Jarvie, of high historic fame.

From this classic haunt I emerged, one night, in company with a few others of the clique alluded to, and in a state of mental elevation which, I believe, it would puzzle a Transcendalist to analyze or classify. My companions left me with the avowed intention of seeking their several homes—whether they did or not I am unable to say. For myself, I expressed a purpose of a similar nature, and as soon as they were out of sight, diverged away through the dark streets of the sleeping city, without any precisely definable object in view, but determined to ramble along as chance should direct, and follow out the first thing in the way of adventure that might tumble up.

It was a fine mild night for the season, and as I staggered along, my thoughts got more and more *dreamy* and confused, and as I speedily lost all idea of my whereabouts, at one time threading the windings of a lane, at another lost in the yawning depths of a close, or haply floundering among the foundations of a house in the progress of being built; now exchanging greetings with some lorn wight, zigzagging his way homeward, anon saluted by a grim-visaged guardian of the night, and reminded that though music hath charms, they are not generally held to be of the

soporific kind. At length I emerged into a wide open street which I found myself utterly unable to recognise. It was dark and lonely, the houses of stone, very lofty, rising dim, gray, and cold-like, with here and there a taper glimmering from a window, and the gas-lamps stretching away in two approximating lines, which became, to my bewildered optics, confounded together in the distance. A few passengers were moving in different parts of it, their footsteps sounding hollow and distinct through the deserted thoroughfare, while here and there a watchman, with his will-o'-wisp lantern, lounged at a corner, or disappeared up an alley.

I stood bolt upright, steadying myself in the middle of the causeway, mustering all my wits to my aid in order to come to a correct idea as to my precise position on the chart. Presently I heard a clock chime, then the half-hour called, and after a while a distant rumbling sound. It increased louder and louder, nearer and nearer, when at once, ere I was aware, a carriage rushed furiously round a corner, and flying rapidly on, was all but over me as I stood. The wheels grazed my elbow, and it was past me in an instant. I cast a look after it as it went. Thereupon my mind flew homeward, and away back to the days of my childhood, and I minded how my little brother and I, when going to school, long ago, used to jump up behind coaches, carts, and vans, and get whirled along in beautiful style. A chaise may travel fast, but thought travels faster, and all this had passed through my mind ere the vehicle was gone twenty feet from me. Acting from the impulse of the moment, I made a sudden bolt after it, by a sharp run caught hold of the springs, and with a bound swung myself up, and got seated very snugly upon the hind axle.

And a trick of this sort was just the thing which at that time I took delight in. I was about seventeen years of age, a very slight, agile little fellow, much slighter than I am now, and as active and alert as a cat, very fond of fun, and very careless how I came by it. I wore a kind of tight-fitting surtout of pilot cloth, single-breasted, and buttoning up to the chin, with no collar *for any one to hold on by*, and having in front, below the waist, two immense pockets, possessed of nooks and ramifications innumerable, the correct topography of which was known only to myself. In these I carried books, instruments, and sometimes other things not so easily named. Along with these a pair of shoes lacing on the instep, and a blue cap without lining of any description, formed altogether an equipment very suitable to the character of the wearer.

Away we rattled along the rough pavement, the sparks glancing from the stones as the wheels flew over them. The motion was most exhilarating, and I began to feel perfectly happy in the excitement and novelty of the adventure. I watched the street lamps as they streamed away in a line, one after another, to the rear; now and then a watchman or passenger caught my eye, standing to look at us while we were whirled away, and on the instant had left them far behind. Now I had no idea where we were going nor did I much care—all I wished was that it might be some distance. Presently I got hold of a lucifer, and lighting a Cuba, was speedily in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. Still more and more swiftly flew the carriage; twelve miles an hour I am sure was under the

speed we were travelling at, and the more rapidly it flew the more rapidly I puffed, till the fag end of the cigar dropped from my mouth, and I looked about me. My head was anything but clear, I must confess; but still I could make out that the town, with its gas, its stony pavement, and tall houses, had been left behind; and while we were flying along a smooth Macadamized road I could see the great trees by its sides, like dim shadows, gliding away to the rear, as the moon looked through a big fleecy cloud, like a fair lady through a jalousied window.

I began now to feel a little anxiety. I had not the slightest notion what road it was we were coursing along, or where it led to, or how I was to get back to my snug lodging, to be ready for lecture next morning. I began to ruminate, but still as I ruminated the vehicle was whirling me along, farther and farther into the dilemma. At last I came to the highly commendable and student-like resolution of leaving it all to luck, and yielding myself up altogether to the spirit of the adventure. When I had done so I felt marvellously comforted and once more at ease, while the delicious uncertainty of what was to befall me again took possession of my mind. I bent back as I sat, and holding on by the straps looked up to the sky, watching the clouds as they darkened over the face of the moon, and listening to the wind that was shaking the trees by the wayside, and rushing away with a winnowing sound up the heavens.

In a little I was sensible of a slackening in the pace, and immediately the vehicle stopped and a voice hallooed. I bent aside, and looked past its body. There was a turnpike-gate shut. The postboy hallooed again, and I could see a light moving about in the little gate-lodge. The window of the carriage was let down, and a voice spoke.

"How many miles to go now, Thomas?"

"Eleven of road, sir, and about a mile and a half of avenue."

The other voice said something in an impatient tone, and the vehicle moved slightly upon its springs, as if the speaker was accompanying his grumbling with a corresponding shrug. Shortly the turnpike-man appeared with a lantern, and we dashed away along the road once more.

We might have gone a couple of miles when I felt the speed slacken again. I looked out and saw some horses standing before what I judged to be a little road-side inn, from the square sign-board that was swinging half across the way. Several men were lounging about with lanterns, while a bright stream of light issued from the open door of the house. I immediately dropped to the road, and walked along close by the hedge. The coach stopped before the inn, and while four fresh horses were being harnessed to it a girl emerged with some refreshments, which she presented to an elderly gentleman who sat in it. The postboys addressed him by the title of Doctor, but I could not say I had ever seen him before—at all events he was not one of the lecturing doctors at the schools. Presently the word was given, "all right," and away they went. I had walked on a little way, and as soon as the carriage came past I chased it again, and jumping up, resumed my seat.

For more than an hour we rattled along with unabated velocity, when on a sudden we turned abruptly into another road, with a sharpness that all but unseated me, making the vehicle oscillate violently upon its straps.

It was narrow, full of ruts, and overhung with immense dark trees; we jostled along this for a mile or two, up hill and down again, round angles, and over bridges, till we stopped before a very magnificent gateway, with a porter's lodge beside it—of Gothic architecture—a most princely entrance altogether. The large carved iron gates were thrown wide, the horses sprang forward, and through we went, the motion being so rapid, and the darkness so great, that the porter, busied with his keys, did not observe me shrinking in behind.

We were now on a smooth avenue, skirting an immense park, dotted with trees, with their branches sweeping down to the very grass, while I could see animals like deer, starting out from under them as we rattled past. On the other side of the avenue was a close plantation of large trees, their stems surrounded by dense bushes.

I began now to entertain some serious misgivings about the issue of the affair.

"Here's a nice predicament to be caught in!" thought I; "what account could I give of myself now, or who would believe me? What will they do if they catch me? A precious scrape I have got myself into for no end nor purpose! This will never do, by Jove!"

And disengaging myself from my perch, I dropped to the ground, and fell aside among the bushes of the plantation, while the vehicle was speedily whirled away out of sight and hearing.

I sat me down upon a stone, and in solitude and darkness began with a heavy heart to bewail the absurdity of my situation.

"Here am I," quoth I to myself, "more than twenty miles from home, in the middle of the night, God knows where—and with how much? ah! let me see."

"I began searching my pockets, and after a rigid scrutiny made out the following inventory of their contents. A handkerchief—a little silver lancet-case, containing four of these lethal weapons—a small printed note, from a kind uncle of mine, acknowledging my committal to his care of a Mackintosh—the bones of the hand of a skeleton, wrapped up in a piece of brown paper—a thin little book, entitled "Sparks from the wheel of a man wot grinds"—a fourpenny-piece, with a hole in it—a cheroot (right Manilla,) broken in two by being sat upon—and a letter from her, and I kissed the paper, sweet Eliza Baster!

With a deep sigh, I restored these valuables to their former quarters, and giving scope to my imagination, began again to ponder upon the strangeness and folly of the adventure.

"All my comrades," thought I, "are now snug in their beds, and here am I, cold and alone, where I have no business to be—never was before, and with help from Heaven never will be again!—What's to be done?—Shall I lay me down among the bushes till daylight, and then pad home, a score of long Scots miles, or what the d—l shall I do?—And then there's that fellow to get a new nose at the hospital to-morrow, and I meandering cold and hungry about the country, all the while it's being so nicely shaped out and stuck on. Oh, murder! isn't it provoking?—Ha, hush!—what was that?" and I sprang to my feet in a panic of alarm, the hair rising on my head, my clothes feeling cold and rough upon my skin.

It was a sound as of some one moving stealthily among the bushes, close beside me, followed by a kind of tiny groan.

"I listened attentively; but all I could hear was the wind, and its sweeping rush, high over the treetops, and presently the bark of a dog, faint, and far, far away. It was most lonely, and the fumes of the liquor I had had overnight, being now completely dissipated, I began to feel wofully desolate and at a loss.

I had once more fallen away into cogitation, when directly I heard again the sound that had formerly disturbed me. It was now plainer, and appeared to be a kind of sputtering among the brushwood, and again there was the small cheeping infantile cry. My curiosity was now fairly roused, and summoning up all the fortitude I could command, I moved towards the spot it came from—step by step—after looking round to make sure of a clear retreat, while, at the same time, my heart was going, thump, thump, against my ribs, every beat vibrating up to my throat.

Presently the moon shone out brightly for a moment, between two passing clouds, and by the aid of a few beams penetrating under the foliage, I was enabled to perceive a hare, caught by the leg in a snare of brass-wire, planted very nicely in the interstice between two thick bramble-bushes.

My eye—here was a discovery! I paused a little, looking at the struggling animal.

"What shall I do with it?" thought I.

I took the creature up, kicking and spurring, into my arms. As I did so, I felt its little heart beating, and its breath panting away, as my own had been a few minutes before. My first resolution was magnanimous.

"I shall set it free," said I. "Go, poor wanderer of the wood and wild—liberty's a glorious feast!"

"So is haresoup!" said a still, small voice within me; not from my heart, I fear, but rather from the region of the stomach. "And Nancy at the Hen and Hatchet can cook it like an angel—and then with this tail to it," said I, in continuation, "the adventure will bear telling; they can hardly laugh with their mouths full of soup. "Puss," now I turned to the trembler in my arms, "it's all up with you—prepare for death—had you as many lives as your namesake, you should die and be turned to soup;" and here I began to ponder how I should commit the murder.

Shifting the noose from its leg to its neck, I hauled tight, and waited to see it give up the ghost. But here certain rather unaccountable escapes I had had from drowning rose up in my mind, and a strange fellow-feeling possessed me.

"No, puss," said I, "you shall not be hung," and I groped in my pockets for a knife.

But as the reader is in possession of the inventory of their contents, he will at once be aware that such an instrument was not come-at-able. The lancets, however, obtruded themselves upon my hand, and I drew forth one of them from the case, and began digging about with it, sounding for poor puss's carotid artery. But as this mode of procedure

seemed hardly more speedy or effectual than the former, I put the instrument into puss's medulla oblongata, at the back of her head, when she immediately stretched herself out, and certainly died game. And I forthwith stuffed her body into one of the capacious pockets of my surtout.

But judge of my dismay when at this moment I heard two voices whispering together, apparently not many yards from my side. I stood rooted to the spot, and once more did absorbing terror take possession of me.

What was I to do now? Was it the poachers that had set the snare, or the keepers that were searching for it? What would be my fate in either case? For a moment my presence of mind and confidence in myself forsook me, and I gave myself up for lost; but the next instant they rallied, and I looked about for a way of escape.

I was close to the foot of a tree—reaching up my hand I touched a branch—it felt elastic, but secure. Catching hold of this I slowly and gradually swung myself up, till I got my chest, and then my leg, upon it, and immediately I felt myself safe once more. I climbed a branch or two higher into the tree, and waited, though with a beating heart, for whatever was coming.

I now heard as if the owners of the voices were moving slowly from place to place among the brushwood. There were intervals of silence, and then the whispering and talking would begin, and anon there was a sound of footsteps, picked slowly, and with groping among the bushes.

After shifting about, hither and thither, they at length came to the root of the tree right under where I sat. I could dimly discern two figures, one of them a very large man, and the other a boy. This fact was further certified by the voices; one being gruff and harsh, and with difficulty subdued to a whisper, the other childish and piping. I held my breath as the man stooped and groped about where I had caught the hare.

He searched for a little and then apparently getting hold of the torn and disarranged snare, he gave vent to a broadside of oaths, which prefaced the following speech.

"What the —— has been to do here, Jerry—has this been a tod,* or a brock,† or a dog?"

"What's out now, father?" said the other.

"Why the girn‡ I set here last night is all knocked to the devil"—here an oath or two—"I'll have to stay and set it up again—so off you go home with what you have got; and mind you go through the wood, and up by the hunter's cairn—and don't be sneaking away by the holm—and tell Madge to have the trouts fried for me—do you hear?"

The boy went away, and as he went I thought I could see a dim something, like a large bundle, slung over his shoulder. The old chap continued to stoop, now humming a scrap of a tune, and now muttering an imprecation, as he appeared to be twisting the wires once more into a trap.

* Fox.

† Badger.

‡ Noosed trap.

I was sitting perched above him, waiting with the utmost anxiety for his departure, and praying Heaven my situation was not as plain to him as his was to me, when I heard a distant whistle from the direction of the park. He started to his feet, and stood motionless.

The whistle was repeated; there was a pattering as of small feet scampering over the grass, a loud abrupt barking, rising into a fierce snarling yell, and a dog sprang at his throat. But immediately there was a sound as of a heavy body dashed violently against the stem of the tree—I felt the blow thrill up to the branch I sat on, and the dog lay a couple of paces off, with its back broken, writhing upon the grass, and howling and yelping with agony.

The whistle sounded once more, accompanied by a loud cry of "Here, Viper, Viper!" and presently came a noise of footsteps, rapidly hurrying up, then pressing through the brushwood beneath me.

A bright glare of light was now flashed upon the trapper, evidently from a dark lantern carried by the stranger, and I had a perfect view of him. He was about the middle height, with an exceedingly large, heavy body, and short, thick legs, a little bowed outwards. His chest was very broad—his arms long and extremely muscular. He had a short, bull neck, and a large broad face, with coarse features, and bushy, dark eyebrows and whiskers. His head was bald, the white shining crown contrasting strongly with the deep, burnt, brown hue of his face. He stood with his fists doubled up in an attitude of defence, one of them being raised to shield his eyes from the light. At his feet lay the plaited wire of the snare, and a heavy broad cap of blue worsted stuff that had fallen from his head.

"Have I caught you at last?" said the stranger.

"Yes, and you'll find me nothing but a Tartar."

"Its no use—you must go down to the house."

"If I do, you'll have to carry me."

And laughing in defiance, he made a sudden kick with his foot, and dashed the lantern to the ground. I thought it was extinguished, but it was only broken; and the oil, escaping among the dry leaves, and catching fire from the wick, immediately shot up a bright flame, throwing a red, unearthly sort of light on every object around for a few paces back—all beyond that being shrouded in a pall of thick darkness. The new comer, whom I could now see plainly, appeared from his dress to be an under-gamekeeper, or some such character. He was considerably taller than the other, very well made, and also an exceedingly powerful man. He had a gun in his hands, but it was evidently not loaded for he held it clubwise, ready to strike down with the butt.

"Will you come quietly, or must I fetch you?" said he.

"Fetch and be —," was the reply; and the poacher sprang at him. He raised the gun, and it would have descended with fearful force on his antagonist's skull, but that it struck against the branch of the tree overhead, the very one by which I had swung myself up to my present position. The next instant both had grappled together, and a fierce struggle ensued, accompanied with curses, and hideous epithets applied to each other.

It was a most strange and terrific scene altogether. These two men of gigantic strength, locked in furious strife, their faces giving expression to every mad passion, while the red flame from the broken lantern threw its ruddy phantasmagorical glare upon them, making them look like fiends contending amid a region of fire.

I watched them with fearful yet absorbing attention, with feelings of awe, dread, and overpowering curiosity, tumultuous and scarcely bearable. I marked their sweating brows and straining muscles as they struggled hither and thither, now one, now the other seeming to have the advantage. I hearkened to their labouring breath, to their oaths, and horrible threats and denunciations; while, to add to the wildness of the picture, the dog, broken-backed and powerless, lay wriggling about on the grass close by, its eyes gleaming with pain and rage, barking and yelling from out of its foaming mouth, a fearful accompaniment to the conflict.

At once the gun, which appeared to be the immediate object of contention, flew from between them, and fell among the bushes a little to one side, while at the same moment a heavy blow was dealt upon the throat of the poacher, and he staggered back. It was but an instant, however, for the next he rushed upon his opponent with renewed ferocity, and they were again joined in mutual strife.

"You banished my boy!" was ground out from the compressed lips of the trapper.

"Yes, and I'll send you after the cub—if I don't—" an oath completed the sentence.

A bitter laugh was the response, accompanied by a powerful wrench of the other's body, that appeared almost to bend him double. He stood it out, however, and returned it by a second blow, dealt with his whole strength upon his opponent's neck. But in the act of doing this, he had laid himself fearfully open to him. The poacher grasped him at once round the middle, and, twisting him like a sapling across his haunch, with a wild cry of triumph, leaped high into the air, and they fell heavily to the ground, the keeper undermost and he over him, with his knee sunk into his stomach.

"Now," he cried out, "I'll make an end of this,—you have been the curse of my life—I'll be the finisher of yours."

But the keeper shortly appeared to recover from the stunning effects of his fall, and, grappling at his throat, struggled violently.

I thought he would once have changed places with him, but the poacher maintained his advantage and kept him down. After a while, grasping for breath, he gave up the attempt.

"Let me up, Nathan," he said, "I will let you go."

A laugh of derision was the answer, as after several tremendous blows, knocked into his face, his adversary, while he held him down with one hand, thrust the other into a side-pocket, and drew forth a large clasp-knife. When the prostrate man saw this, he screamed aloud, and made another desperate attempt to dislodge him as he sat upon his chest, but without avail.

"Nathan—Nathan, don't murder me,—have mercy!"

"What mercy had you on my son that you banished?—eh, Judas?"

"Oh, Nathan! spare my life—mind when we were boys together!"

"Ay, and do you mind when we were men together?"

"Yes, Nathan, I have been your ruin. I own it—but spare me in mercy—we are old men now—don't take my life!"

"If I don't, may God take mine! Ours has been a lifelong quarrel, and only death can end it. Think on Alice Woodward now,—I would have made her an honest woman—you made her a ——"

Yes! you may rob a man of all his possessions, and in time he will forget and forgive; but come between him and her he loves, and he will pursue you to the grave. If one insult you, wound you, deprive you of your nearest friend, of your child even, your very first-born, it is possible to pardon—to pray for him. But he has brought to ruin the woman your heart *loves*—her whom your fond youth idolized—who was the star of your hopes for this world and the next! Can you forgive?—is it in man's erring nature?

While the dialogue went on, they struggled much, the brawny poacher holding down his victim, partly by pressing his chest against his, and partly with his left hand, which grasped his throat. The knife he held in his right, making attempts to open it with his teeth, but desisting at intervals to utter the sentences above related. At length he got the blade partly open, when the keeper, by a desperate wrench, catching hold of his wrist, the spring went off, and with a loud snap the blade darted into its haft, making a hideous slanting gash in his under lip, half severing it from the lower jaw.

The warm blood spurted over their hands and faces, a kind of thin tiny vapour rising from it in the cold night air. The wounded man tossed his head spasmodically back, and uttered a wild snorting groan of intense agony.

All this was shown me by the red, flickering, flaring light from the lantern, which was now beginning to die out. It was indeed a scene such as a man may be horrified with once in a lifetime. I looked down in a paroxysm of interest and wonder, curiosity and dread. I lost all consciousness of my own situation, and seemed to have become part and parcel of the deadly strife below. I kept craning forward, and stretching and twisting myself to get a complete view, when just as the poacher had, with both his hands, succeeded in opening the knife, and with a savage yell was waving it in the air prior to plunging it into the throat of his adversary, whose loud and despairing cry of "Murder!" was that moment piercing my ears, a small branch, to which in leaning forward I had committed my whole weight, snapped suddenly, and I was precipitated a height of ten feet right down upon them, and we rolled over and over, extinguishing the flame of the lantern in the confusion.

And now ensued a scatter—a regular panic seemed to have possessed the combatants. As for myself, I can avow I was never in such a mania of fear in my life. In a moment we were on our legs, and flying like the wind in different directions. One—the poacher probably—rushed crushing and tearing through the bushes, and was lost among the trees; the other fled along the avenue; whilst I, putting trust in a pair

of heels that had often saved my head, coursed away out through the park, I knew not whither.

I ran on and on, never looking behind till I was brought to a stand by a broad piece of water. I paused here, and stooping, bathed my hands and throbbing temples with the clear, cold element—a proceeding by which I was mightily refreshed.

There was now a considerable degree of light, the moon shining freely out between two clouds. Looking round, I could see no living creature. I listened—was that the wind?—the sighing of trees, or the distant rush of water? No; now it's over! Hark again! It is—yes, the noise of a carriage—it is, by Heaven! and I could now hear the sound of wheels and horses' feet galloping over gravel. I sprang forward again, and ran in the direction of the sound. But presently it became fainter and less distinct. I am running from it!—where is it? I stood to listen, and again the murmur rose on the air. It is in this direction! and I ran a little. No, it's the other way! Oh, how torturing was that feeling of uncertainty and suspense in the lonely park! I could have sat down and cried in very bitterness. At length came a breath of wind, bearing loudly and distinctly the sound. I ran against it with my utmost speed, and, in a minute or more, saw the moon shine on the bright yellow body of the chaise I had so strangely travelled by, and it appeared to be rapidly approaching me. A couple of minutes more, and I was seated securely in my former position on the hind axle, and we were out through the gate and careering along the road.

It was not long now, till, fagged and exhausted, I fell into a broken and dreamy slumber, from which I was only awakened by the hard jolting and rattling of the wheels over a pavement of stone, and found we were travelling along the identical street that had so bothered my brains five or six hours before. This street, by the rapidly advancing light of the morning, I was now enabled to recognize, and leaving my seat, I hurried home, tumbled into bed for an hour or so, and then posted off to morning lecture.

The whole events of the night appeared like a wild and troubled dream, but there was a palpable reality in the fact, that poor puss lay along stiff and cold, but not a bit the worse of that, in one of the unfathomable pockets of my pea-jacket. Nor was it a matter for scepticism that she served for a nice supper to a select few, to whom, over a tumbler of punch ("toddy," as other legends sing), I took the liberty of relating the adventure.

But not the least curious point was, that never to this day could I form the least idea as to where I was that night,—who were the parties to whose duello I had so singularly put a finis, or who was the gentleman on whose carriage I had enjoyed such an eventful ride.

Whether the poacher and keeper ever met again to settle their difference, I know not—I should like to know, I confess. But there was one of my friends, a serious, sedate, sanctified sort of genius—Old Father Isaacson we used to call him—who told me that night I had merely been an instrument in the hand of Providence for the prevention of a great crime, viz., nothing less than *Murder*!

quired the talent of a master to catch even a glimpse of—or spent it in the pursuit of furious fun, roystering and devilment. Equally alert have I seen one at Chemistry and cricket, Physiology or football, Surgery and singlestick, milling and *Materia Medica*, Doctoring and drinking; these various accomplishments being diversified by the occasional effusion of a sonnet to *her* at home, or the insertion of an article in one of the magazines, with the view of raising a sovereign or two when cash was at ebb. Among this class the spirit of adventure and romance still lingers, ere she take her final flight from earth to heaven, before the advancing deluge of decency and matter of fact. Among them, disguises and rope-ladders are not yet extinct, and assignments, encounters, and hairbreadth escapes are of nightly occurrence. But listen to this young fellow.

“I studied for a year at the University of Glasgow, in the north. A medical education is to be had there cheap enough, and of excellent quality. My friends, coming to be aware of these facts, packed me off thither, nor did I feel much inclination myself to revolt at the measure. It is a large town, very densely populated, and very wealthy withal, for manufacturing and trading, which have separately enriched separate cities, have here combined their resources, and in the factory districts of the city the female population is to the male as the proportion of five to one. When you take each and all of these points into due consideration, you will perceive that it is not at all a very repulsive place to a medical student. For my own part I dropped into the heart of a select circle of youths, a regular clique, equally prepared for whatever might turn up of an evening—hard study, oysters, larking, or love-making. We used to honor with our patronage a peculiar house of entertainment, where the senses were ravished with whiskey-punch, Scotch ale, and the notes of a horrible old spinet, dignified with the name of a piano. It was in that identical street where dwelt whilome Baillie Nicol Jarvie, of high historic fame.

From this classic haunt I emerged, one night, in company with a few others of the clique alluded to, and in a state of mental elevation which, I believe, it would puzzle a Transcendalist to analyze or classify. My companions left me with the avowed intention of seeking their several homes—whether they did or not I am unable to say. For myself, I expressed a purpose of a similar nature, and as soon as they were out of sight, diverged away through the dark streets of the sleeping city, without any precisely definable object in view, but determined to ramble along as chance should direct, and follow out the first thing in the way of adventure that might tumble up.

It was a fine mild night for the season, and as I staggered along, my thoughts got more and more *dreamy* and confused, and as I speedily lost all idea of my whereabouts, at one time threading the windings of a lane, at another lost in the yawning depths of a close, or haply floundering among the foundations of a house in the progress of being built; now exchanging greetings with some lorn wight, zigzagging his way homeward, anon saluted by a grim-visaged guardian of the night, and reminded that though music hath charms, they are not generally held to be of the

soporific kind. At length I emerged into a wide open street which I found myself utterly unable to recognise. It was dark and lonely, the houses of stone, very lofty, rising dim, gray, and cold-like, with here and there a taper glimmering from a window, and the gas-lamps stretching away in two approximating lines, which became, to my bewildered optics, confounded together in the distance. A few passengers were moving in different parts of it, their footsteps sounding hollow and distinct through the deserted thoroughfare, while here and there a watchman, with his will-o'-wisp lantern, lounged at a corner, or disappeared up an alley.

I stood bolt upright, steadying myself in the middle of the causeway, mustering all my wits to my aid in order to come to a correct idea as to my precise position on the chart. Presently I heard a clock chime, then the half-hour called, and after a while a distant rumbling sound. It increased louder and louder, nearer and nearer, when at once, ere I was aware, a carriage rushed furiously round a corner, and flying rapidly on, was all but over me as I stood. The wheels grazed my elbow, and it was past me in an instant. I cast a look after it as it went. Thereupon my mind flew homeward, and away back to the days of my childhood, and I minded how my little brother and I, when going to school, long ago, used to jump up behind coaches, carts, and vans, and get whirled along in beautiful style. A chaise may travel fast, but thought travels faster, and all this had passed through my mind ere the vehicle was gone twenty feet from me. Acting from the impulse of the moment, I made a sudden bolt after it, by a sharp run caught hold of the springs, and with a bound swung myself up, and got seated very snugly upon the hind axle.

And a trick of this sort was just the thing which at that time I took delight in. I was about seventeen years of age, a very slight, agile little fellow, much slighter than I am now, and as active and alert as a cat, very fond of fun, and very careless how I came by it. I wore a kind of tight-fitting surtout of pilot cloth, single-breasted, and buttoning up to the chin, with no collar *for any one to hold on by*, and having in front, below the waist, two immense pockets, possessed of nooks and ramifications innumerable, the correct topography of which was known only to myself. In these I carried books, instruments, and sometimes other things not so easily named. Along with these a pair of shoes lacing on the instep, and a blue cap without lining of any description, formed altogether an equipment very suitable to the character of the wearer.

Away we rattled along the rough pavement, the sparks glancing from the stones as the wheels flew over them. The motion was most exhilarating, and I began to feel perfectly happy in the excitement and novelty of the adventure. I watched the street lamps as they streamed away in a line, one after another, to the rear; now and then a watchman or passenger caught my eye, standing to look at us while we were whirled away, and on the instant had left them far behind. Now I had no idea where we were going nor did I much care—all I wished was that it might be some distance. Presently I got hold of a lucifer, and lighting a Cuba, was speedily in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. Still more and more swiftly flew the carriage; twelve miles an hour I am sure was under the

filling up the background. Shortly after passing this, the road ascended—

—a gentle hill,
 Green, and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields ; * * *
 * * * * * The hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man.

About the skirt of this diadem wound the road, descending on the other side a little more abruptly. The low soft wall bordered it here. After overtopping the hill, rounding on the way the peculiar cluster of trees that crested it, a most living landscape certainly opened to the view. The hill-side itself was verdant with the grass of June, round as the bosom of youthful womanhood, and sloping away, by imperceptible degrees, into the rich plain, outspread below.

At its base flowed a broad, sluggish stream, approaching almost to the dignity of a river. You could see it winding away for miles, through a rich meadow-land, cultured like a garden ; enclosing perchance in the embrace of one of its bendings a wide green wood—in the deep fold of another, a high-gabled, ivy-covered, old-fashioned farm-house, surrounded by tall, sheltering sycamores, or lime trees ; while the corn-fields stretched themselves out all around it, in wanton dalliance with the sun. This stream, just beneath, widened into a reservoir, the water from which passed through a sluice, and away round to a little mill, whose corner, topped with a populous dovecot, just peeped past the edge of the hill, round which its merry hum, floating to the ear, sang bass to the clear notes of the lark high chanting overhead, and the richer warblings of the blackbird and thrush, from out the diadem of trees behind.

To the far left, again, its waters washed the base of a rock, covered with dense wood, from over the topmost foliage of which rose the turrets and pinnacles of a ruined castle. Not far from this was spread a wide and noble park, stretching up from the water to the proud mansion of the high-born owner of all these domains. At a respectful distance to its rear, a modest and most beautiful hamlet showed itself from amid clustering trees, a prolongation of the wood that begirt the ruin, the windows glancing in the sun, and the blue smoke rising in vapory wreaths from the narrow, quaint chimneys, of every sort of shape, that peeped out here and there among the foliage. From out a separate grove, hard by, rose, tapering aloft, the slender, reed-like spire of the little village church ; one of those sweet, rural, peaceful-looking ones which sweet-hearts like to have painted in their valentines. Far away lay the little town of Albanstoke ; a dim, hot, hazy vapor appearing in the distance to float over it. Beyond this, again, a circle of low hills bounded the prospect.

Imagine this landscape stretched out before you, in all its varied luxuriance of green, golden, brown, and soft aerial blue, and steeped in the glowing sunshine of ardent midsummer. Such was the scene, and such the season, in which, one day at high noon I strolled along on my solitary walk. The heat was great—almost overpowering, but not on that account unpleasant; it only made me move the slower.

I stood upon the highest part of the road, and gazed around me, feasting on the beauties of that magnificent picture. Close by the roadside stood a single tree—a noble sycamore. Amid its foliage, about half way up, the branches had grown into the semblance of a seat, and here it was my wont to recline, and look abroad from among the boughs. Some half a dozen paces from its root, a tiny spring of water, clear as its kindred air, bubbled out from underneath a broad flat stone embedded in the sod. With a long refreshing draught from this I climbed into the tree, and was soon lost in a world of bright imaginings.

I might have been there half an hour, when my eye was attracted to an individual slowly wending his way up the road. He would often stop and gaze over the fair prospect below, then turning, would resume his march up the hill side. At last he stopped, right under the tree, and seated himself on the low soft turf wall. There was nothing particular about the man; he seemed just a person of every-day life. He had certainly nothing aristocratic about him, nor, on the contrary, any, the remotest, indication of poverty or low station in society. In short, he appeared to be a highly respectable man of the middle rank, and had that air of quiet dignity and independence so strongly characteristic of his class, and not to be found either above or below it. His features again were neither fine nor coarse—neither interesting nor devoid of expression. It was a face such as you would expect to see at dinner at your friend Thompson's:—an every-day countenance;—the features of an ordinary man of the world. His hat was a superior beaver, somewhat worn; his boots, though dusty, unimpeachable in themselves; his clothes black, made loose and easy; a plain gold chain, with a seal and key, hung from his waist, and he carried a brown silk umbrella,—for though the weather was fine, the great white clouds, however beautiful to see, must to a prudent man have looked rather indicative of rain and rheumatism.

He sat a while on the wall, looking forth upon the prospect, then put his hand into his waistcoat, drew forth a small silver box, and took one or two pinches rather quickly. Shortly he lifted his hat, took from it a very rich silk handkerchief, and blew his nose; and this was done not as one at his ease would do it, but with suddenness and impatience, as a man would in the theatre at the sight of a pathetic piece well played. He continued to sit, holding the snuff-box in one hand and the handkerchief in the other, gazing down upon the landscape smiling below. After a little he slowly crossed the low turf fence, came into the field, and sat down under the tree, close below where I was. The foliage shaded him from the sunbeams as he gazed with a long and absorbed look upon the glorious landscape I have so vainly attempted to describe. For lack of other amusement I watched him. After this fond,

protracted view, he bent him forward with a deep sigh, which I could plainly hear, and covered his eyes with his handkerchief. What?—bless me!—the man is actually crying! This middle-aged, decent, respectable, matter-of-fact man is weeping—really weeping like a weak woman! I was amazed, and observed him intently. After this had continued a little, he began to rock his body from side to side, and sob bitterly. Then he paused, and looked out again at the prospect, frequently wiping his face the while. After he had gazed for some time, he gave way to another paroxysm of grief. Dropping the handkerchief, he clasped his hands, wrung them together, and groaning deeply, looked up to the sky, while I could see the tears actually streaming down his face. His hat fell off, but lay unheeded on the grass, and I remarked his dark hair slightly tinged with grey. His features had no expression in them of remorse or any kindred feeling, nothing but pure and passionate woe. He murmured now an expression, I almost dislike to write in a light paper like this. It was a simple “Oh God!” but in its sound, and the look that accompanied it, was shown forth a heart appealing for relief from overcharging agony of spirit.

I was now deeply moved. I could almost have cried myself: had it been a silly, sentimental-looking fellow, I would certainly have pelted him in derision; but his wailing seemed so sincere, so heartfelt and earnest, that I could not but commiserate with my whole heart. I began to surmise what could have excited in him such vivid emotion. Was it the exceeding beauty of the landscape? I have known people who might have shed a tear, or said they had, at the view of a romantic scene; but they were of quite a different description from him of whose bitter mourning I was now witness. Was it that fair stream? Perhaps he played along its banks in the sunny days of his childhood, and has “wandered many a weary foot” since then! That hamlet so prettily nestling among the wood? It may be he was born there, and spent a joyous youth among the dear friends of that happy season in life—all scattered and gone now—some lost in distant lands, others on the homeless ocean, but most laid in the grave, long, long ago! There possibly he wandered with, and won the heart of that fair being, fairer to him than all nature beside! To that little church, so sweetly rural, he may have led her, blooming in her bridal beauty! Happily in the little churchyard beneath these trees he laid her to sleep, cut from his bosom in her prime: and when he looked upward, may it not have been with the thoughts and feelings of him who sang to “Mary in Heaven?” Like Mr. Yorick with his captive, I could not sustain the picture my fancy had drawn. I looked down again. The violence of his passion had subsided. He sat with his cheek upon his palm, and his elbow supported by his knee, gazing fixedly upon the landscape. He remained in this position for several minutes, when a great cloud passing across the sun threw a deep, cold, deadening shade over it: he sighed deeply, slowly rose, and shook himself. Then, going to the spring, he took a long draught, and unloosing his stock and opening his shirt collar, bathed his face freely with the clear, cold water. Then dressing himself he put on his hat, took up his umbrella, and went slowly away. When he came to

the angle where the road bent round behind the "peculiar diadem" of trees, he turned and took a long lingering look. At that moment the sun shone forth again, and the landscape glowed once more in all its exceeding beauty. An instant, and he resumed his walk, moved round the corner, and was lost to my sight.

My curiosity was much excited. I should have liked to follow him at a distance, and see where he went, but I felt constrained to stay where I was for another hour. It would have been cruel to have given him cause to suspect that his grief had been profaned by the eye of a spectator.

From that hour the tree and the landscape acquired a new interest for me, and my other walks became comparatively little frequented. In a fit of whim I carved on the bark of the sycamore the name of "The tree of sorrow," and on the stone over the fountain, these words; "The waters of Marah." Often afterwards I drank of the water, and sat among the branches, but never more did I see that man, the deep workings of whose bosom had been so strangely displayed before me.

CHAPTER III.

MARIA GRACIAS.

As I was quitting the gateway of Guy's Hospital with a fellow-student, he commenced the following narrative respecting a patient whose case had been regarded by both of us with more than ordinary interest: "She was found sitting on a doorstep in a narrow alley, somewhere about the Seven Dials. It was considerably past midnight, and the sound of her moaning attracted the notice of the watchman, who had just returned to his beat, having been drawn away for some time by an alarm of fire in a neighbouring lane. When addressed, she continued her groans, in the intervals uttering some words unintelligible to the man, who, in the belief that she was drunk, had her conveyed to one of the police stations on a stretcher. Her condition being at once evident there, she was forthwith conducted to the hospital, and the matron sent to me to let me know it was my turn to have the case.

"On entering the ward I perceived she was asleep, and, turning on the gas, I stood looking at her for several minutes, fixed to the spot. She was a most beautiful woman. Not even the wan and anxious look, nor the other peculiarities to be expected from her situation, could for one moment conceal even a trait of her extraordinary loveliness—and it was a style of beauty, too, I had not seen for many years.

"She lay in a tranquil slumber, with her face turned toward me, and one arm laid over the bed-clothes. The clean cap which the nurse had hastily placed on her head was too large, and had come off; it now hung round her neck by the strings, partly confining her beautiful black hair,

which, however, bursting forth from above and below, wantoned in rich curled and wavy masses all over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, the large black pupils appearing in a soft shade through the thin, delicate lids, beneath which their glances of passion or feeling were now sleeping, while the long dark lashes mingled together like fringes of silken filaments. Her skin was soft, and velvet-like, beautifully pale, a shade of brownish red on each round cheek, altering in richness of tint with every breath she drew. Her lips were of the finest cherry red, and were slightly parted, disclosing an even row of teeth. Methought while I looked a faint smile played over them—yes, it was so. Alas, poor girl; her mind had travelled many a league, and was far away in her own sunny land!

"My eyes now wandered to the arm that lay on the counterpane. It was beautifully shaped; the hand was so particularly; it was small and plump, with long tapering fingers, and a tiny dimple over the knuckle at the root of each. The appearance of the hand and elbow at once made it plain to me that they had never been employed at any menial labor. Anon as I looked, a twitch passed over her face, as if from internal pain; it passed off, and the same placid expression returned: it had disturbed her, however; and slowly and indolently she opened her eyes and gazed around her. There was in them, at first, an expression of surprise, then wonder and fear, as, travelling round the still, quiet ward, they at length rested upon me, as I stood leaning over the low iron bedstead, and hanging on with my arms to the cord over it.* By and by, recollection seemed to dawn slowly and gradually upon her; a feeling of where she was, and *why* she was there, seemed to come full upon her; she turned to the wall, covered her face with her hand, and groaned aloud in very bitterness. Oh, the deep, low, prolonged 'a-ah,' that seemed as if drawn piecemeal from the inmost recesses of a crushed heart!

"I was with her at intervals throughout the day, and the following night, and next morning placed a beautiful infant in her bosom.

"The short time she was in the hospital she had won her way into the hearts of the matron and nurse. At first they thought her stubborn, from her not answering their questions, but when they found she understood no English, the sympathies of their womanly hearts were excited in a tenfold degree in favor of this poor daughter of the south, alone and unprotected in a land of strangers, and that too at a period of her being when friends and protection were most in need; and again and again, to their oft-repeated little kindnesses, would the dulcet '*gracias—muchas gracias*' of the beautiful Spanish woman float around in the full golden tones of her own magnificent language.

"I was convinced of her country from the first, and began hammering up as much Spanish as three months in a counting-house at Seville had given me, with a view to find out something of her history. All my at-

* In most hospitals there is a strong cord that hangs from a hook in the ceiling over each bed; it has a cross stick at the end of it, by grasping which the patient, if weak, is enabled more readily to change his position in bed, or even materially to alleviate the feeling of pain.

tempts, however, were fruitless. I seemed by my inquiries but to augment the mental agony she was evidently suffering, while the sweetness of temper with which she bore it so excited my compassion that at length I ceased to importune her. The day I was called to her I managed to ask her if she was not from Spain?

"Es verdad, señor."

"And what made you leave your home, my good girl?"

"She buried her face in the clothes, and sobbed as if her heart would break; alas, poor thing, it was already broken!"

"When her child was laid beside her she became more calm, and smiled upon the little creature with a look of such forlorn affection, that I saw the tears rising in the eyes of the worthy Mrs. Bland; and when she lavished upon it words of endearment in her own tongue, and pressed it fondly to her, upon my life I thought I had caught the infection."

"During the two days she had been with us she had taken no food, refusing everything the kind-hearted nurse offered her, save some wine and water, with which she moistened her lips occasionally. I was a little troubled at this. I asked her why she did not eat: she made no reply, but covered her face and cried. I pressed some food upon her, announcing to her the simple fact that if she did not eat she would die."

"Bueno, señor—nada deseo sino morir—I only want to die."

"Why, my poor thing, may I ask?"

"Oh gran Dios!—Francisco ha me abandonado—Francisco has abandoned me!"

"And who is Francisco?"—But my question was lost in the paroxysm of grief to which she gave way.

"I waited for a while, and then told her that if she did not take food she could have no nourishment for her little daughter."

"As soon as I could make her understand me, she appeared struck with some thought, and quietly took the food I offered her."

"She was now getting on tolerably well, and I was flattering myself upon working out a speedy elucidation of the mysteries with which I had been bothering my brains, when the second night after I was called to the hospital, and found my interesting patient about to go from me for ever. Symptoms had occurred which I need not explain, and on my arrival I found she was sinking rapidly. Dr. A—— had been sent for, and was already there, doing all that mortal man could for her, but without avail. I told him her brief story. He was much moved."

"I bent over her—she was murmuring something. I listened—she was praying."

"O Maria Santissima!—mia hija—O Dios mio!—no la abandones jamas—Heavenly Father, be thou a father to my poor infant!"

"A few minutes passed—what was that? I shuddered as I heard it—it was that fearful sound that tells that hope is gone."

"She spoke again: 'Adios, feliz Espana!' I listened attentively: 'Adios, Francisco—mi a—ma—do—Ad—i—!'"

"Oh woman, woman, is his name the last sound on your living lips!—his, who has been your utter ruin in this world, and who, we pray *Heaven, may not be your eternal ruin in the next? Such is woman's love!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE TREASURER.

My fellow-student and I were both dressers in the same ward at Guy's; we also lodged together. One evening I said to him,—

"Well, I think that odd fellow who lies in No. 7 (alluding to the number of his bed) is one of the most singular characters that ever came under my hands: what a wiry fellow he must have been once on a day; a regular Jack Sheppard; small, slight, and sinewy, and as active as a cat! What a curious square red night-cowl is that he sports! A rum sort of fellow, certainly. He has taken a great fancy to me; he says I am not so proud as the other students, and seems inclined to be communicative. It seems he has been in both the services, and you can't mention a place or a thing but he is sure to have something to say about it. I was much amused by an account he gave me the other day of touching for water at some wild place on the coast of Africa, and finding his way into a lodge of black freemasons, not one of whom had ever seen a white face before, except in a vision of Old Nick or Mumbo Jumbo."

"Why bless you, man, that is but a joke to what I have heard! He makes a regular confidant of me. It was only yesterday, when I had done dressing his limb, he began a long rigmorole, and as we had no lecture from Addison, I pulled out my note-book, and filled up the space with a report of the story."

"Let's have it."

"Stop a moment. Oh, here it is. Now, as I read, fancy you hear him talking." I then went on.

It was the time of the first American war. I was a small shaver then, you may believe; I played the triangle in the band of the ——— regiment. My father was a lance-corporal in that corps, and a decent married man; very different in that particular from what his son turned out to be. Well, one autumn evening we were lying encamped on Hounslow-heath, along with a Scotch regiment, Lord Reay's Fencibles, I think; I remember it well, though everything thereabout is changed now. Very different times were those from the present. Highway robberies were as common about the heath as blackberries, and a murder or two occasionally lent an agreeable variety to the course of events. Now, while we lay on the heath, it came into the bandmaster's head that I would make an excellent drum-boy; and consequently I, with two other small chaps like myself, were put under the care of a drummer, and sent out of hearing of the camp to acquire the noble science of which, I believe, he was an eminent master. Nothing pleased me better than this; we used to go on the long sunny days, rattling away like blazes, and march up and down the country foraging upon the natives in the way of everything eatable, and entertaining them with a flourishing tattoo by way of reckoning.

One day we rambled far across the heath till we came to a place where there were a number of scattered clumps of trees; but they have all been removed and the ground enclosed thirty years ago. However, at the time I speak of, there they were, and a most lonely place it was: not a human face had we seen in an hour's wandering; and the song of the lark, or the cawing of the rooks, was the only sound that interrupted the sweet music we were every now and then knocking out of the drum. Oh! so well as I mind every mark of that spot, and the long, dreamy, warm day, and the bramble-berries, and the birds (one of us had a long pistol, and we had plenty of cartridges, which we had picked up when dropped by the men during inspection), and the lonely road that wound along at a little distance, without a living creature upon its surface: but everything is altered now. Well, we had roved about among these clumps of trees for a long while, and at last we came to where three or four magnificent beeches stood, nearly in a straight line, and as we began to feel a little hungry, it was thought that some beech-mast would be acceptable.

We stood at the foot of one of the trees—it was even and unbroken for a good way up, and then suddenly forked away into two sets of branches. Well, I made no more ado, but up into the tree I scrambled, while the others stood looking at me, till, as I was clambering into the fork of the branches, the mark I presented was too strong a temptation for the self-denial of the drummer—a wild scoundrel—he was afterwards flogged and sent to Jamaica for stealing a cat-'o-nine-tails to whip a grocer with in Canterbury; so he lets fly a big pebble, and hits me just right *usre*. Now, though there was not much danger of broken bones in the blow, yet the pain and the loud laugh the young vagabonds set up enraged me so much that I immediately looked round for something with which to send back my love to them.

Standing then right in the division of the tree, my eye was caught by a hollow in the wood just in the fork where the two branches parted at my feet. It had apparently been produced by the weather, or by some disease in the timber, and was filled up with leaves, bits of bark, chips of wood, and several good heavy pebbles, which last were my immediate object. These I speedily sent buzzing about the ears of my friends below, who forthwith beat a hasty retreat. Yet I still continued to empty the hole with a vague feeling of curiosity as to its depth, till, as I was taking out a copious handful of leaves and dust, something glittering attracted my eye. It was the clasp of a large, dark morocco pocket-book, the sides bulging out as if it were well filled, and the leather much frayed, apparently from constant use. My curiosity and wonder were now stimulated to a most intense degree. I turned the pocket-book over, and beneath it found a glittering heap that made my heart jump with astonishment, delight, and a feeling of fear.

There lay a long purse of brown netted stuff, secured by two massive rings of what I now know to have been tortoiseshell. One end of it was actually crammed with yellow guineas, shining brightly through the distended network, the other contained a few pieces of silver. Beside it lay a lady's bag purse of green velvet, with little green tassals at the corners and a heavy gold clasp. It also was well filled. Beside these lay

a dark morocco spectacle-case, and beneath it I found two gold watches. One was a gentleman's, massive and plain, with a heavy chain, the links thick, clear, and unornamented, with a seal and key attached, larger, and very richly chased. The other was a lady's, a small and very beautiful French one, profusely set with glittering stones.

A pair of gold shoebuckles next caught my eye, then a pair of shirt-sleeve buttons—an old-fashioned thing to see now-a-days; then a broad cameo brooch, two gorgeous bracelets, and a most magnificent pair of pearl earrings, the *checks broken and bloody*, as if they had been torn violently from the ears they had ornamented. A silver thimble and a small plain gold snuff-box I passed over hurriedly, while my attention was riveted by the dazzling brilliancy of a diamond ring. From what I have since seen, I know that ring must have been of immense value: why, the stone actually lit up the bottom of the hole where it was laid! I have never, in all my adventures since, seen anything offering the most distant approach to it. Beside it lay a plain wedding-ring, which, being smaller, I slipped upon my finger, and there it remained.

Well, for hours I continued there, sitting in the tree, absorbed in the contemplation of my new found treasure, handling the costly ornaments, and turning them over and over in a perfect dream of wonder and delight, till at length the darkening twilight warned me it was time to return to the camp.

The moment the thought struck me, a feeling of apprehension took complete possession of my mind. What was I to do? How find my way home? I had never been so far away before—my companions had gone long before sunset, and no living thing had since come near me: it was now getting rapidly dark, and my ideas of north, south, east, and west were utterly confounded. My fears deepened into absolute terror. What if the owners of this treasure should come prowling about in the night and find me! But this was not all; frightful stories, which I had heard from the boys in the Scotch regiment, crowded into my mind all about fairies, witches, and ghost-guarded treasures, till I was actually shuddering with horror. Hastily snatching some green leaves, I crammed them into the hole over the glittering store, and sliding down the tree, took to my heels and ran as if for dear life.

I continued running over the heath for more than an hour, till seeing a light, and hearing a dog bark far away to one side, I made in that direction, and leaping ditches and fences, came pretty near to the house where the light shone. I was afraid, however, to venture near, so I laid me down beside a haycock to sleep. I was so haunted, however, by my fearful thoughts, that not one wink could I get. Now I thought of my treasure, filling my brain with wild conjectures as to how it came there, and thinking over the Scotch boys' stories of lures laid to ensnare souls into the power of evil spirits, and such like; then I trembled at the thought of my father's rage at me for being away all night, and anon the vision of my fond mother rose before my mind, and I could see her agony, when, after waiting hour after hour for her only child, her dear spoilt boy, she heard the night-guard turn out, and there was no son to come jumping to her through the canvas door of the tent. I pictured her running about

from place to place, through the camp, but I could bear it no longer, and I cried bitterly and long.

At length the morning broke, and I was overjoyed to recognise the farm-house. I knew it by three tall poplars before the door. I had been there often. I went to it; they were stirring, and knew me immediately. I warmed myself, for I was stiff and cold; they then gave me breakfast, and away I scampered home.

On my arrival my mother covered me with endearments, and my father, taking a leather strap from among his accoutrements, proceeded to divest me of my jacket. I resisted stoutly, with the help of my poor mother, when, in the struggle, what should catch my father's eye but the rich and massive ring upon my finger! This obtained me a hearing, which I was not slow to take advantage of, while my father listened to my story with astonishment and delight, and the result was that as soon as he could get away, he took his bayonet, and out we sallied to make sure of the treasure.

We wandered about all day, but notwithstanding my father's coaxing and threats, questions and suggestions, I could not for the life of me find out the way to that particular heath, so that at night we returned as we went, my father insinuating doubts of the truth of my story, and hinting that an application of the strap would probably materially change the nature of the incidents. Next day, however, we were more successful. We found our way to a spot where I was at once enabled to recognise the various clumps of trees dispersed about, and the road winding its lonely length across the heath: this day, however, it was not so absolutely deserted as it had been on my former visit; a gang of gipsies were plodding their way slowly upon it, and while we stood, a horseman came in sight and galloped rapidly along.

The unfeigned delight visible in my countenance, at once convinced my father that there was truth in my account, and he desired me immediately to point out the particular tree. Now this was just the thing I was endeavoring to remember.

"Come along, father," said I, "I think I have it—these are beech-trees, arn't they?"

"Yes, boy—double quick!"

But as we went on we found the trees round about to be all beeches together; our mortification may be guessed—my father swore.

"There is a forked tree," said he.

"Yes, but that is a triple forked one."

"Well, then there is another."

"Yes, but you see there is an old, thick, knarled one beside it; now the trees round the right one were all tall and straight, and smooth in the bark; and if that old one had been there, Joey Duckleg would have hid behind it when I threw the stones down."

We walked on again with heavy hearts till once more my father stopped me.

"Yes, father, but there were no brambles round the foot of it; I remember that perfectly; nothing but bare sod."

Again we moved about among the trees, I crying with vexation and disappointment, and my father muttering to himself—when I thought I

had caught it. I stopped, looked round. Here were a number of tall straight beeches, without even an old thick one among them, or brambles about their stems, and bless me! one with a double fork—is it possible? No, there is a difference, and yet how like! I looked around once more.

"It is very like the place!" I was afraid to say it was it.

"It is—it is—it must be!" cried my father, a wild hope illuminating his eyes. "Up, boy—mount, sir—climb; up you go!"

Up I did go—my father watched me; at length I turned and looked down—blank enough.

"Is it there?" cried my father.

"No, there is no hole here, father," said I, "the bark is quite sound."

"Come down," and he shot a volley of oaths at me. "Come down," he shrieked—"down, I say."

I was in mortal fear.

"Yes, father, if you won't larrup me."

He turned about, and walked swiftly and in silence towards the camp, I following at a few yards' distance, very miserable.

Next day we remained in the camp, but that night my father dreamt he was to be hanged on a beech-tree, so that the day after he went forth again with renewed hope. I am sure that day I climbed fifty forked trees, and others of all sorts, but with the same success. Day after day we tried it, but with every trial our hope diminished.

Well, about ten days after my adventure, two fellows, the worst characters in the regiment—fellows whose backs the doctor used to show as remarkable proofs of his healing powers—suddenly bought themselves out. Fellows they were who had never been worth a farthing, yet there were their discharges purchased by themselves! However, they were both hanged within three months for an extensive robbery of cattle in North Wales, and my father was firmly persuaded not only that they had taken away his treasure, but also that they had put it where it was.

Shortly after this, our regiment was sent to America, where my father was taken prisoner, and sure enough was hung by the Yankees on a beech-tree, so that his dream proved to be prophetic, after all.

CHAPTER V.

A STORY OF GALVANISM.

What is't ye do?

A deed without a name.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE doctor turned his chair to the fire, placed his negus upon the mantelpiece, and laying his one leg over the other, began remarking the very great change that a year's study at the metropolitan schools had made in my appearance, and how manly and strong-looking I had grown since I left his quiet surgery down at Linnfield.

After a little desultory discourse in this way, "Ah," said he, "how different is a student's life now-a-days from when I walked old Guy's! Bless me, you have men lecturing now upon subjects that were not dreamt of at that time; and then how commonplace has become every incident in your lives! None of the wild adventures—none of that mystery that used to make men tremble, while their eyes followed the young doctor as one who welked among the dying by day and among the dead by night—one to whom the lazaretto and the charnelhouse were equally familiar,—who consorted fearlessly with the plague-stricken, and held unhallowed communion with the tenants of the grave. And then your studies themselves—how dry and uninteresting are your medical sciences become now! Where is the romance that used to hang about chemistry, physiology, electricity, and the rest in my young days? There was poetry in philosophy then,—but it is gone, all dissipated now,—fled with the mighty names that were mingled with it, receiving and giving splendor,—the Hunters, Franklin, Watt, Lavoisier, Jenner—Well, well!"

Thus did the worthy old man run on, till I saw him warming into a story-telling humor. I put no obstacle in the way of this consummation, and in a minute or so, with a slight movement of his person, so as to compose himself into a narrative attitude, he began:—

I remember I had a fellow-student once, a most singular being; the name he went by was Elias Johns, spelling it with an H—you may think from this that he was a Jew, and I could hardly help entertaining the same impression myself at first, but on knowing him better, I soon found out my mistake. Indeed I never saw anything so absolutely un-Jewish as his appearance. He was a tall, very slender and narrow-shouldered person, with a considerable stoop, and that too not directly forward, but somewhat away to one side. His hands were long, thin, and the whitest I ever saw on a man; his hair was of a very light flaxen, his eyes deep blue, and they had such an absent, wild, dreamy, mystic sort of an expression,—I can't find a proper word for it, but you can fancy, I suppose, what I mean. His features were sharp, thin, and as white as paper, but most decidedly intellectual. I never saw such a bloodless countenance,

—even his lips hardly presented any relief to the unvarying pale of his complexion. His forehead was very expansive, and marked with many small wrinkles, and with his large light brows was perpetually twitching and moving about, as his thoughts appeared to change. He wore black gaiters and shoes, a suit of black and a long black surcoat over it, reaching down below the knees, a broad low hat, with a crape round it, and a slender ebony cane, with a small gold head. This last he used to carry under one arm, having generally a book under the other, and his hands clasped behind him, carrying either his gloves, a roll of MSS., or another volume. He used to walk about with long, rapid steps, having his eyes fixed, looking out right before him, his thin lips every now and then quivering as if he were talking internally. His manner was most winning and gentlemanlike; his voice rich and musical: in fact, his presence wherever he went commanded deep and immediate respect. And yet, though all the students admired, and some envied him, till he became acquainted with me he had no companion: they all loved to talk with him about the wards or lecture-rooms,—in fact, he was the leading man among them, at all their scientific societies. Yet, apart from study, no one seemed disposed to consider him a desirable friend, and in consequence he was always to be seen alone, moving about as I have described him. His designation and talents were all that were known of him—who were his connections, or where he stayed, no one ever knew or inquired, and so little did they trouble themselves about him, that his name was always simply Jones, except when he wrote it himself.

But the place to see him was at one of the literary and scientific societies that were then so numerous among the students; there was he to be found propounding and arguing in favor of his visionary theories, carrying away even his opponents by the fervid and passionate eloquence with which he advocated their truth;—at one time dazzling them by a brilliant flood of the wildest poetry, anon cutting them by rapid thrusts of intellectual (he never stooped to personal) satire, and immediately building up fabrics of most intricate argumentation, of which though they might perceive, they could not point out or express the fallacy.

It was at one of these meetings that I first became acquainted with him. I had just done reading a paper proposing a theory to account for the motion of the fluid in the absorbent vessels (the anatomy and physiology of this system was then all the rage) and my ears were still tingling with the applause which followed, and which I could see he had been the first to raise, when he crossed the room, and watching an opportunity while somebody was stating objections to my opinions, seated himself beside me, shook me warmly by the hand, and entered into a whispered conversation on the subject of my paper, twisting and turning my views, and proposing new ideas with a rapidity which astonished me, and yet all the while never losing one word of what the speaker was saying, for he had hardly ceased moving his lips when he sprang to his feet and entered into a complete and masterly refutation of all my opponent had uttered, taking up my views, resting them on a new basis of his own, and defending them with an originality and force that struck every one of the hundreds in the hall, with the most absorbing interest and attention. I was

listening with astonishment and delight, when on a sudden, taking advantage of an ignorance the last speaker had betrayed of the sciences of hydrostatics and hydraulics, and errors consequent thereupon, he launched away into a current of the most cutting, yet delicate ridicule, till I could see the other's face rivaling his own in paleness.

We left the hall together, and walked to the end of the street, where he turned to take leave, observing that his way lay in a particular direction. I told him it coincided with my own; he appeared surprised, but took my arm instantly, and we moved on, and so completely charmed was I with his conversation, that I walked a good way beyond the door of my lodging before I was aware. Ever after that we were bosom friends. I was somewhat of a visionary then myself, till an early love-affair, and a few up-hill struggles in life sobered me—ah! (here the doctor sighed.) As we became more intimate, however, I began to be more fully alive to the singularities of his character.

He was, in short, a philosophical enthusiast—science-mad, if I might use the expression; and his particular hallucination was electricity, with its collaterals, galvanism, and the sciences of heat and light. This was the root of all his theories and dreams, as it was the keystone to the splendid arch of his acquirements: to throw light upon this science, and to illustrate his views of it, he had studied almost all others. Astronomy, physics, mathematics, physiology, and above all, chemistry. These he had studied in every sense of the word, if an ardent and enthusiastic devotion to a subject, and a day and night application, can be called study. Of the Latin and Greek languages, he acquired an intimate, though not critical knowledge, by hunting through the works of the middle ages, puzzling his brains for real scientific truths, under the mystic dreams of the alchemists. As for the classics and the other sciences, besides his favorites, he used to consider them as follices fit for women and boys, and altogether unworthy of a moment's attention from a man who felt within him the workings of sterling talent. He had been considered a very dull boy,—he told me, in fact, he was fully ten years old before he could read a sentence of the English language: afterwards, however, he got on better; but when a medical education began to open up to him the field of philosophy, it was then that he showed what he was; from study to study, from science to science, he ran with a rapidity and power which appeared ominous. He seemed possessed of a universal genius. His eloquence I have never heard surpassed, while his power of expressing his thoughts in writing was most remarkable.

And yet the key to this, without which it had never been, was the study of electricity. To this he sacrificed everything—in fact, I tremble while I say it now—he used to believe, to state openly, and to use all his splendid powers to convert others to the belief that the electric fluid was the God of Nature,—that the human soul, and all other intelligences, were but modifications, but portions of this principle, and at death returned to it again. That it pervaded the universe, was the cause of all phenomena—the source of every change in matter—the creator of worlds, and the chain of systems.

Upon themes such as these he would dilate, with an eloquence which

divested them of all their absurdity, and lent them an interest and fascination which made his hearers listen with delight, whilst they trembled almost at the stupendous thoughts he was calling up in their minds.

"Give me," was a favorite sentence of his, "give me boundless space, matter in atoms, Electrical Attraction and Repulsion, and I will soon create you a universe!"

Religion he used to scout openly, with the most unblushing coolness, calling its votaries fools, and its ministers knaves—but I will go no further with this part of his character. The moral part of it was good, if I could say so of one holding and disseminating such opinions—for he worshipped his electrical deity with such devotion, that he had no time to commit, or even to think of any other evil.

But, as in many others of this sort of visionary infidels, in him the emotions were most powerful and active. He was a most devoted friend, while his affection for his parents, and an only sister, was as remarkable almost as his love of science. When not occupied with his pursuits of the latter description, he was sure to be busy with his family correspondence, or enlarging to me upon the comforts or kindness he had experienced at home. Of his father he used to talk particularly.

He had been an eminent West-India merchant, but had been unfortunate, and was now living on the remnants of his fortune in a small cottage to the south of London, devoting his time to the rearing of flowers and breeding of singing-birds, two arts in which he was celebrated among the ladies of the neighborhood, from whom he sometimes received very considerable sums in return for choice specimens of either of those favorite objects.

"He wanted to make me a botanist, but it would not do; I was incorrigible. What is botany when you know the physiology of it? Stuff! A long catalogue of names! Talk of the beauty of flowers! I never could see it—but I can see beauty in the Atomic Theory. But what of that? he loves me dearly, and I shall make him a proud and happy man some day! And then there's my mother, dear old soul; and, Kate too; would you believe it, she actually taught me my letters, though she is two years my junior. She is a dear, kind girl; look what warm gloves she sent me up!"

Thus would he run on to me whenever any accident set him off the current of his usual discourse; or he would give me little anecdotes of his father, or his sister, instancing traits of their characters, which, however uninteresting of themselves, were rendered even amusing by his graphic and original way of narrating them, and by the almost childish warmth and affection they showed in every sentence.

As we continued daily to get more intimate, our rooms became common property; sometimes I passed the night at the one, sometimes at the other, and he was as often at my lodgings as at his own. It was then I first was made aware of the degree of intellectual labor of which a man is capable when under the influence of powerful motive. I almost thought he could do without sleep at all. At midnight I would leave him at his study-table amid a heap of volumes, laboring away at calculations of the deepest and most intricate description, and in the morning on awaking, I

would see him busily engaged with his tools, constructing electrical and galvanic apparatus. A favorite notion of his was, that Gravitation and Electrical Attraction were one and the same force, and that if he could find means to extract the fluid from any body, it would no longer gravitate.

Now this, however preposterous it seems in the present state of knowledge, was at that time not at all such an improbable matter. To work out this, and a hundred other similar schemes, his rooms were completely crowded—nay, jammed with apparatus. There never was an experiment related in any of the journals, but he must repeat it, and apply its consequences to his own theories: and, while in one corner of his chambers you see a sand-bath and chemical furnace, in another you would observe a brittle collection of Leyden jars, voltaic piles, glass cylinders, globes, plates, &c.; in a third a heap of manuscripts; and in a fourth a number of preparations of the brain and nervous system hung in spirits. He took food as he did sleep, by snatches, quick and hurried, reading as he ate, when alone; when with me, indulging in those wild philosophical rhapsodies which I have before alluded to, or attacking and running down the opinions of men who were then about equal with himself, though their names have become now common words in the language.

When I began to see the incessant labor he underwent, I ceased to be so much astonished as I had been at the extent of his acquirements. The short intervals of sleep he took were the only moments of time in which he was not employed in adding to the heap. Even when he walked about, he was continually calculating or scheming; and when his mind was exhausted by four or five hours' study of one subject, it seemed to be refreshed to its original power by change to another science.

To support all this, and provide the expensive materials of which his apparatus was constructed, as well as the very costly labor of instrument-makers, of whom he had one almost constantly employed, must have required funds far greater than I could have conceived a man of broken fortune, such as he described his father, capable of supplying. As we had nothing but in common, I made bold once to express my curiosity on this point.

"Ah," said he, "I don't know how he gets it, poor man; these commercial matters are above my comprehension—I had always other things to think of. I dare say they are enough put about at home to keep up my education; but in a month or two, when I have completed and brought out my voltaic engine, they shall know what gratitude is."

We had now been on these terms of intimacy for about six months, when one afternoon, coming hurriedly into his apartments, I saw conversing with him a tall athletic-looking man, whose back was turned towards me. He turned quickly round when I entered, looked at me, and then, with a gesture of annoyance, walked away to the chemical furnace; which was burning briskly, and began warming his hands.

Johns came up to me, colored deeply, and told me it was his father, who had come to him with some money. He was not fond of strangers, he told me, and begged I would excuse him once, he would be over to me to supper that evening. I immediately took my leave, not a little piqued at

this ; but in the evening he came to my apartments and in a few minutes we were on the same terms as before.

About a month after this, I had occasion to go down to Linnfield, and was returning to London very late on a Sunday night. As I was riding along, I heard a quick gallop behind me. The horseman came up, and as he was passing, his horse, a powerful gray, ran abruptly against mine, while the rider caught my bridle. My heart beat quick.

"Bless me," said he, "what ails the jade? Ah! how do you do, Mr. ———? who expected to meet with you on the road? If it had not been for your bridle-rein, I should have been down. How is Elias, pray? working as hard as ever?" and he went on talking away with the utmost kindness and affability.

I was struck at this change in his manner, and attributed it to an explanation his son had given him of my character. As it was, I felt quite relieved to find it was he; for I was really in fear, as robberies were exceedingly frequent on the roads about town at that time. I mentioned this to him.

"Yes, yes," said he; "a man that has occasion to be riding out of an evening, can never be sufficiently on his guard. They have come across me once or twice, but I always managed to come off the best, thanks to Miss Polly here, and myself. If I could rid me of lawful robbers as easily, it would be better for me—I should not be here to-night."

As he rode to town, he gave me an invitation to visit him, along with his son, at his cottage, and spend a week or two, if I could spare it. I accepted it with pleasure, and parted with him at his inn-door, fully convinced of the folly of forming an opinion of a person from a first impression.

Next day I told Mr. Johns of this, and he was much pleased. He told me his father had been with him just before, and had left for Bristol on business. "I must see," said he, "if I cannot spare time, and we will go down together, and see Kate. You shall like her, I promise you;—she's just nineteen, and as like me as a picture. My father is dark,—very dark, you know; but we take after our mother."

As we went on with our studies, his singular genius and application had become known to our lecturers, and he had become a frequent guest at their tables. Papers of his had appeared in several of the leading scientific journals; and it was stated, that the highest academic honors awaited him, upon his obtaining his degree, and terminating, nominally, his education.

Dr. Q——, especially, the distinguish chemist, took particular and very flattering notice of him, and often visited him at his rooms, examining his apparatus, looking at his experiments, and listening to his schemes—nay, in a short time, I was convinced he had become a convert to his electrical hypothesis.

In the meantime the summer wore on, and the time arrived when we should visit the cottage. Johns was loth to leave his studies, to which he had been bound for many years; but I was imperative, and with a heavy heart he locked up his apartments, and taking with him materials

enough for half a year's study to an ordinary mind, left for a fortnight's absence from his regular pursuits.

The cottage was a most remarkable one—a little more than twelve miles from London. It had originally been a porter's lodge to an nobleman's seat in the neighborhood; a new road, however, having been run across the country, new enclosures were made, and, as the little place was much too pretty to be destroyed, it underwent some alterations, and being offered for lease, found a ready tenant in Mr. Johns. The road which lead to it was lonely, and quite overgrown with grass. The cottage itself stood sheltered and hid, among a plantation of tall trees, and a large garden sloped away southward, before its woodbine-clad front.

If I had been struck with the beauty of it, I was a thousand times more so with that of one of its occupants—the fair Katherine. Her brother had hardly told me right, that she was his very picture. The same intellectual features had she, but none of the wrinkles of thought; the same deep blue eye, but no wild look of enthusiasm; the same pale, white complexion, but on her cheek the sunny tinge of health. Her figure slender—yes, and there was a stoo-, too—yet, oh how feminine and graceful! and when she chose to erect that proud neck, and bent upon you the full glance of that noble eye, it was no sight to look upon and escape scathless. And did I escape?—God knows!

[Here he paused, and appeared much moved. I sat quietly beside him as if I perceived nothing unusual. In a minute he went on again—]

I am an old man, now, Mr. ———, and these things happened many, many years ago when I was young like you, so you may fancy with your young feelings the love I felt for that girl. My friendship for her brother seemed molten into love for her; it became burning as his ardor for science—yes, more so, if that were possible.

The three weeks I was with her flew like three days—the three happy days of a lifetime. I begged hard of Elias for a week longer; but he was inexorable, so we packed up, and returned to town once more.

[He paused again for a moment or two, looking thoughtfully at the fire—slowly he turned to me.]

I believe, Charles, there is an instinct that tells a man when he is beloved. Let her do all she can to conceal it; nay, let her hide from it all—from the sister that sleeps in her bosom—even the mother, whose anxious eye is on her every motion, and would read her every thought; let her do this—his eye perceives it. Yes, ere her fond heart itself is conscious of the beam that warms it, he has seen, and been gladdened by its dawning.

It was a feeling of this nature that spoke within me, as I left behind the beautiful dwelling, and told me that my image formed the centre of a radiant dream of hope and joy in that pure mind—that I was the cause why the pent-up breathing heaved higher the snowheap of that gentle bosom. Alas! the day—the day!

[Here he covered his face with his hand, bent his body forward, and remained motionless. A moment, and I heard a drop fall upon the knee of his trousers—I watched it—it sparkled in the light for an instant, like a small diamond, and then sunk absorbed into the cloth. I was deeply, almost painfully affected.

Under the influence of this feeling, I moved suddenly in my chair. Thereupon one of the fire irons was shaken from its place, and fell with a loud crashing rattle upon the fender. This most prosaic occurrence brought him back from his dream; he gave a deep breath, like one relieved from a weight, took up the utensil, stirred the fire briskly, and then, passing his palm over his bald head, went on talking.]

The short time I was at the cottage I employed to the best advantage; I became a prime favorite with Mr. Johns the elder. I admired his flowers, which were very magnificent, and proved myself to have not quite such a distaste for practical botany as his son. With his birds, again, I made myself no less intimate, and actually taught his favorite starling to sing one of the little birds' choruses in the *Ornithes* of Aristophanes, a thing which pleased him mightily. Himself I found to be a plain, but very intelligent man, though of a kind of bold, scornful manner, and with an unpleasant propensity to strengthen every opinion with a bet. From this I thought I could guess the origin of his ill success in business. Personally he was what is commonly called a fine-looking man, in fact, only two-and-twenty years older than his son. His features were not unlike those of the latter in general cast, but wanted the intellectual look, so characteristic, and were dark, heavier, and more decided; his hair was black as coal.

The mother was a slight, pale, white-haired, delicate woman, with a face most singularly expressive of anxiety. She never smiled, but sat for long periods in thoughtful silence, broken only by an occasional shudder that ran through her frame apparently from palsy. A habit that she had, too, of clasping her hands abruptly, and turning her eyes upward, made me think her son right in ascribing her peculiarity of manner to heightened or erroneous views of religion. The only other inmates of the cottage were a strong, stupid young country girl, who had been sent them from the parish workhouse as a household drudge, and a very fine powerful mastiff, that went at large about the premises. Miss Polly, the gray mare, was at the time under the care of a neighboring farrier.

Mr. Johns parted with me, expressing much regret we could not prolong our stay with him. With her I parted with a look. As we rode along, Elias asked me my opinion of his father from what I had seen of him. I acknowledged I had never seen fatherly love more strongly shown, and only wished my own were half so affectionate. I then repeated to him the expressions of pride and admiration his father had used to me in conversation with regard to him. He was much excited.

"Yes," said he, "though we are poor in outward things, and a poor and fallen family we are, yet in the sterling wealth of warm affection, no Arab's dream ever equalled our riches."

We returned to our studies. My own powers of application I found wofully diminished since my visit to the cottage—I could not settle myself seriously to a night's hard reading—every five minutes my eyes were off my books, and my mind far away—where, you may well know. Not so was it with my friend Elias. He confined himself almost entirely to his rooms. The hospitals he neglected—lectures he ceased to attend at all.

"Really, George," said he to me, "I begin to think it must be a much easier thing to deliver one of these lectures, than to listen to one."

The only times he stirred out, were when he went to the bookseller's—to the fields to procure frogs for his experiments, or to the market for rabbits for similar purposes. With Dr. Q—— he was now on terms of the closest confidence, a connexion of which he was very and justly proud. In the mean time, his ignorance of everything in the public or political world was extreme. Of the meaning of the two great party names, I am sure he was quite unaware; and that, too, though political changes of immense importance were daily progressing. I remember with what words of bitter contempt he used to talk of names that were striking Europe with apprehension; what a smile he used to put on, as I would endeavor to call his attention to them.

"Hark ye, George," said he to me one day, when I was talking to him in this manner, "say no more about your victories, and such sort of things; in a short while you shall see a victory over prejudice and error—a victory that shall send down *my* name with honor to a posterity, that shall receive the names of your blood-shedding heroes with execration.

In a day or two after, I came to him to borrow a German book upon the brain, that was then making a considerable noise. He gave it me immediately.

"This man," said he, "shows plainly there is something in him; but how wofully does he come short of the truth! Look what a rigmarole—I have marked it out in pencil—about the function of the cerebellum! Nonsense—nonsense! Have men no eyes? The function of that organ is motion, or will, for they are the same thing—nothing but motion: it is just a galvanic battery, the plates of it are as plain as those of the pile on the table there: and yet these blind beetles go guessing about, afraid as it were to come at once upon the fact. Give me down that preparation; look here, can anything be plainer?—but to give you further proof—"

Here he caught a live rabbit, from a number he had under the window-sill, secured it, and, taking his instruments, elevated with much dexterity the back part of its cranium, so as to expose the organ alluded to. He then took a wire, and touching it in different parts, by that means made the animal move in various directions, as I desired.

I was struck with wonder and delight, and clasped his hand, saying, "Johns, you are a genius!"

He gave one of his peculiar smiles, and remained for several minutes motionless, apparently lost in thought.

"Yes," said he; "you are astonished at this experiment, but you shall soon see one that will almost make you perform that fools' act which they call worship—an act which, ere I die, I will blot out from among the follies of men."

Alas, poor fellow!

I then gathered from him, that Dr. Q—— and himself were constructing together an electric apparatus of unprecedented magnitude, with which certain experiments of a most stupendous nature were to be performed.

"Now then," said he, "if I could just get together a hundred pounds more, I should have half the right of ownership to the apparatus, and be enabled to use it at my own pleasure. I shall write home, and implore my father to get it me, by any means."

Two days after, his father called upon us, and presented him with the money.

Elias was now overjoyed; he appeared completely possessed, passing his whole time either in his own apartments or at Dr. Q——'s house, which was just in the neighborhood.

For my own part, I went on with my studies as well as I could, thinking more of the lovely Katherine than of her strange and enthusiastic brother.

One evening, as I was sitting musing over my books, he came in; I had not seen him in my rooms for a month, so engrossed had he been with his new pursuit. I had never before observed him in such a state of pleasurable excitement as he was in that evening. Hardly ever before had his conversation been of a more singular and unearthly character; he could not rest, he moved around from one part of the room to another, whilst his eye burned with a wild enthusiasm. I was surprised, and when he had become more settled, inquired what had so moved him.

"To-morrow, George, our experiments begin. There are four men to be hung at the ——" (here he mentioned one of the places of public execution). "Dr. Q—— has been and secured for our theatre the most muscular subject—it is one Bill Severn, a notorious scoundrel as ever lived. The Doctor was going to tell me a long story about his crimes, but what did I care? all I asked was whether he was a suitable subject, and the answer was—'None could be more so;' that was enough for me. A curious thing, isn't it, that upon the body of that man, probably one of the most atrocious villains that ever disgraced his nature, will be built discoveries that will make the world ring with admiration, nay, tremble with awe?"

I may mention here, that at that time capital punishments were a hundred times more frequent than they are now. Criminals were executed for offences that would now be expiated by infinitely minor punishments, though from the state of society, and the want of a proper police, crimes themselves were much more numerous, and of a more aggravated description. The common rule, too, was to give the bodies of those who met their death by public execution, to the anatomical schools; a practice that is, I believe, now rightly abolished.

On his departure, which was pretty late, I endeavored to study, but could not; it seemed as if he had infected me with a portion of his excitement. I felt uneasy and racked, I could not compose myself to serious thought, and a peculiar kind of ominous feeling crept over me.

I went to sleep, for I had had little the night before, having been out with a case. I slept, but all night long the nightmare sat upon my chest, and when I awoke in the morning, it was only by freely dashing my temples with cold water that I could bring myself to my usual state of mind.

Early in the day Elias came to me; he appeared fagged and exhausted;

in fact, he had been up all the night previous with Dr. Q—, getting into order the apparatus for their experiments. He sat down to wait till I dressed, and took a book, but immediately falling forward on the table, slept deeply.

In about an hour I awakened him, when he started up, quite refreshed and vigorous; all his former spirits had returned, and he continued to converse with me in his usual strain.

We went out together, and walked along to the anatomical theatre. As we went, we could hear little knots of people talking together about the executions that were that day to take place—my ear caught frequently the name "Severn."

"That is our man," said Johns; "what a talk is made about him! Suppose now Dr. ——" (and he mentioned a very distinguished natural philosopher) "were to die—a martyr to science even—how many would know of it? And this is fame, George, that we are all working so hard for!"

We stopped at the corner of a street where two ballad-singers were bawling to a crowd of attentive listeners. They were exceedingly coarse, deformed-looking men, and they drawled out their song to a long melancholy tune.

It gave an account of a number of robberies and housebreakings, and a murder, I think, of a turnkey, which it detailed in the first person, beginning,

Oh,—William Severn is my name—in London I d—i—d dw—e—ll.

And then it had a doleful chorus, which yet rings in my ears—

Oh, I robb'd the rich, and I did be—stow,
And give to them as vos poor and l—o—w,
But now I'm cotched, and cast to die
On the new drop at—the Old B—ai—lye.

Johns laughed, and gave the men some coppers. They touched their hats, and ceased singing, regarding us with a suspicious look as we moved away in the direction of the Medical Buildings.

Dr. X—'s anatomical theatre—I don't know whether or not it yet stands—was a very fine, large, square hall. You entered it from the wide stair on the outside, near the ceiling, and on looking down into it, could perceive a semicircular area, or open space, from which the seats rose, tier above tier, till the heads of those in the highest touched the cornice. Two stairs led down among the seats to this area. In it stood a long square table of mahogany, bound and clasped with brass. It had a number of hinges and foldings, and swung round in all directions, upon a ball-and-socket joint in its pedestal.

The roof, which was very lofty, was lighted by four great windows of dimmed glass, and from it were suspended, by cords passing through the crown of the skull, four or five large skeletons, which swung slowly round upon their ropes, as if surveying with their dark, hollow, eyeless sockets, the various members of the assemblage. Behind the area was a recess, supported on two pillars of marble, and with a door at each side leading into the other anatomical rooms.

Partly in this recess, and partly on the leaden floor of the area, were placed the various portions of an immense galvanic apparatus; the plates, I am sure, were above a foot square each, and two or three hundred in number. On the table was a small box of a dark polished wood, mounted in silver, and containing dissecting instruments. There was yet no one in the open space, but the whole seated part was crowded up to the very ceiling, though none were admitted but gentleman who had received cards of invitation.

As we entered at the top, all eyes were turned to us, and immediately the hollow seats resounded with a burst of applause. Johns, in whose honor, I need hardly say, this was done, pressed my arm. I looked at him: there was on his pale intellectual face a flush of pride and enthusiasm, while his deep blue eye seemed to burn. We found our way down to a side-seat, the first from the area, which had been kept for us, and sat down to await the coming scene. As I sat, I could not help admiring the magnitude as well as elegance of the apparatus, as it stood before me. I think it was the largest that has ever been constructed; indeed, when it was set in action, several gentlemen afterwards declared they had felt its influence on their bodies, though seated at a considerable distance, and altogether unconnected with it.

After a while several elderly gentlemen entered by one of the doors into the area, one of them enveloped completely in a gown of black-glazed leather: this was Dr. Z——, the demonstrator of anatomy. Dr. Q——, who was among them, came over to Mr. Johns, and entered into conversation.

About ten minutes elapsed when a young man came in suddenly, and whispered to Dr. Z——. They were all immediately on the alert; the acid was poured on, the apparatus put in action, and ere we were aware, one of the gentleman was thrown to the floor by a violent shock from the wires having accidentally got entangled about his person. Things were put to rights, and, in another minute, several men hurried into the room, bearing a body, with a sheet thrown loosely around it. Thereupon arose a loud murmur throughout the crowded hall, and every one sprang to his feet, shifting about, and pushing aside his neighbors' heads and shoulders to get a good view. The men who had borne in the body placed it, face downwards, on the long table, with the feet towards us, and the head towards the other side of the hall. They then removed the sheet and withdrew; and there lay before me Severn, the housebreaker, highwayman, and murderer.

I have never seen a more muscular frame than he presented. Every fibre was in a state of rigid tension, displaying the strength and elegance of his form to most striking advantage. The hair of the head was of an iron-gray colour, in some places almost white.

Dr. Z—— took out his scalpels, and Dr. Q——, crossing to Johns, told him that the neck appeared not to have sustained any perceptible injury, owing perhaps to the strength of its muscles. Johns was delighted. He took hold of Q——'s hand between his own, and looked at him with features full of anxious hope, lighted up every now and then with the wild unearthly expression so peculiar to them.

Dr. Q— then went forward and addressed the assemblage, telling them that the body had been suspended by the neck for one hour, and had now been nearly half that time cut down, and was of course quite dead. He spoke in a hurried, excited manner. He would now, he said, proceed to try upon it the powers of his battery, in the hope of restoring to it pulsation, respiration, and motion.

"Yes, LIFE!" said Johns to me. "Vitality—intelligence—mind! Yes, that corpse, which for this hour has been dead and cold, as a clod of the valley, shall, in ten minutes, walk forth from this hall a LIVING soul! I shall be the power that shall have put the breath of life into his nostrils. I shall be proclaimed before this meeting—before London, England, the world, as the first being that has ever—." I shall not go on—it was a sentence of most hideous blasphemy.

As he spoke his eyes gleamed with an enthusiasm almost maniacal. It was the last flash of his wayward but magnificent intellect; the last irradiation of a spirit that gave all but sensible indication of its presence.

Dr. Z— now proceeded to make incisions down upon important nerves in various parts of the body. The wires were then applied. The body slowly drew up its lower limb—I saw the muscles clubbed up in knots under the skin. The next moment it was thrown out with fearful violence, and fell back motionless upon the table. Thereupon arose from every part of that great hall a thunder of applause.

The excitement was now most intense; for my own part, I could not take my eyes from the table. I had forgotten there was such a being as Johns at my side, so engrossed was I with the scene before me.

The wires were now applied to different parts of the body, violent convulsive motions of various kinds being produced. They were applied to the nerves of the head and face. The head was immediately drawn spasmodically back, the face looking right up from the table upon the benches opposite to me. I could not of course see it, but of the gentlemen who *did see it*, several rose abruptly, and fled up the stairs, and out of the theatre; one vomited, and another fainted away, and was immediately removed through the area to the rooms adjoining. The galvanic fluid was then brought to bear upon the phrenic or nerve of respiration; breathing immediately began, at first low, then natural, then hurried, laboring, at last gasping.

The wire from the one pole of the apparatus was now affixed to the large nerve that runs down the thigh behind; that from the other, to the one that comes out upon the bone over the orbit. The effect was terrific. The corpse suddenly turned completely round, with its face upward, and rose upon its haunches, every muscle being fixed in rigid spasm. Heaven keep me from ever beholding such a sight again! Its neck was thrust forward, its long gray hair stood on end, its brow was contorted into innumerable wrinkles, the eyelids were drawn forcibly back, the eyeballs, with their dead glazed pupils, protruding in a hideous stare, its nostrils were widely dilated, while a horrible greenish foam oozed out at the corners of its working lips. I could not remove my eyes from it for one fraction of a second. Never, before or since, has my whole soul been absorbed by such a feeling of unutterable horror.

A moment, and it suddenly raised its right arm, and pointed convulsively with its forefinger to Johns, who sat beside me; whilst its ghastly lifeless eyes glared in the same direction, and every fibre of its face was twitched with a most diabolic, gibbering grin.

I felt sick and faint; the theatre swam around me; but at that instant my ears were cut to the quick by a cry. With the sights and sounds of the operation-room I have been familiar, but never has my heart quailed at such a scream. I had at first the idea that it rose from the corpse on the table, but the next instant a heavy body fell against my shoulder. A dreadful idea shot across my mind! that cry came from Johns, and in its prolonged, splitting yell, *my ear* could trace the articulate words—

“MY FATHER!”

In the utterance of it he had sprung up clean into the air, as the stag is said to do when the bullet enters its heart. It was his body that fell against my shoulder, and he was now lying at my feet.

Yes; *it was* his father! Severn, the robber, and Johns, the flower and bird fancier, were one and the same. The man who had first avoided me; who had seized my bridle at midnight and on the highway; whose guest I had been for three happy weeks; whose daughter was the subject of my reveries by day, and of my dreams by night; the kind, doting father of my gifted friend; the ruined merchant, the highwayman, the burglar, the murderer, all were one man, and his insensate body now lay before me, the writhing subject of hideous experiments. I knew the features well; but the *gray hair*! could the black have been but an artificial disguise? or was this the effect of the agony of sleepless nights in the condemned cell?

But alas for thee, vain and presumptuous mortal! where is now thy proud and blasphemous spirit, thy mighty genius that could dare attempt by spells of earthly science to call back to its mangled tenement of clay the guilty soul already trembling before the throne of its Judge? How fearfully has thy deep sin been visited upon thee, poor frail child of clay! Has not thy very crime been, by the finger that works unseen, turned into the instrument of thy dreadful chastisement? Where canst thou hide thee now, poor stricken worm? Where are thy theories now, thy scoffs and arguings that led away many a weak spirit into eternal ruin?

No ear but mine appeared to have understood that cry. It was the belief of all that he had fainted away, as had the other gentlemen, from fright or agitation. I took him up in my arms, and bore his light, slender form from the theatre.

The gentlemen went on with their experiments,—with what success I know not; of course their object, viz., restoration of life to the body, (for, whatever Dr. Q—— or others may have recorded, that I know *was* their object,) was not attained; neither do I know what became of the body afterwards.

I sent the porter of the rooms for a hackney-coach, in which, with his assistance, I placed my senseless friend, and then getting in, desired the *coachman* to drive to his apartments. They were situated in a quiet

street down in Westminster, A widow lady, from whom he held them, occupied, with her servant-girl, the ground-floor and kitchen below : all above was his. I left him in the carriage, and running up to the door, opened it with a key I had received from him long before. I went rapidly along the passage, to seek the landlady's assistance, when, on opening the door, who should I see sitting in the centre of the room, all pale and dishevelled, but his gentle sister, my own Katherine ! I started back in new amazement. She rose slowly to her feet, and addressed me slowly, and with difficulty, while I could see the sweat, in drops like pin-points, starting out all over her beautiful face.

"Don't speak to me, Mr. —," she said. "I have found out what I am ;—whose—child I—am. Where is my brother ?" She continued to move her lips, though uttering no sound ; the *globus hystericus* had risen in her throat, and was choking her ; her eyes swam in their sockets, she reeled and fell backwards, and it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented her from falling with her head upon the fire.

Never was I in a state of such painful perplexity. I knew not what to do ; imprinting a hurried kiss on her cold, damp cheek, I put her under charge of the landlady, and ran out to attend to her brother. With the help of the coachman, I had him conveyed up stairs to bed. Oh, with what bitterness did I now look upon the piles of books and apparatus that impeded our steps at every turn !—the very bed had to be cleared of them, ere we could put him into it. Having dismissed the man, I endeavored to ascertain the precise nature of the symptoms.

His pulse I found to be very slow and calm, more so by much than natural, as likewise was his breathing ; his skin was very cool, but not cold ; his limbs were slightly stiff ; if I lifted his arm, it would remain up for a moment, and then slowly sink again to the level position upon the bed. I found his pupils *not* to be effected by the sudden approach of light, and from his nostrils were distilling a few drops of blood, which last symptom might, however, have been occasioned by his fall.

Having satisfied myself that he was in a fit of catalepsy, or some anomalous nervous affection, I went down stairs to see what had become of *her*. I found her in a deep sleep on the sofa, with the good landlady sitting on a chair beside her, who motioned me not to come in. I went into her bedroom, where she immediately joined me. She told me that the poor young lady had been raving dreadfully, and must have escaped from her keepers the night before, as she said she had walked that morning more than a dozen miles to London. It was the worthy woman's firm persuasion that the gentle girl was deranged ; she had consequently kept her in talk, as she said, with considerable doubt about her own safety, expecting that Mr. Johns would come home, and take her under his own charge, and have her put under her former restraint.

I do not think I ever passed a day in all my life pregnant with events of such a harrowing nature. I fervently pray Heaven I may never have to pass such another. I sat by the bedside all that night, watching my friend's pale, moveless, expressionless face, and thinking over the startling events I have narrated. I did this till a strange superstitious feeling crept over me ; I was certain the glaring face of the galvanised corpse

was behind my head, while an irresistible desire, and yet mortal dread, to look round possessed me; this feeling increased to torture; I could bear it no longer, but rushing from the apartment and out of the house, I walked up and down the street in front, till day, and then re-entered. I ascended to his bedroom; I found Katherine sitting beside his head. She rose up as I came in, and, I assure you, I trembled as I greeted her.

She stood up quiet and calm before me. Her features had acquired a cold, stony-hard look; a Siddons-sort of expression, only real, not acted, that told me the bitterness of grief—of death itself—was already past. I knew that now, though I were to thrust a knife into her flesh, she would shed no tear, utter no cry. My eyes sought the floor before her passionless gaze. I felt for her that peculiar feeling of reverence and awe which the old Greek tragedians so well describe as hanging about the presence of Orestes, Œdipus, and others, whom the gods had visited with extreme affliction. My clothes felt cold and rough upon my skin as I heard her. She addressed me in the style of ordinary conversation, but slowly, and with effort.

"I see, Mr. —, you know all. He has turned out to be a most atrocious felon whom I regarded as a *father*. I never knew it till two days ago. My mother told me with her latest breath; she is dead now; she had known it all along. But my brother,—my poor, dear, noble Elias,—thought him a deity. Yes, we have been reared upon the wages of crime! It came upon me like lightning; I ran out of the house as I was, and found my way on foot to London. When I arrived, I was borne away by crowds of people till I came to *the place*. Yes, Mr. —, with my own eyes I saw it—I saw the great dark prison, the black beams of the gibbet—I saw HIM! I heard the shouts and execrations that rose, an audible cloud, from the great sea of human beings that rolled hither and thither beneath. I heard him speak—I heard the rumbling crash of the hideous engine, and the one universal groan that burst from the vast multitude at the offering up of the horrible sacrifice! I heard and saw it all; and my God! I did not die!"

Here she bent her head upon her senseless brother's bosom, and continued in that attitude. I paced the room slowly in a state of mental agony, second only to her own.

After a time she rose. Her eyes were quite dry, her features unchanged. She intended to stay and be her brother's nurse, and desired I would not injure my prospects by neglect of my studies on his or her account, or bring disgrace upon myself, or wound my own feelings, by keeping company with such characters as I had found them to be.

I left her for a time, and went and addressed myself to my medical pursuits, endeavoring to attend to the usual routine, though I thought for several days I felt my reason giving way under the trials to which it had been subjected.

I came continually twice or thrice a day to the house, and often sat alone reading by the brother's bedside at night, to let her get a few hours rest.

He had now lain in the state I have described for many days, when one night I sat beside him copying out some short-hand notes. It was

soon after midnight, and I had desisted for a moment from my writing, and was watching his face as it lay pale and cold in the light of my reading-lamp. A variety of thoughts were rapidly chasing each other through my mind, when suddenly I thought I saw his eyelids quiver. I rose in an instant to my feet, and stood over him, trembling with suspense. Gradually he opened his eyes, and turned his face round to me. His features slowly relaxed into a wan smile.

"Oh," said he, in a difficult whisper, "are you there, George?" He coughed. "Bless me, how weak I am! Have I been ill? what has been the matter, pray?"

"You have been ill, my dear Johns, very, very ill, indeed," said I, my heart was so full.

"I have, have I? What was it, eh? A fit, I suppose, for I have no recollection of it. How unfortunate! I must be up to X——'s Theatre to-morrow! Has Q—— called? Send him here the moment he comes."

"I think," he continued again, "I must have been dreaming latterly. Could you guess what it was about?"

I expressed my inability.

"I dreamt *there was a God, George.*"

I was thunderstruck, and continued silent; he went on—

"I have some singular doubts now about that point. It looks not so impossible to me now as it did. Will you oblige me by going to my laboratory, and bringing me a glass of solution of permuriate of mercury, and another of the volatile alkali?"

I did so.

"Now," said he, "would not one, from the analogy of every other experiment man has made, expect that on pouring these together, the *red oxyde* of mercury would be separated and thrown down, and yet you see, when you come actually to perform the experiment," (I did so,) "you find, that in direct contravention of every known chemical law, a *white substance* is formed, of which no man has yet explained the nature. Now, suppose I believe myself, and teach others, that, according to every known fact in science, there can be no such thing as a Supreme Being,—but, upon coming to the last and only conclusive experiment, *death*, we find, when too late, that there is a white, unexplainable precipitate, in place of a regular scientific red one—that there is an avenging God, in place of a system of Nature."

I was much struck by this singular and most original sort of argument, so much in accordance with the usual strain of all he thought, said and did. I knew not rightly what to think. Was this but what is vulgarly styled "a lighting up before death," or was it the first symptom of a return to health and vigor of mind and body?

He lay for a while still and silent.

"I say," said he to me, "there is a breath of cold air blowing upon my left foot, will you just cover it rightly with the clothes?"

"Why, man, your feet are both quite covered and warm."

"Are they?—why then," he shuddered slightly, "it is—it must be—I

Under the influence of this feeling, I moved suddenly in my chair. Thereupon one of the fire-irons was shaken from its place, and fell with a loud crashing rattle upon the fender. This most prosaic occurrence brought him back from his dream; he gave a deep breath, like one relieved from a weight, took up the utensil, stirred the fire briskly, and then, passing his palm over his bald head, went on talking.]

The short time I was at the cottage I employed to the best advantage; I became a prime favorite with Mr. Johns the elder. I admired his flowers, which were very magnificent, and proved myself to have not quite such a distaste for practical botany as his son. With his birds, again, I made myself no less intimate, and actually taught his favorite starling to sing one of the little birds' choruses in the *Ornithes* of Aristophanes, a thing which pleased him mightily. Himself I found to be a plain, but very intelligent man, though of a kind of bold, scornful manner, and with an unpleasant propensity to strengthen every opinion with a bet. From this I thought I could guess the origin of his ill success in business. Personally he was what is commonly called a fine-looking man, in fact, only two-and-twenty years older than his son. His features were not unlike those of the latter in general cast, but wanted the intellectual look, so characteristic, and were dark, heavier, and more decided; his hair was black as coal.

The mother was a slight, pale, white-haired, delicate woman, with a face most singularly expressive of anxiety. She never smiled, but sat for long periods in thoughtful silence, broken only by an occasional shudder that ran through her frame apparently from palsy. A habit that she had, too, of clasping her hands abruptly, and turning her eyes upward, made me think her son right in ascribing her peculiarity of manner to heightened or erroneous views of religion. The only other inmates of the cottage were a strong, stupid young country girl, who had been sent them from the parish workhouse as a household drudge, and a very fine powerful mastiff, that went at large about the premises. Miss Polly, the gray mare, was at the time under the care of a neighboring farrier.

Mr. Johns parted with me, expressing much regret we could not prolong our stay with him. With her I parted with a look. As we rode along, Elias asked me my opinion of his father from what I had seen of him. I acknowledged I had never seen fatherly love more strongly shown, and only wished my own were half so affectionate. I then repeated to him the expressions of pride and admiration his father had used to me in conversation with regard to him. He was much excited.

"Yes," said he, "though we are poor in outward things, and a poor and fallen family we are, yet in the sterling wealth of warm affection, no Arab's dream ever equalled our riches."

We returned to our studies. My own powers of application I found wofully diminished since my visit to the cottage—I could not settle myself seriously to a night's hard reading—every five minutes my eyes were off my books, and my mind far away—where, you may well know. Not so was it with my friend Elias. He confined himself almost entirely to his rooms. The hospitals he neglected—lectures he ceased to attend at all.

"Really, George," said he to me, "I begin to think it must be a much easier thing to deliver one of these lectures, than to listen to one."

The only times he stirred out, were when he went to the bookseller's—to the fields to procure frogs for his experiments, or to the market for rabbits for similar purposes. With Dr. Q—— he was now on terms of the closest confidence, a connexion of which he was very and justly proud. In the mean time, his ignorance of everything in the public or political world was extreme. Of the meaning of the two great party names, I am sure he was quite unaware; and that, too, though political changes of immense importance were daily progressing. I remember with what words of bitter contempt he used to talk of names that were striking Europe with apprehension; what a smile he used to put on, as I would endeavor to call his attention to them.

"Hark ye, George," said he to me one day, when I was talking to him in this manner, "say no more about your victories, and such sort of things; in a short while you shall see a victory over prejudice and error—a victory that shall send down *my* name with honor to a posterity, that shall receive the names of your blood-shedding heroes with execration.

In a day or two after, I came to him to borrow a German book upon the brain, that was then making a considerable noise. He gave it me immediately.

"This man," said he, "shows plainly there is something in him; but how wofully does he come short of the truth! Look what a rigmarole—I have marked it out in pencil—about the function of the cerebellum! Nonsense—nonsense! Have men no eyes? The function of that organ is motion, or will, for they are the same thing—nothing but motion: it is just a galvanic battery, the plates of it are as plain as those of the pile on the table there: and yet these blind beetles go guessing about, afraid as it were to come at once upon the fact. Give me down that preparation; look here, can anything be plainer?—but to give you further proof—"

Here he caught a live rabbit, from a number he had under the window-sill, secured it, and, taking his instruments, elevated with much dexterity the back part of its cranium, so as to expose the organ alluded to. He then took a wire, and touching it in different parts, by that means made the animal move in various directions, as I desired.

I was struck with wonder and delight, and clasped his hand, saying, "Johns, you are a genius!"

He gave one of his peculiar smiles, and remained for several minutes motionless, apparently lost in thought.

"Yes," said he; "you are astonished at this experiment, but you shall soon see one that will almost make you perform that fools' act which they call worship—an act which, ere I die, I will blot out from among the follies of men."

Alas, poor fellow!

I then gathered from him, that Dr. Q—— and himself were constructing together an electric apparatus of unprecedented magnitude, with which certain experiments of a most stupendous nature were to be performed.

"Now then," said he, "if I could just get together a hundred pounds more, I should have half the right of ownership to the apparatus, and be enabled to use it at my own pleasure. I shall write home, and implore my father to get it me, by any means."

Two days after, his father called upon us, and presented him with the money.

Elias was now overjoyed; he appeared completely possessed, passing his whole time either in his own apartments or at Dr. Q——'s house, which was just in the neighborhood.

For my own part, I went on with my studies as well as I could, thinking more of the lovely Katherine than of her strange and enthusiastic brother.

One evening, as I was sitting musing over my books, he came in; I had not seen him in my rooms for a month, so engrossed had he been with his new pursuit. I had never before observed him in such a state of pleasurable excitement as he was in that evening. Hardly ever before had his conversation been of a more singular and unearthly character; he could not rest, he moved around from one part of the room to another, whilst his eye burned with a wild enthusiasm. I was surprised, and when he had become more settled, inquired what had so moved him.

"To-morrow, George, our experiments begin. There are four men to be hung at the ——" (here he mentioned one of the places of public execution). "Dr. Q—— has been and secured for our theatre the most muscular subject—it is one Bill Severn, a notorious scoundrel as ever lived. The Doctor was going to tell me a long story about his crimes, but what did I care? all I asked was whether he was a suitable subject, and the answer was—'None could be more so;' that was enough for me. A curious thing, isn't it, that upon the body of that man, probably one of the most atrocious villains that ever disgraced his nature, will be built discoveries that will make the world ring with admiration, nay, tremble with awe?"

I may mention here, that at that time capital punishments were a hundred times more frequent than they are now. Criminals were executed then for offences that would now be expiated by infinitely minor punishments, though from the state of society, and the want of a proper police, crimes themselves were much more numerous, and of a more aggravated description. The common rule, too, was to give the bodies of those who met their death by public execution, to the anatomical schools; a practice that is, I believe, now rightly abolished.

On his departure, which was pretty late, I endeavored to study, but could not; it seemed as if he had infected me with a portion of his excitement. I felt uneasy and racked, I could not compose myself to serious thought, and a peculiar kind of ominous feeling crept over me.

I went to sleep, for I had had little the night before, having been out with a case. I slept, but all night long the nightmare sat upon my chest, and when I awoke in the morning, it was only by freely dashing my temples with cold water that I could bring myself to my usual state of mind.

Early in the day Elias came to me; he appeared fagged and exhausted;

in fact, he had been up all the night previous with Dr. Q——, getting into order the apparatus for their experiments. He sat down to wait till I dressed, and took a book, but immediately falling forward on the table, slept deeply.

In about an hour I awakened him, when he started up, quite refreshed and vigorous; all his former spirits had returned, and he continued to converse with me in his usual strain.

We went out together, and walked along to the anatomical theatre. As we went, we could hear little knots of people talking together about the executions that were that day to take place—my ear caught frequently the name “Severn.”

“That is our man,” said Johns; “what a talk is made about him! Suppose now Dr. ——” (and he mentioned a very distinguished natural philosopher) “were to die—a martyr to science even—how many would know of it? And this is fame, George, that we are all working so hard for!”

We stopped at the corner of a street where two ballad-singers were bawling to a crowd of attentive listeners. They were exceedingly coarse, deformed-looking men, and they drawled out their song to a long melancholy tune.

It gave an account of a number of robberies and housebreakings, and a murder, I think, of a turnkey, which it detailed in the first person, beginning,

Oh,—William Severn is my name—in London I d—i—d dw—e—ll.

And then it had a doleful chorus, which yet rings in my ears—

Oh, I robb'd the rich, and I did be—stow,
And give to them as vos poor and l—o—w,
But now I'm cotched, and cast to die
On the new drop at—the Old B—ai—lye.

Johns laughed, and gave the men some coppers. They touched their hats, and ceased singing, regarding us with a suspicious look as we moved away in the direction of the Medical Buildings.

Dr. X——'s anatomical theatre—I don't know whether or not it yet stands—was a very fine, large, square hall. You entered it from the wide stair on the outside, near the ceiling, and on looking down into it, could perceive a semicircular area, or open space, from which the seats rose, tier above tier, till the heads of those in the highest touched the cornice. Two stairs led down among the seats to this area. In it stood a long square table of mahogany, bound and clasped with brass. It had a number of hinges and foldings, and swung round in all directions, upon a ball-and-socket joint in its pedestal.

The roof, which was very lofty, was lighted by four great windows of dimmed glass, and from it were suspended, by cords passing through the crown of the skull, four or five large skeletons, which swung slowly round upon their ropes, as if surveying with their dark, hollow, eyeless sockets, the various members of the assemblage. Behind the area was a recess, supported on two pillars of marble, and with a door at each side leading into the other anatomical rooms.

Partly in this recess, and partly on the leaden floor of the area, were placed the various portions of an immense galvanic apparatus; the plates, I am sure, were above a foot square each, and two or three hundred in number. On the table was a small box of a dark polished wood, mounted in silver, and containing dissecting instruments. There was yet no one in the open space, but the whole seated part was crowded up to the very ceiling, though none were admitted but gentleman who had received cards of invitation.

As we entered at the top, all eyes were turned to us, and immediately the hollow seats resounded with a burst of applause. Johns, in whose honor, I need hardly say, this was done, pressed my arm. I looked at him: there was on his pale intellectual face a flush of pride and enthusiasm, while his deep blue eye seemed to burn. We found our way down to a side-seat, the first from the area, which had been kept for us, and sat down to await the coming scene. As I sat, I could not help admiring the magnitude as well as elegance of the apparatus, as it stood before me. I think it was the largest that has ever been constructed; indeed, when it was set in action, several gentlemen afterwards declared they had felt its influence on their bodies, though seated at a considerable distance, and altogether unconnected with it.

After a while several elderly gentlemen entered by one of the doors into the area, one of them enveloped completely in a gown of black-glazed leather: this was Dr. Z—, the demonstrator of anatomy. Dr. Q—, who was among them, came over to Mr. Johns, and entered into conversation.

About ten minutes elapsed when a young man came in suddenly, and whispered to Dr. Z—. They were all immediately on the alert; the acid was poured on, the apparatus put in action, and ere we were aware, one of the gentleman was thrown to the floor by a violent shock from the wires having accidentally got entangled about his person. Things were put to rights, and, in another minute, several men hurried into the room, bearing a body, with a sheet thrown loosely around it. Thereupon arose a loud murmur throughout the crowded hall, and every one sprang to his feet, shifting about, and pushing aside his neighbors' heads and shoulders to get a good view. The men who had borne in the body placed it, face downwards, on the long table, with the feet towards us, and the head towards the other side of the hall. They then removed the sheet and withdrew; and there lay before me Severn, the housebreaker, highwayman, and murderer.

I have never seen a more muscular frame than he presented. Every fibre was in a state of rigid tension, displaying the strength and elegance of his form to most striking advantage. The hair of the head was of an iron-gray colour, in some places almost white.

Dr. Z— took out his scalpels, and Dr. Q—, crossing to Johns, told him that the neck appeared not to have sustained any perceptible injury, owing perhaps to the strength of its muscles. Johns was delighted. He took hold of Q—'s hand between his own, and looked at him with features full of anxious hope, lighted up every now and then with the wild unearthly expression so peculiar to them.

Dr. Q—— then went forward and addressed the assemblage, telling them that the body had been suspended by the neck for one hour, and had now been nearly half that time cut down, and was of course quite dead. He spoke in a hurried, excited manner. He would now, he said, proceed to try upon it the powers of his battery, in the hope of restoring to it pulsation, respiration, and motion.

"Yes, LIFE!" said Johns to me. "Vitality—intelligence—mind! Yes, that corpse, which for this hour has been dead and cold, as a clod of the valley, shall, in ten minutes, walk forth from this hall a LIVING SOUL! I shall be the power that shall have put the breath of life into his nostrils. I shall be proclaimed before this meeting—before London, England, the world, as the first being that has ever——" I shall not go on—it was a sentence of most hideous blasphemy.

As he spoke his eyes gleamed with an enthusiasm almost maniacal. It was the last flash of his wayward but magnificent intellect; the last irradiation of a spirit that gave all but sensible indication of its presence.

Dr. Z—— now proceeded to make incisions down upon important nerves in various parts of the body. The wires were then applied. The body slowly drew up its lower limb—I saw the muscles clubbed up in knots under the skin. The next moment it was thrown out with fearful violence, and fell back motionless upon the table. Thereupon arose from every part of that great hall a thunder of applause.

The excitement was now most intense; for my own part, I could not take my eyes from the table. I had forgotten there was such a being as Johns at my side, so engrossed was I with the scene before me.

The wires were now applied to different parts of the body, violent convulsive motions of various kinds being produced. They were applied to the nerves of the head and face. The head was immediately drawn spasmodically back, the face looking right up from the table upon the benches opposite to me. I could not of course see it, but of the gentlemen who *did* see it, several rose abruptly, and fled up the stairs, and out of the theatre; one vomited, and another fainted away, and was immediately removed through the area to the rooms adjoining. The galvanic fluid was then brought to bear upon the phrenic or nerve of respiration; breathing immediately began, at first low, then natural, then hurried, laboring, at last gasping.

The wire from the one pole of the apparatus was now affixed to the large nerve that runs down the thigh behind; that from the other, to the one that comes out upon the bone over the orbit. The effect was terrific. The corpse suddenly turned completely round, with its face upward, and rose upon its haunches, every muscle being fixed in rigid spasm. Heaven keep me from ever beholding such a sight again! Its neck was thrust forward, its long gray hair stood on end, its brow was contorted into innumerable wrinkles, the eyelids were drawn forcibly back, the eyeballs, with their dead glazed pupils, protruding in a hideous stare, its nostrils were widely dilated, while a horrible greenish foam oozed out at the corners of its working lips. I could not remove my eyes from it for one fraction of a second. Never, before or since, has my whole soul been absorbed by such a feeling of unutterable horror!

A moment, and it suddenly raised its right arm, and pointed convulsively with its forefinger to Johns, who sat beside me ; whilst its ghastly lifeless eyes glared in the same direction, and every fibre of its face was twitched with a most diabolic, gibbering grin.

I felt sick and faint ; the theatre swam around me ; but at that instant my ears were cut to the quick by a cry. With the sights and sounds of the operation-room I have been familiar, but never has my heart quailed at such a scream. I had at first the idea that it rose from the corpse on the table, but the next instant a heavy body fell against my shoulder. A dreadful idea shot across my mind ! that cry came from Johns, and in its prolonged, splitting yell, *my ear* could trace the articulate words—

“ MY FATHER ! ”

In the utterance of it he had sprung up clean into the air, as the stag is said to do when the bullet enters its heart. It was his body that fell against my shoulder, and he was now lying at my feet.

Yes ; *it was* his father ! Severn, the robber, and Johns, the flower and bird fancier, were one and the same. The man who had first avoided me ; who had seized my bridle at midnight and on the highway ; whose guest I had been for three happy weeks ; whose daughter was the subject of my reveries by day, and of my dreams by night ; the kind, doting father of my gifted friend ; the ruined merchant, the highwayman, the burglar, the murderer, all were one man, and his insensate body now lay before me, the writhing subject of hideous experiments. I knew the features well ; but the *gray hair* ! could the black have been but an artificial disguise ? or was this the effect of the agony of sleepless nights in the condemned cell ?

But alas for thee, vain and presumptuous mortal ! where is now thy proud and blasphemous spirit, thy mighty genius that could dare attempt by spells of earthly science to call back to its mangled tenement of clay the guilty soul already trembling before the throne of its Judge ? How fearfully has thy deep sin been visited upon thee, poor frail child of clay ! Has not thy very crime been, by the finger that works unseen, turned into the instrument of thy dreadful chastisement ? Where canst thou hide thee now, poor stricken worm ? Where are thy theories now, thy scoffs and arguments that led away many a weak spirit into eternal ruin ?

No ear but mine appeared to have understood that cry. It was the belief of all that he had fainted away, as had the other gentlemen, from fright or agitation. I took him up in my arms, and bore his light, slender form from the theatre.

The gentlemen went on with their experiments,—with what success I know not ; of course their object, viz., restoration of life to the body, (for, whatever Dr. Q—— or others may have recorded, that I know *was* their object,) was not attained ; neither do I know what became of the body afterwards.

I sent the porter of the rooms for a hackney-coach, in which, with his assistance, I placed my senseless friend, and then getting in, desired the coachman to drive to his apartments. They were situated in a quiet

street down in Westminster, A widow lady, from whom he held them, occupied, with her servant-girl, the ground-floor and kitchen below : all above was his. I left him in the carriage, and running up to the door, opened it with a key I had received from him long before. I went rapidly along the passage, to seek the landlady's assistance, when, on opening the door, who should I see sitting in the centre of the room, all pale and dishevelled, but his gentle sister, my own Katherine ! I started back in new amazement. She rose slowly to her feet, and addressed me slowly, and with difficulty, while I could see the sweat, in drops like pin-points, starting out all over her beautiful face.

"Don't speak to me, Mr. —," she said. "I have found out what I am ;—whose—child I—am. Where is my brother ?" She continued to move her lips, though uttering no sound ; the *globus hystericus* had risen in her throat, and was choking her ; her eyes swam in their sockets, she reeled and fell backwards, and it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented her from falling with her head upon the fire.

Never was I in a state of such painful perplexity. I knew not what to do ; imprinting a hurried kiss on her cold, damp cheek, I put her under charge of the landlady, and ran out to attend to her brother. With the help of the coachman, I had him conveyed up stairs to bed. Oh, with what bitterness did I now look upon the piles of books and apparatus that impeded our steps at every turn !—the very bed had to be cleared of them, ere we could put him into it. Having dismissed the man, I endeavored to ascertain the precise nature of the symptoms.

His pulse I found to be very slow and calm, more so by much than natural, as likewise was his breathing ; his skin was very cool, but not cold ; his limbs were slightly stiff ; if I lifted his arm, it would remain up for a moment, and then slowly sink again to the level position upon the bed. I found his pupils *not* to be effected by the sudden approach of light, and from his nostrils were distilling a few drops of blood, which last symptom might, however, have been occasioned by his fall.

Having satisfied myself that he was in a fit of catalepsy, or some anomalous nervous affection, I went down stairs to see what had become of *her*. I found her in a deep sleep on the sofa, with the good landlady sitting on a chair beside her, who motioned me not to come in. I went into her bedroom, where she immediately joined me. She told me that the poor young lady had been raving dreadfully, and must have escaped from her keepers the night before, as she said she had walked that morning more than a dozen miles to London. It was the worthy woman's firm persuasion that the gentle girl was deranged ; she had consequently kept her in talk, as she said, with considerable doubt about her own safety, expecting that Mr. Johns would come home, and take her under his own charge, and have her put under her former restraint.

I do not think I ever passed a day in all my life pregnant with events of such a harrowing nature. I fervently pray Heaven I may never have to pass such another. I sat by the bedside all that night, watching my friend's pale, moveless, expressionless face, and thinking over the startling events I have narrated. I did this till a strange superstitious feeling crept over me ; I was certain the glaring face of the galvanized corpse

was behind my head, while an irresistible desire, and yet mortal dread, to look round possessed me; this feeling increased to torture; I could bear it no longer, but rushing from the apartment and out of the house, I walked up and down the street in front, till day, and then re-entered. I ascended to his bedroom; I found Katherine sitting beside his head. She rose up as I came in, and, I assure you, I trembled as I greeted her.

She stood up quiet and calm before me. Her features had acquired a cold, stony-hard look; a Siddons-sort of expression, only real, not acted, that told me the bitterness of grief—of death itself—was already past. I knew that now, though I were to thrust a knife into her flesh, she would shed no tear, utter no cry. My eyes sought the floor before her passionless gaze. I felt for her that peculiar feeling of reverence and awe which the old Greek tragedians so well describe as hanging about the presence of Orestes, Œdipus, and others, whom the gods had visited with extreme affliction. My clothes felt cold and rough upon my skin as I heard her. She addressed me in the style of ordinary conversation, but slowly, and with effort.

"I see, Mr. —, you know all. He has turned out to be a most atrocious felon whom I regarded as a *father*. I never knew it till two days ago. My mother told me with her latest breath; she is dead now; she had known it all along. But my brother,—my poor, dear, noble Elias,—thought him a deity. Yes, we have been reared upon the wages of crime! It came upon me like lightning; I ran out of the house as I was, and found my way on foot to London. When I arrived, I was borne away by crowds of people till I came to *the place*. Yes, Mr. —, with my own eyes I saw it—I saw the great dark prison, the black beams of the gibbet—I saw HIM! I heard the shouts and execrations that rose, an audible cloud, from the great sea of human beings that rolled hither and thither beneath. I heard him speak—I heard the rumbling crash of the hideous engine, and the one universal groan that burst from the vast multitude at the offering up of the horrible sacrifice! I heard and saw it all; and my God! I did not die!"

Here she bent her head upon her senseless brother's bosom, and continued in that attitude. I paced the room slowly in a state of mental agony, second only to her own.

After a time she rose. Her eyes were quite dry, her features unchanged. She intended to stay and be her brother's nurse, and desired I would not injure my prospects by neglect of my studies on his or her account, or bring disgrace upon myself, or wound my own feelings, by keeping company with such characters as I had found them to be.

I left her for a time, and went and addressed myself to my medical pursuits, endeavoring to attend to the usual routine, though I thought for several days I felt my reason giving way under the trials to which it had been subjected.

I came continually twice or thrice a day to the house, and often sat alone reading by the brother's bedside at night, to let her get a few hours rest.

He had now lain in the state I have described for many days, when one night I sat beside him copying out some short-hand notes. It was

soon after midnight, and I had desisted for a moment from my writing, and was watching his face as it lay pale and cold in the light of my reading-lamp. A variety of thoughts were rapidly chasing each other through my mind, when suddenly I thought I saw his eyelids quiver. I rose in an instant to my feet, and stood over him, trembling with suspense. Gradually he opened his eyes, and turned his face round to me. His features slowly relaxed into a wan smile.

"Oh," said he, in a difficult whisper, "are you there, George?" He coughed. "Bless me, how weak I am! Have I been ill? what has been the matter, pray?"

"You have been ill, my dear Johns, very, very ill, indeed," said I, my heart was so full.

"I have, have I? What was it, eh? A fit, I suppose, for I have no recollection of it. How unfortunate! I must be up to X——'s Theatre to-morrow! Has Q—— called? Send him here the moment he comes."

"I think," he continued again, "I must have been dreaming latterly. Could you guess what it was about?"

I expressed my inability.

"I dreamt *there was a God*, George."

I was thunderstruck, and continued silent; he went on—

"I have some singular doubts now about that point. It looks not so impossible to me now as it did. Will you oblige me by going to my laboratory, and bringing me a glass of solution of permuriate of mercury, and another of the volatile alkali?"

I did so.

"Now," said he, "would not one, from the analogy of every other experiment man has made, expect that on pouring these together, the *red oxyde* of mercury would be separated and thrown down, and yet you see, when you come actually to perform the experiment," (I did so), "you find, that in direct contravention of every known chemical law, a *white substance* is formed, of which no man has yet explained the nature. Now, suppose I believe myself, and teach others, that, according to every known fact in science, there can be no such thing as a Supreme Being,—but, upon coming to the last and only conclusive experiment, *death*, we find, when too late, that there is a white, unexplainable precipitate, in place of a regular scientific red one—that there is an avenging God, in place of a system of Nature."

I was much struck by this singular and most original sort of argument, so much in accordance with the usual strain of all he thought, said and did. I knew not rightly what to think. Was this but what is vulgarly styled "a lighting up before death," or was it the first symptom of a return to health and vigor of mind and body?

He lay for a while still and silent.

"I say," said he to me, "there is a breath of cold air blowing upon my left foot, will you just cover it rightly with the clothes?"

"Why, man, your feet are both quite covered and warm."

"Are they?—why then," he shuddered slightly, "it is—it must be—I

am going to have another fit—it's the *aura*, George, the *aura*.*" He trembled very much. "How strange! it is moving up my leg—give me your hand, dear George." He clasped it violently. It is on my thigh now, rising over my body, my breast, my neck, my ——."

Here a strong convulsion passed over his features, wrenching them into an expression of unendurable agony, presenting a most striking resemblance to the face of his father's corpse on that frightful day in the Anatomical Theatre. The next instant the grasp on my hand was relaxed, and he was gone to his account. The last experiment was made, but he could never return to tell its result.

I closed his eyes and composed his features as well as I could, and then went down stairs to the landlady's parlor, where I sat till morning. I was sitting musing by the fire when the bell rang from the death-chamber. I started, though it was broad daylight, and as I ascended the stair, almost expected to find him sitting up and speaking—so different was he in every respect from ordinary men. On entering, I perceived Miss Johns standing by the bed. She looked at me with the same stony gaze, as I stood with the handle of the door in my hand.

"He is changed," said she.

"He is dead, Miss Johns."

"Then God be merciful to him!"

"Amen."

"Leave me, Mr. ——, leave me." I hastily withdrew, as the poor, bereaved girl seated herself beside her brother's body, with the look of one on whose brow the thunderbolt had descended, to whom fate had done its worst, who had no more to fear or wish for now.

I went home to my own rooms.

Next day I received a note stating her wish that I should attend her brother's funeral on a particular day. I flew to the house, but the worthy landlady informed me she had shut herself up along with the body, and could see no one. I retired.

The funeral, which was nearly the most humble and private one I was ever concerned in, was hardly over, when I sought her once more. Oh, how I loved that poor distracted girl! How I longed to take her to my heart, and hide all her disgraces and afflictions in my bosom—her, the

* The *Aura Epileptica*, vulgarly called "The Warning," a peculiar feeling, which indicates to those afflicted with epilepsy and other nervous disorders, when a fit is about to come on. Every different patient has one of a different kind; sometimes it appears like an insect creeping along the skin towards the head; sometimes a breath of cold air, as in the tale; sometimes a wave of water; and in such instances, it generally begins from a finger or toe, and moves up the limb, rapidly or slowly, as the case may be. When the latter, it is often stopped and the fit actually prevented, by binding a ligature tightly round the limb, so as to *catch it*, as the patients say. But these are not the only forms it puts on. Some have it of a startling, or even terrific description, as a flash of lightning or the appearance of a rock falling on their heads; or of an abyss suddenly yawning in the pavement. I knew one gentleman to whom it appeared as a dark, indistinct, armed figure, which moved rapidly before his eyes, launching a javelin at him as it passed, when immediately the fit caught him.

fair and spotless child of the robber and murderer—the gem taken from the hilt of the dagger!

That interview shall never pass from my memory. I was deeply affected; she preserved the same cold, soulless manner she had shown from the first. Alas, my heart! How different from the light feminine grace, the gentle simplicity, and innocent warmth and cheerfulness, with which she shed light and love around her, as she moved, a happy and most bewitching woman, among the flowers and singing-birds of her father's garden,—herself a blind to divert suspicion, a hundred times more effectual than his active cunning could have ever expected even them to be. Her beauty still remained, but it was become like that of a marble Niobe, cold, heartless and blasted!

We talked together for a considerable time. At length, in a frenzy of passion I fell before her, as she sat, and confessed to her the absorbing love that had shut out from my mind every other affection. I would do or suffer anything—go with her anywhere—labor for her bread, if I were but made happy in the heaven of her presence. What was it to me that her father was a felon? What did that detract from her bright, mental and bodily beauty? I would have taken her from the foot of the gibbet, and made her the wife of my bosom in the eyes of all men.

She answered me with the same stoical tone and expression, "It can never be, Mr. —; your wife can never be Severn's daughter. I believe all you say is truth, for I feel it myself. Yes, if it be any satisfaction to you to know it, I have loved you fervently and truly, and never mortal, out of my own family, but yourself; and that with a love, growing from the first day I saw you led into my presence, blushing and distant by my noble brother, who is in his grave. He loved you much, but never as I did—as I do, George, even now, while I sit here a seared and broken-hearted being. It is not womanlike to tell you so; but I have been tried as never woman was, and everything about me is changed now, nothing of old is left but my love for you."

As she talked, she sat, calm, and devoid of all apparent emotion. A mother giving advice to a young boy, is the only thing that, to my mind, comes near to her manner. She gave me a long tress of her fair hair, and another of Elias's—then severed a lock from my temple, and, stooping forward, kissed my lips. I actually recoiled as she did this, so unmoved and statue-like she seemed. She rose and slowly withdrew. I never saw her face in life again.

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In the mean time I made a vow of bachelorhood : but when we make vows in early life, we little know what it is we are doing. I kept it, however, for twenty years, when I married my present lady, your old mistress, Charles ; but, alas ! it is not years, nor an eternity, that shall efface the *bitter* love which a former period of my life had burnt into my heart.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

In one of the great manufacturing cities of our country, a firm does business by the name of the "Westwater Spinning Company." This name is derived from a beautiful stream more than twenty miles distant, on the banks of which stand a very extensive factory. About two thousand persons depend upon this factory for their bread, and as its site has been selected with a view to water-power for machinery, it and the hamlet attached are most picturesquely placed, and far from other towns or villages of any magnitude. The inhabitants of Westwater form a class by themselves,—disliked by the country people, and not over fond of them in return, and are divided into lesser sets, according to the nature of their labor, and the parts of the buildings in which they are employed.

The benevolent proprietors of the works have taken every measure to secure the well-being of their work-people. Their houses are comfortable, are kept in constant repair, and have each a small garden attached ; while a couple of large fields have been thrown together in a park for their recreation. On this, of a summer evening, after work is done, you may see a hundred or so of the male population merrily engaged at cricket and football, sports for excellence in which they are famous, while among the trees, at the sides and angles, bands of young girls lie chatting and laughing upon the grass, or run about chasing each other in frolic. Others again walk about, either on the park or on the banks of the clear Westwater, along whose winding and very beautiful margin, footpaths *extend for miles*. But while their bodily health has been thus attended

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When I attended the school—decidedly the prettiest little lass in it was a small creature called Jane Granton, pronounced in the dialect of the place Jeeny, or more often Cheeny. She was a yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked little thing, exceedingly healthy, good-humored and merry, and was the only child of a widow who kept a kind of small green-grocery shop in the village. This widow was a very good-looking woman,—indeed, it was a common saying to the little girl, from the grown-up people, that, pretty as she was, she would never be like her mother. She had the reputation of being a very religious person, and was the only one in the place that, from scruples of conscience, refused to attend the services at the church. Indeed, her whole conduct appeared dashed with a strong and very remarkable tincture of superstitious fanaticism; though under what particular sect or denomination it might be classed I have not been able to determine. This peculiarity, as well as her general clean, tidy habits, sobriety of demeanor, good looks, and obstinate persistence in the state of widowhood, attracted to her much respect, and to her little child, the attention and kindness of every one in the place. Among the boys at the school, again, little Cheeny was a regular toad: many bloody battles were fought and won, upon various pretences and provocations, all of which, however, were privately known to every one, to be merely in her honor and glory. For a long while I believed myself to be the prime favorite; but whether this was owing to my own particular personal charms, or to the superior dress and equipment of the manager's boy, I am not prepared to say. But the time came round when I should leave the factory and its beautiful environs, to be transported to a large boarding-school, where the place of the widow's child in my mind was speedily usurped by other charmers. From that school I was removed, four years after, and apprenticed to a medical gentleman for three years more. Upon the completion of my time I returned, a grown and serious young man, for a month or two's residence with my father; and if I was changed myself, I certainly found Cheeny more so.

She was now about seventeen years of age, and just passing from the slender reedlike grace of girlhood, to the full voluptuous development of face and form, of eye and gait, of smile and attitude, characteristic of perfect and beautiful woman. I saw her walking lightly along from work, among a group of other girls, as I was riding into the town, and was struck in a moment by her exceeding beauty; and not till I saw her turn into the little shop, did the thought ever enter into my mind that to this perfection could have sprung my former pretty schoolmate, little Cheeny Granton. I dismounted and entered just behind her, and addressing the widow, whose staid, yet comely and cheerful countenance now

bore palpable traces of the lapse of time, called myself to her recollection, and we entered into conversation with regard to various occurrences that had taken place since I left. I may mention, to account for my long absence from Westwater, that just before I was sent to seek school, my father, who was a widower, had entered into a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. H——, one of the proprietors, a connexion which ultimately procured for him a partnership, though it was the cause of a very great change in my habits and prospects. While I was talking with her mother, Jane stood by with a sort of quiet, unconcerned look. I addressed her, and she answered me frankly; but, though she spoke in kindness and good humor, I at once saw that our former liking, if it had ever existed, was not likely to be renewed. I talked with her for a little, and then, leaving the place, rode on to the works. Yet, though my love for her and for many others had all finally merged into one permanent and sensible attachment, and though to endeavor to excite affection in her now, would be not only folly, but crime, I could not, for many days, altogether dismiss her from my thoughts.

As I walked my horse through the village, my fancy called up her image before me. Her stature might have been about five feet and a half or less,—for it is a difficult matter to judge of a woman's height—and the symmetry of her figure was matchless. It was one of those so rarely to be met with, exactly following the old Grecian models of classic female beauty. The deeply hollowed back, the swelling chest and bosom, and high round neck,—the long lower limb, with its full upper development and short, much-arched foot, all combined to make it perfect. Her waist was not slender—the word light would apply to it rather, for here no means of unnatural compression had ever been practised, and it looked free and unconstrained as she stepped along, having a sort of indistinct undulatory motion, like a swan's neck, graceful exceedingly. Her face was beautiful, the nose had just a trace of the Roman curve, while the small plump mouth looked redder than the richest tint limner ever selected wherewithal to touch the lip of his ideal. Her eyes were of a deep, dark, almost indigo blue, large and rolling, at times most spirited in their glances, at other times softened into an expression of such melting sweetness, that you could not look upon them without feeling an involuntary sigh stealing from your bosom, just as would be called up by a strain of music familiar to your childhood. Her hair was of a bright yellow, curling naturally, and glistening with a lustre almost faintly metallic, like tarnished gold wire. Add to these a skin, not snow-white certainly, but of a clear living white, clouded by a flush of health on either round cheek,—a high spotless forehead, small thin ear, pierced by a slender ring of gold,—and a hand, whose beauty not the labor of a factory could deform; and if you have anything of an active fancy, you may form in your mind a likeness of fair Cheeny Granton.

But it was not in personal excellence alone she stood out among her mates. She was a very clever girl, and her page on the library roll-book bore testimony both to the extent and nature of her reading. An ardent love of the poetry of Byron, Burns, and Moore, was, strangely enough *its distinguishing characteristic*, and the continued perusal of this descrip-

tion of writing must have had no little effect in bringing about the events of this narrative. Her moral character was unexceptionable, her disposition amiable, though about her lip there lurked the trace of a haughty smile, and about her voice a slight tone of condescension, which, however, those who were habituated to her did not perceive. It was possible, too, occasionally to detect in her mind evidence of a deep, all-potent enthusiasm, similar to that of her mother, which seemed only to require an object to be called into vigorous life and light. But it was certainly not religious; for, though she loved her mother with an engrossing affection, she followed her tenets with what seemed respectful filial acquiescence, not faith. Such a being as this could hardly exist in any place without exciting around her the passions of admiration, love, envy, and hatred, in their most violent forms. She was a marked girl about Westwater.—Some were extravagantly fond and proud of her, others hated her bitterly, taking every opportunity of evincing this feeling, both by word and deed. She thought herself a lady, they said, and would take the shortest way to become one. But all of these insinuations Jane took with a quiet smile, as things that were to be expected.

Lovers she had in abundance; indeed every young man in the place had some pretension to this character. For some of them she appeared to entertain very friendly feelings, though, when their attentions became more urgent, she could not conceal her annoyance. There was one, however, evidently more favored than the rest. This was a young man of the name of Williams, who, for two years or more, had held the situation of teacher at Westwater. He was a pale, studious, anxious-looking young person, of some talent. He had been connected, in an inferior way, with a newspaper-office, in the large city I at first alluded to, and from that situation had been transferred to the one he held. But his crowning advantage was, that he professed ardently, and I believe sincerely, the same views of religion as Mrs. Grafton, and they used to spend hours together of evenings in the performance of their peculiar rights of worship. With her he was all in all, and her daughter certainly had a very great regard for him. But still I thought I could see that this regard was not what I myself would have been content with in similar circumstances. I was particularly struck with this thought a few days after my arrival.

It was a beautiful evening, early in the summer, and I was taking a solitary walk up the bank of the stream to a place called the grove, about a mile or more above the factory, where there was a large reservoir, with an extensive system of locks and sluices. From its lonely and romantic character, this had always been my favorite walk, and here I was met by the so-called lovers. They were moving along slowly, side by side, he walking quite close to her, his eyes fixed upon her face with an appearance of complete devotion, while she listened to his address with a look as if it required an effort to keep her attention to it. As I passed, I remarked upon the beauty of the evening. She answered me quietly and civilly; he said nothing, but blushed and appeared much embarrassed and confused. I often met them again, and always noticed in them the same demeanor.

But a change had come over the course of events at Westwater. My

father having become a partner in the firm, removed to the city, there to take charge of the counting-house business, and another manager came to reside at the factory.

His name was Edward Southern, and as he occupies a prominent place in my story, I will stay to describe him. Whose child he was, no one knew. He had been brought up by a person formerly a gentleman's servant, and who received from some quarter unknown a regular payment for his maintenance. By this man, who kept a cigar-shop in London, he was tolerably educated, till about sixteen years of age. At this period, having been by chance present at an introductory lecture to a popular course of natural philosophy, the bent of his genius at once evinced itself, and he became devotedly fond of mechanical science. He studied this with so much success, that next season he obtained the situation of assistant to the lecturer, with a small salary, and the use of an apparatus-room and workshop. Here he made striking progress: his peculiar genius unfolded itself rapidly, and in a year or two he astonished the lecturer by showing him an article he had written in one of the leading scientific journals. One step leads to another. He shortly after commenced, in an infidel publication, a series of paper, the tendency of which was to run down every thing, in government or religion, usually held established or sacred,—and which were remarkable for their original character. For these, the extensive sale of the pestiferous periodical afforded him liberal remuneration. Another short while passed, and he obtained the situation of lecturer on mechanics and chemistry, on the retirement of his former teacher. Another year saw issued from the press a work of his on a popular scientific subject, which ran speedily through two or three editions. His income, of which he was himself the sole creator, now amounted to several hundred pounds a-year, while his name was in the mouth of every one interested in popular science, especially as connected with manufacturing factories.

To this person Messrs. H——— H——— and Co. offered the situation of overseer of their works, with the prospect of a junior partnership. He was indeed a most singular individual; tall, and eminently handsome in person, with fine features, dark curling hair, and whiskers and eyes which, in their deep blackness, seemed to consist altogether of pupil. His manners again were most insinuating, though at times rendered all but offensive by an overweening pride of his own talent and success, which continually broke forth in his conversation, and a sneer constantly ready for every opinion differing from his own, and especially for every system in others' of religious or moral feeling. The propriety of placing such a person as this over a factory employing several hundred young females may be questioned: but the owners only knew him as a scientific character, the inventor and patentee of several valuable improvements in spinning and weaving. But the result of his being placed in such a situation may be guessed by the reader, when I add to the above hints of his character that he was fond of styling himself by the phrase "a refined voluptuarian," and was utterly devoid of all principle, believing and stating man's sole happiness to consist in the gratification of appetite. In further aid of his person and address he was possessed of a ready tongue,

a talent for delicate flattery, a decided good taste, a ready knack of turning his hand to anything, and a consummate knowledge of the world.

Upon his arrival at his new charge, his first proceeding was to introduce an entire new system of discipline among the people, which, I must confess, proved to be considerably to the advantage of his employers. In personally setting this in operation, his eye lighted upon the widow's daughter, at work, in the silk-weaving department of the factory. I was with him.

The moment he saw her, he stood struck, bending upon her a gaze, before which the red blush flew to her face, while she appeared at the same time unable to turn her eyes from his. A second or two this lasted, when he abruptly passed on. He had been talking to me with great volubility the moment before, but now he walked silently alone, and completed the survey.

The next encounter was in the walk up the stream I have before mentioned. Here he met her with Williams. He immediately addressed her, while Williams, knowing his place, dropped a little behind—his heart flooded on the instant with a new and bitter passion—jealousy.

Poor fellow! at once he saw his fond air-castle of love and hope dashed in fragments to the ground, and he walked behind them, watching his new rival whispering and exerting upon the girl all his many powers of fascination—his blood boiling with jealousy, hatred, and rage. For more than a hour, Southern continued to walk slowly by her side, when suddenly turning round, and observing Williams, he calmly ordered him to go in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to his mother's house, to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and, returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred; and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that power would interpose which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded.

Next day Southern's attention to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but, on hearing that it was to be up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the same scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him to go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

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am going to have another fit—it's the *aura*, George, the *aura*.* He trembled very much. "How strange! it is moving up my leg—give me your hand, dear George." He clasped it violently. It is on my thigh now, rising over my body, my breast, my neck, my ——."

Here a strong convulsion passed over his features, wrenching them into an expression of unendurable agony, presenting a most striking resemblance to the face of his father's corpse on that frightful day in the Anatomical Theatre. The next instant the grasp on my hand was relaxed, and he was gone to his account. The last experiment was made, but he could never return to tell its result.

I closed his eyes and composed his features as well as I could, and then went down stairs to the landlady's parlor, where I sat till morning. I was sitting musing by the fire when the bell rang from the death-chamber. I started, though it was broad daylight, and as I ascended the stair, almost expected to find him sitting up and speaking—so different was he in every respect from ordinary men. On entering, I perceived Miss Johns standing by the bed. She looked at me with the same stony gaze, as I stood with the handle of the door in my hand.

"He is changed," said she.

"He is dead, Miss Johns."

"Then God be merciful to him!"

"Amen."

"Leave me, Mr. ——, leave me." I hastily withdrew, as the poor, bereaved girl seated herself beside her brother's body, with the look of one on whose brow the thunderbolt had descended, to whom fate had done its worst, who had no more to fear or wish for now.

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Next day I received a note stating her wish that I should attend her brother's funeral on a particular day. I flew to the house, but the worthy landlady informed me she had shut herself up along with the body, and could see no one. I retired.

The funeral, which was nearly the most humble and private one I was ever concerned in, was hardly over, when I sought her once more. Oh, how I loved that poor distracted girl! How I longed to take her to my heart, and hide all her disgraces and afflictions in my bosom—her, the

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to, their mental profit has not been forgotten. A church and a library, which is also a reading-room, form part of the buildings, and, from the opened windows of an edifice, apart from the rest, you may hear issuing a hum of little voices, telling that the work of instruction is busily going on. The greatest man in the place is, of course, the manager, whose large white house you see just before entering the little town. This situation was held for many years by my father—and here I was born, and received the first rudiments of my education.

When I attended the school—decidedly the prettiest little lass in it was a small creature called Jane Granton, pronounced in the dialect of the place Jeeny, or more often Cheeny. She was a yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked little thing, exceedingly healthy, good-humored and merry, and was the only child of a widow who kept a kind of small green-grocery shop in the village. This widow was a very good-looking woman,—indeed, it was a common saying to the little girl, from the grown-up people, that, pretty as she was, she would never be like her mother. She had the reputation of being a very religious person, and was the only one in the place that, from scruples of conscience, refused to attend the services at the church. Indeed, her whole conduct appeared dashed with a strong and very remarkable tincture of superstitious fanaticism; though under what particular sect or denomination it might be classed I have not been able to determine. This peculiarity, as well as her general clean, tidy habits, sobriety of demeanor, good looks, and obstinate persistence in the state of widowhood, attracted to her much respect, and to her little child, the attention and kindness of every one in the place. Among the boys at the school, again, little Cheeny was a regular toast: many bloody battles were fought and won, upon various pretences and provocations, all of which, however, were privately known to every one, to be merely in her honor and glory. For a long while I believed myself to be the prime favorite; but whether this was owing to my own particular personal charms, or to the superior dress and equipment of the manager's boy, I am not prepared to say. But the time came round when I should leave the factory and its beautiful environs, to be transported to a large boarding-school, where the place of the widow's child in my mind was speedily usurped by other charmers. From that school I was removed, four years after, and apprenticed to a medical gentleman for three years more. Upon the completion of my time I returned, a grown and serious young man, for a month or two's residence with my father; and if I was changed myself, I certainly found Cheeny more so.

She was now about seventeen years of age, and just passing from the slender reedlike grace of girlhood, to the full voluptuous development of face and form, of eye and gait, of smile and attitude, characteristic of perfect and beautiful woman. I saw her walking lightly along from work, among a group of other girls, as I was riding into the town, and was struck in a moment by her exceeding beauty; and not till I saw her turn into the little shop, did the thought ever enter into my mind that to this perfection could have sprung my former pretty schoolmate, little Cheeny Granton. I dismounted and entered just behind her, and addressing the widow, whose staid, yet comely and cheerful countenance now

bore palpable traces of the lapse of time, called myself to her recollection, and we entered into conversation with regard to various occurrences that had taken place since I left. I may mention, to account for my long absence from Westwater, that just before I was sent to seek school, my father, who was a widower, had entered into a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. H——, one of the proprietors, a connexion which ultimately procured for him a partnership, though it was the cause of a very great change in my habits and prospects. While I was talking with her mother, Jane stood by with a sort of quiet, unconcerned look. I addressed her, and she answered me frankly; but, though she spoke in kindness and good humor, I at once saw that our former liking, if it had ever existed, was not likely to be renewed. I talked with her for a little, and then, leaving the place, rode on to the works. Yet, though my love for her and for many others had all finally merged into one permanent and sensible attachment, and though to endeavor to excite affection in her now, would be not only folly, but crime, I could not, for many days, altogether dismiss her from my thoughts.

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But it was not in personal excellence alone she stood out among her mates. She was a very clever girl, and her page on the library roll-book bore testimony both to the extent and nature of her reading. An ardent love of the poetry of Byron, Burns, and Moore, was, strangely enough *its distinguishing characteristic*, and the continued perusal of this descrip-

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father having become a partner in the firm, removed to the city, there to take charge of the counting-house business, and another manager came to reside at the factory.

His name was Edward Southern, and as he occupies a prominent place in my story, I will stay to describe him. Whose child he was, no one knew. He had been brought up by a person formerly a gentleman's servant, and who received from some quarter unknown a regular payment for his maintenance. By this man, who kept a cigar-shop in London, he was tolerably educated, till about sixteen years of age. At this period, having been by chance present at an introductory lecture to a popular course of natural philosophy, the bent of his genius at once evinced itself, and he became devotedly fond of mechanical science. He studied this with so much success, that next season he obtained the situation of assistant to the lecturer, with a small salary, and the use of an apparatus-room and workshop. Here he made striking progress: his peculiar genius unfolded itself rapidly, and in a year or two he astonished the lecturer by showing him an article he had written in one of the leading scientific journals. One step leads to another. He shortly after commenced, in an infidel publication, a series of paper, the tendency of which was to run down every thing, in government or religion, usually held established or sacred,—and which were remarkable for their original character. For these, the extensive sale of the pestiferous periodical afforded him liberal remuneration. Another short while passed, and he obtained the situation of lecturer on mechanics and chemistry, on the retirement of his former teacher. Another year saw issued from the press a work of his on a popular scientific subject, which ran speedily through two or three editions. His income, of which he was himself the sole creator, now amounted to several hundred pounds a-year, while his name was in the mouth of every one interested in popular science, especially as connected with manufacturing factories.

To this person Messrs. H—— H—— and Co. offered the situation of overseer of their works, with the prospect of a junior partnership. He was indeed a most singular individual; tall, and eminently handsome in person, with fine features, dark curling hair, and whiskers and eyes which, in their deep blackness, seemed to consist altogether of pupil. His manners again were most insinuating, though at times rendered all but offensive by an overweening pride of his own talent and success, which continually broke forth in his conversation, and a sneer constantly ready for every opinion differing from his own, and especially for every system in others' of religious or moral feeling. The propriety of placing such a person as this over a factory employing several hundred young females may be questioned: but the owners only knew him as a scientific character, the inventor and patentee of several valuable improvements in spinning and weaving. But the result of his being placed in such a situation may be guessed by the reader, when I add to the above hints of his character that he was fond of styling himself by the phrase "a refined voluptuarian," and was utterly devoid of all principle, believing and stating man's sole happiness to consist in the gratification of appetite. In further aid of his person and address he was possessed of a ready tongue,

a talent for delicate flattery, a decided good taste, a ready knack of turning his hand to anything, and a consummate knowledge of the world.

Upon his arrival at his new charge, his first proceeding was to introduce an entire new system of discipline among the people, which, I must confess, proved to be considerably to the advantage of his employers. In personally setting this in operation, his eye lighted upon the widow's daughter, at work, in the silk-weaving department of the factory. I was with him.

The moment he saw her, he stood struck, bending upon her a gaze, before which the red blush flew to her face, while she appeared at the same time unable to turn her eyes from his. A second or two this lasted, when he abruptly passed on. He had been talking to me with great volubility the moment before, but now he walked silently alone, and completed the survey.

The next encounter was in the walk up the stream I have before mentioned. Here he met her with Williams. He immediately addressed her, while Williams, knowing his place, dropped a little behind—his heart flooded on the instant with a new and bitter passion—jealousy.

Poor fellow! at once he saw his fond air-castle of love and hope dashed in fragments to the ground, and he walked behind them, watching his new rival whispering and exerting upon the girl all his many powers of fascination—his blood boiling with jealousy, hatred, and rage. For more than a hour, Southern continued to walk slowly by her side, when suddenly turning round, and observing Williams, he calmly ordered him to go in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to his mother's house, to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and, returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred; and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that power would interpose which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded.

Next day Southern's attention to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but, on hearing that it was to be up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the same scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him to go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

Williams's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate con-

firmation. How much more, when next evening, she returned home later than she had ever been before, refusing to him, and to her mother, any account of where or with whom she had been. The next, he determined at once to come to a conclusion. He watched her as she left the factory-gate, and dogged her up the foot-path, where he saw her joined by Southern, and walk with him towards the place I have before alluded to.

His passion was now roused to madness. He attacked Southern in the most frantic manner; but in the hands of his muscular rival found himself as an infant. The latter, with a bitter sneer, mastering his hands, lifted him up from the ground and plunged him up to the neck in the reservoir, holding him down till he was nearly suffocated, while she stood by, pale and much agitated, without uttering a word.

Williams scrambled out and slunk away, hearing, as he went, the loud contemptuous laugh of his hated and triumphant rival—what were his feelings I will not attempt to say. Next day Southern called at the school, to dismiss him from his situation, but found the door locked, and the children playing around it. He had been anticipated—poor Williams was gone; after his ignominious defeat, he could no longer look upon a known face, and had gone off, wet and dripping as he was, to hide his shame in the great solitude of London.

But now comes the bitter portion of my task. Dear reader, had I been sure of your sympathy, or of your forgiveness, I could have found it in my heart to have lingered longer upon the banks of the beautiful Westwater; to tediousness I could have dwelt upon the perfection of the widow's lovely daughter. Yet a little could I have tarried, describing even the scaly splendor of the serpent Southern: but it can be protracted no longer.

Alas, alas for you, fair Jane Grafton! whither could have wandered the truant seraph that should surely have hovered, watchful, round the brow of one so beautiful and young? why is your spirit changed? why is the head that used to sit so proudly upon that graceful neck bowed down in blushful humility to the ground? Woe worth the day! you are in love, Cheeny! and it is a love you are ashamed of. No soft, tender emotion is your love, poor lost girl! it is a passion, a madness, an ever-glowing fire with you, consuming to ashes every other thought and feeling!

Williams's departure, and its cause, were soon the theme of all lips in Westwater, and every eye was fixed, though covertly, upon Jane and him, the dreaded overseer, by all hated and by her loved; oh, how deeply!

Many days had not passed, when she appeared completely abandoned to her new passion. Every evening might she be seen, stealing away in the direction of that fatal footpath, to enjoy the pernicious bliss of an hour with him, whose every thought by day and night was the accomplishment of her ruin! And every evening was the chain of his domination girded more strongly around the heart of the poor devoted girl;—he appeared to live only in his presence, to have no enjoyment but in his society. At all other times he was absent and watchful, avoiding the gaze of all she saw, appearing to be dreaming of her mind the delights of her

next meeting with him, when all the scoffs of her companions, and all the upbraidings of her wild, fanatical mother, would be compensated by one kind look from his dark eye, by one gentle pressure to his manly bosom.

I remember observing them often, his arm around her waist, while she with her hand upon his shoulder, so fondly and confidently walked, slowly along, gazing up into his face as he talked to her, with a look of mingled love and wonder, a kind of devotion, that gave her features an expression altogether new to them, and most beautiful to see. But after some days I remarked that this changed. Southern himself now appeared actually to feel a degree of the passion he had so powerfully excited in her, though it seemed to wear too much of the voluptuous aspect to come within the category of genuine love.

I came upon them one evening at the grove; it was now midsummer. They were sitting together, hand in hand, upon a turf bench, close to a small waterfall, a favorite resort of theirs, and as they sat they gazed at each other without speaking, she with her face flushed and glowing, and her eyes sparkling in a way I have never else observed. In that attitude they continued for several minutes without noticing me, so absorbed were they with each other. She appeared to feel a strange delirious rapture in his mere presence; it was most singular—there was an enthusiasm in it—indeed, now at last the spark had been applied, and the constitutional fanaticism which her mother gave her, and which had lain so long dormant in her bosom, blazed forth in this new form more fiercely than it had ever flamed in her! Was it indeed so, was that frenzied love but an approach of hereditary insanity?

But while this fierce passion had been thus advancing, think not that efforts were wanting to stay its progress. My own advice I ventured to give, but it was received in a way that led me not again to offer it; but the mother—the enthusiastically virtuous, the wildly religious mother—everything a mother could, she did; she reasoned, entreated, wept, and prayed; anon, stormed and cursed her poor, distracted child. Nay, once she went through some strange superstitious ceremonies with a minister of her own sect from the neighboring city, with the view—smile not, reader, at the weak woman's delusion—of casting out the devil, which she firmly believed had entered into her beautiful daughter. Sometimes she had recourse even to personal violence; but it was all in vain,—tears and entreaties, upbraiding and anger, had but the same reply.

"Alas! mother, I know it is wrong to love him as I do, but I cannot help it. Oh! can I help loving him, my noble Southern? him, who knows more than ever man knew; who speaks to me as never man spoke; who loves me with love for which I would willingly exchange the heaven you hope for, mother!"

"Yes, girl, love him: love that incarnate spirit of evil, that the Almighty has permitted to afflict us for a time for our transgressions. Love him, and prepare to meet the eternal wrath that will follow on the deep sin he tempts you to. Oh, my child, my child! my one only darling; let us flee from this place, from the circle of his fiend's enchantment; he does not love you, Cheeny; he hates you, feels contempt for you; he will ruin

you, girl, and then spurn you out into the world a wretched and degraded being !”

In the excited strain, of which the above is but a faint and meagre example, did the widow daily and nightly endeavor to turn her daughter from her mad affection. Nor were her efforts always unattended with at least the appearance of success. More than once she got her to confess she believed he wanted to ruin her ; and to promise to forget, to avoid him ; even to leave the place, and seek an asylum for her virtue far away from Westwater.

Such confessions and promises she would make, weeping upon her fond parent's bosom. On one such occasion—

“ Yes, mother,” said she, it is that dark eye of his that undoes me. He never bends it upon me, but I feel him drinking away from me my very soul. I cannot resist it. You are right, he is an evil spirit ; he tells me the Bible is a *lie*, mother, (the old woman shuddered,) and persuades me there is no such thing as sin or evil !”

“ Oh, my child !” exclaimed the mother, “ let us give thanks to Him, who has at length opened your eyes to the Tophet on whose brink you stood !”

And the two women knelt together, joining their voices in thanksgiving. But as the hour drew near when she was wont to meet her lover, another change came over her spirit ; she became anxious and restless, sighed often, moved about from one part of the house to another, and at last, springing up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her, then bursting from her, flew out of the house and away to the grove, where she found Southern, and falling upon his breast, gave way to a wild fit of hysterical laughter and weeping.

But now he began to think the charm nearly wound up, and resolved to remove her from Westwater to the large city ; for even he had feeling enough left to wish to keep the affair apart from the eyes of the work-people.

One evening, when the summer was now wearing over, he broke the proposal to her that she should leave her mother's house, and become altogether his.

As might be expected, the infatuated girl consented, and promised to meet him next night at a particular place, where he was to be in waiting with his gig, to convey her for ever from Westwater. All next day poor Cheney tried hard to conceal from her mother her purpose ; but towards night she could no longer accomplish it, and, clasping her to her bosom, bade her farewell for ever.

“ What—my child !” screamed the widow ; “ where are you going ?”

“ To Southern.”

“ To be married to *him* ? The atheist—the fiend !”

“ No, mother—not married.”

A scene ensued, which I feel myself altogether unable to describe. The widow became perfectly frantic ; she prayed her daughter to remain : she commanded, implored, even struck her, but all in vain : the deluded girl would go, and struggled to be away. There was something fearful in it, and the neighbors trembled as they listened outside the

door. At last, when she found she could no longer restrain her, she appeared to yield.

"I will let you go to him—I will; but first answer me this question. I adjure you by (here she used an expression too awful to be repeated here,) tell me the truth. Are you still pure as you were before this devil possessed you? Have you sinned as yet in thought only, and not in deed?"

Jane, drooping her beautiful head, avowed herself guilty of no sin greater than loving him.

"Well then, go!"

She went: and as she stepped over the threshold, her mother knelt down upon it, and screamed after her a curse of a most wild and awful sound and meaning—an imprecation such as none but a mother, and a mother in a state of maniacal frenzy, could utter: it had in its strange fanatical blasphemy something at once terrible and sublime, and contained a prayer that the Almighty would smite her with some sudden and dreadful evil before she could accomplish her purpose.

Her daughter, as she heard it, drew herself together as if a stone had struck her, and hurried swiftly away.

As the widow lost her in the darkness, she turned into the house, and shutting it up, and putting out the lights, began moaning and wailing aloud, in a manner that drew tears from the wives and daughters of the neighbors, as they listened with fear and wonder around it.

Jane reached the place appointed, and found him waiting.

"Are you mine, love?" said he, in an exulting tone.

"I am, Southern—*body and soul!*"

He lifted her into the gig, and off they flew along the dark road, with great swiftness. She wept much, and he was endeavoring to soothe her with his fondest blandishments, when they rapidly approached an abrupt turn in the road, about a mile or more from Westwater. Just then, one of the large waggons belonging to the company was slowly toiling its way to the factory, loaded with an immense pile of raw cotton. They were on it ere they were aware; and in an instant, one of their wheels struck the fore-wheel, and they were discharged from their seats to the ground.

Southern sprang to his feet, unhurt; but, ere he had done so, the heavy hind-wheel of the ponderous machine had gone crushing over the left knee of fair Jane Granton, and she lay mangled and senseless in the road.

The astonished waggoners lifted her from the ground, and, by his direction, put her, along with the fragments of the gig, upon their waggon, and urged their horses quickly towards Westwater; while he, catching his own animal, and disencumbering it of its disordered furniture, mounted it, and dashed furiously away to the city, there to drown thought in a mad debauch.

But who could imagine or describe the mother, when the waggon stopped before her door, and its conductors bore into her dwelling the broken and bleeding body of her only child. At first, she stood struck with wild amazement; then, when they told her what had happened, she grew pale as death, and remained silent for a few moments: anon, she broke

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But a change had come over the course of events at Westwater. My

father having become a partner in the firm, removed to the city, there to take charge of the counting-house business, and another manager came to reside at the factory.

His name was Edward Southern, and as he occupies a prominent place in my story, I will stay to describe him. Whose child he was, no one knew. He had been brought up by a person formerly a gentleman's servant, and who received from some quarter unknown a regular payment for his maintenance. By this man, who kept a cigar-shop in London, he was tolerably educated, till about sixteen years of age. At this period, having been by chance present at an introductory lecture to a popular course of natural philosophy, the bent of his genius at once evinced itself, and he became devotedly fond of mechanical science. He studied this with so much success, that next season he obtained the situation of assistant to the lecturer, with a small salary, and the use of an apparatus-room and workshop. Here he made striking progress: his peculiar genius unfolded itself rapidly, and in a year or two he astonished the lecturer by showing him an article he had written in one of the leading scientific journals. One step leads to another. He shortly after commenced, in an infidel publication, a series of paper, the tendency of which was to run down every thing, in government or religion, usually held established or sacred,—and which were remarkable for their original character. For these, the extensive sale of the pestiferous periodical afforded him liberal remuneration. Another short while passed, and he obtained the situation of lecturer on mechanics and chemistry, on the retirement of his former teacher. Another year saw issued from the press a work of his on a popular scientific subject, which ran speedily through two or three editions. His income, of which he was himself the sole creator, now amounted to several hundred pounds a-year, while his name was in the mouth of every one interested in popular science, especially as connected with manufacturing.

To this person Messrs. H——— H——— and Co. offered the situation of overseer of their works, with the prospect of a junior partnership. He was indeed a most singular individual; tall, and eminently handsome in person, with fine features, dark curling hair, and whiskers and eyes which, in their deep blackness, seemed to consist altogether of pupil. His manners again were most insinuating, though at times rendered all but offensive by an overweening pride of his own talent and success, which continually broke forth in his conversation, and a sneer constantly ready for every opinion differing from his own, and especially for every system in others of religious or moral feeling. The propriety of placing such a person as this over a factory employing several hundred young females may be questioned: but the owners only knew him as a scientific character, the inventor and patentee of several valuable improvements in spinning and weaving. But the result of his being placed in such a situation may be guessed by the reader, when I add to the above hints of his character that he was fond of styling himself by the phrase “a refined voluptuarian,” and was utterly devoid of all principle, believing and stating man's sole happiness to consist in the gratification of appetite. In *further aid of his person and address* he was possessed of a ready tongue,

a talent for delicate flattery, a decided good taste, a ready knack of turning his hand to anything, and a consummate knowledge of the world.

Upon his arrival at his new charge, his first proceeding was to introduce an entire new system of discipline among the people, which, I must confess, proved to be considerably to the advantage of his employers. In personally setting this in operation, his eye lighted upon the widow's daughter, at work, in the silk-weaving department of the factory. I was with him.

The moment he saw her, he stood struck, bending upon her a gaze, before which the red blush flew to her face, while she appeared at the same time unable to turn her eyes from his. A second or two this lasted, when he abruptly passed on. He had been talking to me with great volubility the moment before, but now he walked silently alone, and completed the survey.

The next encounter was in the walk up the stream I have before mentioned. Here he met her with Williams. He immediately addressed her, while Williams, knowing his place, dropped a little behind—his heart flooded on the instant with a new and bitter passion—jealousy.

Poor fellow! at once he saw his fond air-castle of love and hope dashed in fragments to the ground, and he walked behind them, watching his new rival whispering and exerting upon the girl all his many powers of fascination—his blood boiling with jealousy, hatred, and rage. For more than a hour, Southern continued to walk slowly by her side, when suddenly turning round, and observing Williams, he calmly ordered him to go in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to his mother's house, to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and, returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred; and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that power would interpose which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded.

Next day Southern's attention to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but, on hearing that it was to be up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the same scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him to go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

Williams's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate con-

Next day, at the hour of visit, the poor girl was reported delirious, the affection being what medical men call the low, muttering delirium, as distinguished by Dupuytren from the excited disorder usually called by that name. Two days this lasted, during which she took nothing but the stimulants usually administered in such cases. On the third I went to see her. She gave a weak languid smile when I entered, and, when I took her wrist, pressed my hand while a single small tear stood in each sunken eye. Her face was now fearfully changed. No one could have believed her to be the fair factory-girl I have elsewhere so vainly attempted to describe. Her cheeks were hollow, her skin wan and clammy, her lips shrunken and livid—nothing of her bright beauty remained save the golden tresses and the beaming blue eye. Her mother was beside her; and, from the absence of the delirium, entertained strong hopes of her recovery. She had one of the hospital bibles on her knee, from which she continued to read, but all the while I saw that her daughter's thoughts and attention were far, far away.

Next morning I went to see her again, and was made aware of one of the most singular and incredible phenomena that have ever come under my experience. When I entered she seemed much excited. She motioned me to her, for she was now so weak she could scarcely make herself heard.

"What men are these that came and took me away, Mr. —?"

"Took you away, Cheeny, what do you mean?"

"Why, two dark, indistinct men, that came here last night when my mother was asleep. They opened the door, and came in with a black board, laid me on it, and carried me away down a narrow, crooked stair-case, along a cold long passage, that sounded strangely and dreadfully as they walked, till we came to a big black door, marked No. 14, for the moon shone through a little grated window, and I could see it quite plainly, though motionless with weakness, cold and terror. The door opened, and they bore me into a large, cold, and dark place, with a high window, with iron bars, and having a curious, earthy smell. They then laid me on a table, and left me, locking the door as they went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowded with dim figures. One of them, a tall, dark being, approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr. —, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection; *did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?*"

She told me this with an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss. She had described with the most unerring exactness the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars, &c. of the hospital, the *dead-house*, the fatal No. 14, on which she said the moon shone through the little window, and, lastly, the clinical lecture-room. Now, both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side-room, for the night-nurse sat up in the ward all the night, and had observed nothing; besides, in my own pocket was the key of the private *door of the ward opening* out upon the stair-case, which I had locked with

my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which, on examination, I now found as I had left it. Of course sleepwalking was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it! And then, along with that fact, to think that she had never in her life before been in the hospital, in this city, indeed out of Westwater at all, and that when she was brought in she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone staircase I at first described, to the ward; that from thence to the operating theatre, and back again to the side-room, comprised the whole of her removals! It was, indeed, a most inexplicable dream, delusion, or whatever you may call it, and one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science, the physiology of the nervous system. I mentioned it afterwards at a society meeting to a student, a friend of my own, and he referred me for explanation to the study of Mesmerism.

Unable at the time to trust my own reason—she persisted so strongly in her statement—having procured the key of the door No. 14, I opened the private door of the ward and descended the staircase. On reaching the door I could not help pondering on the precision with which she had described every particular. On going into the dead-house (a large stone-paved place, with a high barred window, where the bodies of those who had died in the hospital were kept till removed by their friends) I found everything as it should be, and no trace of any one having been there.

As I returned along the passage, musing upon the above, I was met by the sub-porter of the institution, who informed me that there was somebody outside the back-door (by which the friends of patients were admitted, though only at a particular hour). The person had been knocking furiously for a considerable time, he told me, but had latterly been a little more quiet. I bade him unfasten the door, which opened into a quiet lane, leading down the hospital and a large church yard. He did so. A man was sitting upon the step. I touched him with my foot, when he sprang to his feet, and showed me—Williams. I was much surprised. He looked exceedingly worn and haggard.

"Bless me, Williams!" said I; "I thought you were in London. How did you come here?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. ———. Is she living?"

"She is; but very, very ill, Williams."

"Oh, let me see her, good Mr. ———, as you hope yourself for mercy!"

"Well, so you shall, but come in and compose yourself a little. It is against rule; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one."

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I found him sitting on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

"Forgive you, Jane!" he was saying: "May God forgive him who has wrought you this, as freely as I forgive you, my first and only love!"

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were likewise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the earnest performance of the peculiar religious forms and duties of their

church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room, I observed her gazing round her with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight, mingled with surprise.

"Mr. ———," said she, "whose are all those pretty, smiling little children round about the bed?"

I felt at a loss what to say; of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapt and fanatical widow.

"These," said she, "are the babes of two years old and under, that were slain by command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you shortly be, my own darling girl!"

"How bright and beautiful they look!" murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.

"Mother, dear mother, I am going away from you,—give me your hand,—Williams,—Mr. ———."

"She was gone! Slowly the dim eclipse of death came over the orbs of her celestial eyes, and her lips fell asunder.

"The Lord giveth and taketh away," said the widow, slowly and with difficulty getting out each syllable.

"Blessed be His holy name!" answered Williams; and, falling forward upon the body, he gave way to a paroxysm of hysteric grief like a weakly girl. Adding a fervent "Amen," I withdrew to the neighboring side-room, which was empty, for I was ashamed to go through the ward in the state of emotion I was in.

Next day a clinical lecture was delivered on her case to the pupils of the establishment, and the next her mother and Williams came, with a few friends of their religious sect, and removed her body. But she does not sleep in the quiet little churchyard at Westwater. Before they went away they gave me a bright and abundant tress of her yellow hair; then, each wringing my hand warmly, they went out from the city northward, and I saw them no more.

But what remains to tell? Southern's piece of business mentioned in his letter to me proved his ruin. It was a scheme to elope with the wife of the principal partner of the Westwater company, who held through her his shares in the concern. He hoped that upon her being divorced he could marry her, and obtain with her the immense property she had brought her husband. He was, however, most lamentably foiled, and with a broken character, deprived of his situation at Westwater. His name was immediately erased, by advertisement, from the books of several scientific societies of which he was a member; and he went to seek his bread in London, where, I believe, he draws a wretched subsistence from an obscure and filthy penny paper of which he is editor and proprietor.

CHAPTER VII.

OXENFORD GRANGE.

As we were driving home to L——, (one of the great commercial towns of England,) our party consisting of Dr. C——, his lady, and myself, he called our attention to a house about half a mile from the road. It was visible through a break between two low hills, and appeared to be a large compact mansion, imbedded in a niche in the side of an extensive wood. A lawn stretched from its front down to the side of a broad stream, and was sprinkled with young trees, each surrounded by a little box of wood fence; while upon the water we could see a punt moored close to the bank with an individual sitting in it fishing.

"That is Oxenford Grange," said the doctor; "at least it was, for by what name they call the modern *demesne* I am ignorant—if you put me in mind, I will tell you a strange story connected with it."

That evening we were but too glad to call for the performance of his promise, with which he forthwith proceeded to favor us, as follows:—

It is now many years since I was a student at a northern University. It was then my lot to form a connexion of a very remarkable kind. I attended—what is rather unusual—the philosophical and medical classes at the same time. This course was likewise followed by another student who bore the singularly sounding name of Buster Strangways Bruton. He was a mulatto, and a large, coarse, exceedingly ill-made young man. He was very dark for one of his class—nearly perfectly black, and had all the peculiar deformities of the negro developed in his face and figure to a very marked degree.

The large splay foot, with the long bony calfless shank set into the middle of it, was particularly observable, the heel projecting nearly as much behind as the toes did before. His arms again, long and muscular, with a pair of horribly big black hands at their ends, flapped loosely from his shoulders as if attached by some kind of universal joint. His face was still more unpleasing—indeed, monstrously ugly. His forehead was narrow and receding, his nose very broad and flat, appearing as if sunk in between the high cheek-bones and protruding jaws. His great thick lips stood out much beyond the upper part of the visage, giving to it, along with the large heavy chin, a peculiar animal expression, not much relieved certainly by the short, close-cut, woolly crop of hair that looked like a coarse worsted skullcap clinging to his head.

In addition, he bore constantly around him an odor—that characteristic of the African race, which not the most assiduous cleanliness nor the subtlest perfumes could purge or conceal. This was the only point to which I found it difficult to reconcile myself on our after intimacy. His gait was awkward and ungainly in the extreme; and, to crown all, he

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stuttered violently—indeed, in a way it was painful to listen to—the moment he became the least excited.

But there was one redeeming feature, the dark eye, large and rolling, with an expression of fervid thought beaming in every glance—yes! without such an eye the face would have been merely disgusting and ridiculous—with it you felt the character of the countenance completely changed. You saw no longer the ugliness of a Caliban, but the lofty, almost majestic deformity of a blasted superior being. You looked not on it with derision or pity, but with aversion, awe, and a desire to be relieved from its presence as from the pressure of an incubus.

And yet within this loathsome carcass sojourned a mind whose fellow I have rarely known; with a capacity for knowledge, and a power of acquiring and retaining it unsurpassable; with feelings of the acutest edge, and tastes of the most refined and delicate character;—a mind already stored with the gems and gold of ancient and modern literature, and fast filling with the true wealth of science and philosophy.

His judgment was clear, penetrating, and decided; his moral character upright and unswerving, and his religion exalted and pure, but closely bordering on superstition; even that, however, of an elevated description. Moreover, he was a creature of emotion. All passions that wrought in him were most intense, and vivid, sudden, and fiery; he knew not liking, disliking, anger, fear, hope,—but passionate love, rancorous hatred, fury, terror, and ardent aspiration. His ambition was unbounded; the schemes it prompted would have been ridiculous from their apparent impossibility, did not their immensity lend them something of the sublime.

But no feeling could exceed his utter loathing of his own person, save the exquisite bitterness caused by continually seeing a similar loathing of it manifested by others. This was to him a source of perpetual misery; so great, that many years, before I knew him, he would have committed suicide, he assured me, had not his judgment led him to consider such an act an insult to that Being who had made him what he was; doubtless for some wise purpose. I have seen him throw himself on the carpet and writhe about under the extreme wretchedness of these thoughts—groaning and crying out in anguish. At other times he would endeavor to talk in a light and heedless manner of his external appearance—but the moment that even I, his most familiar friend, attempted to speak in the same strain, the red light of passion shot from his eye, and his dark visage grew lurid with the boiling blood, and I shrank silent and abashed, the idea rising in my mind of one who, walking on the black crust of Etna, comes suddenly on a chink through which can be seen the living lava smouldering below.

“Well, Mr. C——,” said he, one day, after we had sat awhile beside the sandbath in his little laboratory, waiting for the evaporation of a fluid we were experimenting on, “am I not in very earnest an *object*? So horribly ugly as to carry loathing with me wherever I go? Oh, were it only dread, hatred—even contempt—how I could bear it—but disgust!” and he gnashed his teeth. “There is a curse on me—nothing about me but is hideous—my face, my person—a negro’s and deformed—my birth doubly dishonorable—the bastard of a slave—my very name, Buster

Strangways Bruton—could anything be more absurd or ridiculous in sound of sense?—more abominable? It is like a rattling kettle tied to a mangy mongrel! Not even my voice could escape—stuttering like a drivelling idiot's. Everything seems to have been heaped upon me that could render me a mockery to my fellow creatures. Why? can you see no reason?"

He paused a little, I did not know how to reply so as to avoid offending him. He continued,

"There is a country, a continent, where my deformities will become beauties, my birth noble, my name musical, my intellect," and he touched his forehead lightly, with a gesture of pride, "that of a god! Can you see no reason now why an all-wise Being should have coupled a mind like mine to such a body; should have bound more than the spirit of a white man to the frame of a negro? I can. It is this: That I may go out to those benighted nations and carry the arts, the learning, and the religion of Europe to the heart of barbarous Africa. You think this the vain dream of an enthusiast, stung to madness by the scorn and despite of his fellow-men. Was Mahomet's career a dream, or that of Peter the hermit, or that of Bacchus of old, the conqueror and civilizer of India? Were this man, Bonaparte" (he was then at the zenith of his fame), "a negro, a child of the great desert, what might be looked for? But, more than that—were he born there, educated in all the learning European ever knew, and returned to that region, what might *not* be looked for? Yes, Mr. C—, to this end I devote my whole energies; my intellect and my fortune. I will be not only a teacher but a ruler. I will consolidate all the separate tribes of Africa into one vast enlightened people, the government of which shall be liberal, just, and merciful. I feel this to be my destiny—the purpose of my being. There is a voice within me which has urged me to it, day and night, for years, and I know that the moment I forsake the noble pursuit for which I have been so singularly adapted—that I desert the sacred cause of my oppressed species—that instant will a heavy judgment descend upon me. I have been created for one sole end, which I must and will fulfil. Had it not been for the consciousness of this, do you think this proud soul would have borne so long the anguish of such a frame, when one exertion of will could have shattered the shapeless potsherd, and set the eternal essence free?"

All this, I make no question, sounds to you like the raving of one insane, and indeed, it has all along been matter of doubt to me whether it was monomania, or the inspiration of genius, that so powerfully influenced his character and conduct. I feel most inclined to lean toward the latter supposition, however. If it was madness, there was much method in it, and this is the only point that I can see in which madness and genius differ.

In fact ever since I came to know him I felt convinced he was one of those created to work some mighty change among his fellow creatures, for good or evil. I have often been amazed at the extent of his intellect, my own being rebuked and utterly overthrown in his presence. The stupendous nature of the scheme, that was his continual topic, and the facility with which his mind seemed to grasp, to twist, turn, and examine it

in all its lights and shades, struck me with astonishment, and I listened with humility and wonder.

Almost every science he had penetrated, nearly all arts he knew, and now he was adding the treatment of disease to the noble catalogue, in order to fully fit himself for the great part he believed himself called to play. He did nothing but study, morning, noon, and night; in fact, there was no other thing he could do, his exterior being an impassable barrier between him and society. The perfect *sang froid* with which he set about mastering, and did master, questions that appeared to me altogether beyond my own scope, actually amazed me; and when I saw how easily he accomplished these, I sometimes almost believed in the possibility of his ultimately fulfilling the great scheme to which they were preparatory. At all events, thought I, he will make a strong struggle for it.

With his fellow-students at the classes he had no intercourse, they shrank from the slightest connexion with him; refusing even to sit near him at lecture. This he saw, and was deeply stung; but he was too proud to succumb to them, and on all occasions maintained an equal hauteur, his essays and other displays of talent preventing him from meeting with that positive insult at their hands which he encountered from all else. But the fact of our attending the two separate kinds of classes, and having to walk every day a considerable distance together, threw us more into each other's company. It was a long time, however, before he reposed confidence in me; but when he did, it grew into a friendship as ardent and strong as his other emotions, and I was soon enabled to acquire the following knowledge of his origin:

His father, Strangways Bruton, was a mercantile man, who had raised himself by industry and talent from obscurity. Besides the estate of Oxenford in ———shire, he was owner of several valuable lands in Jamaica, and was also in after-life connected with an extensive banking concern, which yielded a very great addition to his income. He was a strange character; like his son, exceedingly violent in his passions; and especially remarkable for obstinacy and an untiring vindictive spirit, that pursued its object unceasingly. His marriage, a very unhappy one, gave him a daughter, shortly after which his wife died. This daughter grew up such another as himself,—the same violence of passion, energy of mind, and vindictive spirit being strongly marked in her disposition. As she entered her womanhood, strange whispers crept abroad regarding her. Her language and deportment were remarked as altogether unbecoming her station in life; at last it was hinted that an infant had appeared at Oxenford and had been disposed of, none knew how. People declined visiting the house; her father was fearfully roused, and shortly she fled his house, accompanied by the partner of her folly and crime, his footman.

Bruton left the country immediately, went to the West Indies, and remained there during the rest of his life. While there he became deeply involved in that dreadful traffic, the slave trade, then in its full rankness, and was notorious for cruelty to the unfortunates who fell into his hands; indeed, so much as even in those times to cause a judicial investigation into his conduct. A son was born to him there—the mother a negress—this was my friend Buster Strangways. To him at his death he be-

queathed by will his whole property, including Oxenford, and the shares of the banking business in England; not once in the document alluding to his daughter or her issue.

Young Bruton was sent to England to acquire an education suitable to such prospects. At school the ridicule and contempt to which his appearance subjected him, roused the spirit within him, and called into activity that intellect at whose working I had so often wondered. Lord Byron has written,

Deformity is daring;
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal,
Ay, the superior of the rest—there is
A spur in its halt movements to become
All that the others cannot in such things
As still are free to both;

and most palpably did he show forth the truth of this passage, outstripping all competitors in every contest. Thence he removed to the university I have alluded to, his success there being equally distinguished.

At length, completing his twenty-fifth year, he came into uncontrolled possession of the whole property of his father. All power of trustees at that period ceased, and he had now unlimited command of the splendid fortune of twenty thousand pounds a-year. He immediately set in action the first movements of his great African scheme, and indeed had made arrangements for a preparatory tour in various parts of that region, and was about to leave England. Before he departed, however, for an absence of several years, he deemed it would be advisable to have a look at the Oxenford estate, and accordingly he wrote to the steward under whose management it was, that by a particular day he would visit the mansion.

On his arrival there he found on all hands, even from his own servants, ill-disguised expressions of surprise and disgust. But for all this he was prepared, and of course it did not so much move him. He did not mean to take up his residence among them, but merely to satisfy his mind as to what the property really was, and set it under strict management during his intended absence.

The river that flows in front of Oxenford winds round to the rear, inclosing it and the wood in the bending. Close to the margin of the water, on the other side of this, is a little old-fashioned well, a path of about a mile leading to it, nearly straight through the wood, from behind the house. The water has been long believed by the credulous to be gifted with specific qualities, among which a power of healing certain distempers in cattle stands pre-eminent.

A few days after Bruton's arrival he set out for a morning walk over his grounds, and took the path leading through the wood. As he approached the well, he saw a young female drawing a pitcher of water. The employment itself, and the girl's dress and attitudes, were all so clerical, that he felt constrained to pause and admire them, aware that his

near approach would likely drive her in awe, perhaps alarm, from her graceful occupation. As he stood, he was more and more struck with her beauty and simplicity; he became conscious of a new feeling—something almost seemed, he said, to descend like a vapor about him and lend a different aspect to the woods, waters, and everything around. He was afraid to advance—really afraid—his fear being that the beautiful vision would be dispelled, and the pleasure he derived from it brought to an end.

At last, having filled the pitcher several times, and emptied it in playful caprice in the flowing river beside her, she seemed to have got a quantity that pleased her, and came gaily along, while the mellow sound of a horn, well played to a lightsome measure from the opposite bank, threw an additional enchantment around her as she moved.

Bruton met her, and begged to drink from her pitcher. She looked surprised—he could see evidence in her pretty, pale features of no other feeling—and held the pitcher to his mouth.

"Stay," though he, "she will pour out this that the blackamoor's lip has polluted, and fill her vessel anew." But, in place of such a proceeding, to his wonder, she smiled sweetly, courtesied, and seemed about to go. Oh, how novel and delicious was the emotion that that moment possessed him! He took from his watch a heavy gold chain of foreign workmanship, and threw it around her neck. The delighted girl went home and told the story of a strange black gentleman that had drunk from her pitcher at the Three Tree Well. The maid was Emily Mildmay, the servant at a little public house called the Traveller's Joy, at the village of Oxenford, about half a mile off, on the road to L—. The landlord and his wife informed her that this was the new lord of the manor, the negro possessor of twenty thousand a-year, and assured her, examining with wonder the magnificent trinket, that her fortune was made.

Among those that listened in the inn kitchen were a young man in regimentals, who carried with him a French horn, and addressed the hostess by the name of mother,—a tall thin, determined-looking female, the village midwife, and a negro beggar-woman, who stood asking alms at the door. The young soldier was a light-complexioned, good-looking lad, with a merry blue eye: Emily herself, pale, with dark eyes, and short, wavy black hair, sat upon his knee treating him with fond familiarity. He was one of the band of the regiment quartered at L—, and had for some time been regarded as her favorite suitor.

They all recommended her to follow up her good fortune, and set her leap at the black squire; all, even the soldier, but as he did so he kissed her lips, and laughingly pressed her to him.

Next day she sought the well at the same hour as formerly. As she moved along the path to it she was met by a very aged black female, the beggar that had listened the day previous at the inn door—frightfully ugly—a perfect hag, with long, white hair, contrasting hideously with the sooty blackness of her shrivelled negro features. This woman glared at her as she passed, with such a look, that she dropped her pitcher upon the stones, breaking it to fragments. She went on, however, as she could not think of turning to walk back after the horrible black witch. On reaching the well she perceived, through the trees by which it was

surrounded, the blackamoor squire sitting on the stone facing the spring, apparently in much agitation. She spoke to him, and told him how she had broken her jug, and was afraid to go back alone. This seeming to ask his protection raised thoughts in his mind that had never existed there before, and in a few minutes she was amazed to hear him uttering strange words of vehement, almost frantic passion, half of which she could not hear for the convulsive stammering that seemed to shake his whole frame, and the other half of which, though hearing she could not understand, so far beyond her capacity were both the words and their meaning. She knew, however, that the gentleman loved her; that, the instinct of her sex made intelligible to her; and when, after walking with her to the end of the path, detaining her till she could stay no longer, and making her engage to meet him at the well next day, he put a well-filled purse into her hand, ideas of pride and pomp took possession of the poor girl's mind, and she became completely changed. The soldier was no more informed of what passed between them, nor did he much care, for he was a young man of somewhat libertine feelings and conduct; and she became haughty and careless, drinking in greedily the respect her master and mistress began to pay her. She was now daily with Bruton, and it was strange to know the subjects of their discourse. Her thoughts ran continually on being made a lady, mistress of the Grange, and of all the servants. Would she not have a coach to ride in, fine clothes to wear, wine to drink, and be able to do what she liked to all the tenants of the great estate of Oxenford? He again,—passionate and wild was his love as had been his ambition—as had been his woe at his own deformity—his dreams of reclaiming a continent. But was he happy in the mad delight of this new passion, in being *loved*, as he persuaded himself? Oh, no, no; ten thousand times more bitterly did he curse his meeting Emily Mildmay at the charmed well than ever he had heaped maledictions on the father to whose sin he owed his deformity, or the world who spurned him for it. His mind was one continued conflict of furious passions—pride, ambition, and perhaps fanaticism, uprooted and cast out by love. The one great thought, the single vast idea to which he had devoted the powers of a noble intellect—which had absorbed into itself all other prospects of youth—which had, he believed, been instilled into his mind by inspiration from the Almighty,—fighting on the one part; and, on the other, the love of woman. He was most miserable. At one time he resolved to flee from Oxenford, and go out at once in the pursuit of his great scheme to Africa. But leave *her*, the softest, the gentlest, the loveliest—who had smiled upon the deformed black, contemned by all else—who had loved the being all others abhorred? No, he would throw all to the winds—rebel against his destiny, and meet the punishment, if it only descended on his head pillowed upon the bosom of his idol.

At other seasons—chiefly in the bright daytime, he would be fresh in his original purpose, ready to devote his mind to the great theme that had erewhile occupied it; but as the noon wore over, and the evening fell, the more powerful passion arose, and he believed that the penalty of his deserting the purpose for which he had been made, would be never-ending, yet he could not help yielding to the influence of the new and all-

potent infatuation. The struggle was a fearful one, and his health was fast sinking under it.

All this was told me in his letters, in language a hundredfold more forcible than I have used. By the way, the change in their strain was most abrupt.

In one he had been informing me of reasons he had discovered for believing muriatic acid to be a compound of Phlogiston, and a new elementary substance; and two days after, I received another, lengthened out beyond all bounds of an epistle, containing a highly-colored description of Oxenford, and one still more glowing of soft Emily Mildmay, followed by an account of his encountering a woman whom he remembered in the West Indies, as accused of causing his father's death by Obi practices. It was altogether a most striking communication, but was followed by others, which any person unacquainted with the author, would have pronounced the work of a man of questionable reason.

At length came one urgently requesting me to come immediately to Oxenford, to be present at his marriage. As the session at college had been for some time closed, I immediately took my passage by sea to L—, and arrived considerably before the appointed day. On my arrival, I became fully alive to the change in all his thoughts and habits, and to the violent struggle that was continually going on in his mind between his former and present ruling passion—the turmoil between ambition, superstition, love—ay, and jealousy.

For often as he was with her at the well and elsewhere, the distant sounds of the horn would reach his ear, and she would start and tremble at the sound—and how that horn would hover round whenever they were together! Moreover, on passing the inn, he had seen the young bandman sporting with her among a crowd of other rustics. His state of mind, indeed, was anything but pleasurable.

The day of my arrival had now passed away, and, spent with my journey, I was luxuriating in one of the large old chairs by his library fire-side, listening to him as he dilated on the perfections of his beloved, and wishing he would soon have done, that I might get to bed, when all at once he started up and insisted we should go together to the charmed well at the Three Trees, to see it.

In vain I urged want of curiosity, weariness, and the lateness of the hour; he insisted, urged, and finally assured me that, if I would not go, he would set out alone. There was some impalpable fascination, he said, drawing him, irresistibly as the force of fate. He then rushed from the apartment—I followed, and, getting our hats, we went out through the back gate of Oxenford Grange, and took our way by the footpath through the wood, he hurrying on, leading me by the arm, and I wondering what strange vagary was to come next.

It was near midnight, and very dark; we moved rapidly along till I could hear the rushing of a body of water, and I knew we were near the river. Presently I saw the rays of a fire gleaming in that direction. At once I stopped, refusing to go further, alleging that this light might proceed from poachers, gipsies, or thieves, upon whom it would be anything but prudent to intrude at that hour.

"Though it be the blaze of ——," said he, "I must go on." And, letting go my arm, he sprang forward. I followed with caution; and, approaching the light, beheld a scene of a most startling description, certainly.

In the midst of an open space, bounded by three immense gnarled trees, was a little well, having a round basin and some fantastic ornaments of stonework, partly entire, and partly lying about in fragments, the water rippling away to the dark flowing river a few paces distant. Among the stones close by was a bright little fire, as if of resinous wood. Beside it sat a shape which I should assuredly have set down as a being of another world, had not my friend's letters enabled me to recognise the negro woman of Obi. She threw into it, from time to time, little bits of something, making it give out now rather a pleasing fragrance—anon, a stifling and most disgusting odor.

On the other side stood Bruton, dreadfully agitated, and trembling excessively. The blaze of the fire threw a ruddy and fantastic light on the group, illuminating the silvery white hair and dark visage of the frightful old negress, with its malevolent glare—the horror-stricken countenance and attitude of the almost equally hideous Bruton, and the twisted and knotted trunks and branches of the trees around—while they spoke earnestly and violently together, these two creatures of another kind, in a language strange and uncouth as themselves. There was in the whole something extravagant, grotesque and supernatural—something wild and fiendish, which made me quake as I stood rooted to the spot in wonder, curiosity, and a feeling of mysterious dread.

After this had lasted a while, she rose from the ground, stretching out her frame till she looked as tall as himself, and chanting a kind of sing-song in the same gibberish, she kicked with her foot a few of the embers of her fire into the little basin of the fountain, and when the hissing and frothing had ceased, beckoned him to stoop and look into the water, as into a glass. He did so. I marked him at once fixed in horror; he continued to stare for a while, then starting up, he fled from the place with headlong speed, while she, kicking the remaining embers into the well, and producing total darkness, screamed after him some syllables exceedingly dissonant and harsh.

Thus left alone, darkling, in a place where such strange proceedings had just been gone through, I dropped to the ground in a paroxysm of terror, unable to stir—indeed, all but insensible. It was nearly an hour before I recovered presence of mind sufficient to grope my way back with a palpitating heart, to the Grange. I immediately retired to my chamber.

Next day I met my friend in the library. He had not slept all night. We had some coffee, and I pressed him for an explanation of the events of the preceding night. With much ado I was enabled to piece together the following account:—

This Obi woman was one that had suffered grievously at his father's hands in the West Indies. A conspiracy had been formed among the

negroes to take away his life, of which her only son was the ringleader. He was detected and put to death with extreme torture.

Shortly after, the planter was seized with a nervous disease of a mysterious nature, something partaking of the character of tic douloureux, which he accused her of having produced by charms. He had her repeatedly and severely flogged, and otherwise tormented, but still the disease advanced.

At first it consisted of a severe pain of one of his finger-joints, which his surgeon treated as gout. All remedies proved unavailing, and the pain became so constant and agonizing that he determined to have the joint removed.

This was done, but, strange to say, the pain immediately appeared in the next joint above. After a while the whole finger was taken away. This procured a little respite, but soon it recommenced with increased severity in the wrist. Amputation of the fore-arm was resorted to—it attacked the elbow. The arm was cut off above that joint, when immediately the shoulder was seized, the pain becoming more excruciating the larger the joint it affected.

He now sank under the severity of the affection, which never intermitted, nor allowed a moment's rest or sleep; and, as he was dying in agony, he had the satisfaction of hearing the Obi woman whisper in his ear, that she had really by her incantations produced it, and would visit equally his children for what he had wrought upon her and hers.

"But what account did the surgeon give of this strange affection?"

"Oh, he accounted for it reasonably enough, having discovered, in inspecting the body, an exostotic spike growing from the atlas vertebra, and piercing the spinal marrow. But whether this really caused the pain or not, became a subject of divided opinion in the neighborhood.

"It is indeed a most unaccountable superstition," he continued—"my reason is against it, and yet my experience confirms it. I cannot believe in it, and yet I fear it. Did you mark how she drew me to the fountain by a spell which I could no more resist than I can the force of gravitation?"

"Well, for my part I should consider the encounter a matter of pure accident, taken advantage of by her to make you believe in her power and hold her in dread."

"No! I was forced from my house for an express purpose—to hear that temporal and eternal ruin is hovering over my head, and about to stoop. I told her I knew it, and was prepared."

"Pooh—nonsense!" said I; "But what was it she showed you in the well that horrified you so much?"

"When I looked into the water I seemed to behold before me a tropical landscape, arid with the perpendicular rays of a parching sun. There was an extensive field, from which the canes had been cut, and at a little distance were visible the sugar works and a slave-village. In the foreground I saw a kind of gibbet, from which hung a young negro; his left-hand was bound close to his side, and he was suspended by the thumb of his right. A sharp iron spike stood up from the ground to the level of his foot, which he had horribly lacerated upon it in the attempt to

procure rest from the anguish of the suspension. Close to his face were hung by a piece of string, a piece of bread and a clear glass-bottle of water; but when he attempted to reach them with his mouth, it was so arranged that they fell away from him and, rebounding, hit him smartly on the face. Such a contrivance—surely the fiend alone could have suggested! He appeared to have tasted no water for days—hanging under that burning sun; nor any food, save his own flesh, for part of his own shoulder was gnawed away—”

“Oh, horrible!” I exclaimed; “and the words the hag screamed after you as you went?”

“Were—*He was my only son!*”

“Then the Obi woman is excusable both in her revenge and impetuosity!”

And now the wedding-day came round. I recommended *delay*, and that the girl should be put under tuition for some time, to acquire habits and accomplishments suitable for his wife; but he was imperious. He loved her for her ignorance and simplicity he said, and they were the causes of her love for him. Alas! poor man, little did he know of the feelings of that thoughtless creature.

For my part, I appeared to be carried along in spite of my better judgment and the caution which I believe is a prominent feature in my character; and actually, in a few days after the last related events, found myself in the parish-church of Oxenford, giving away the bride.

That morning, on entering the library after dressing, I discovered him alone on his knees, praying aloud, and much agitated. He rose and took my hand. His felt hot and dry—trembling in mine at the same time. I endeavored to compose him, to appearance successfully, and the whole proceedings of the day passed with due decorum.

On emerging from the church, however, there were two individuals among the crowd of spectators, the sight of whom raised a commotion of feelings in the minds of both the principal parties. On one side stood the aged negro sorceress, holding out her skinny black claw as if for charity, while a malignant sneer seemed to crawl over the face of the hag. On the other the young bandsman formed the centre of a laughing group. He cast a look at her, as she passed, of a meaning that raised a new devil in the bosom of the mulatto.

For nearly a month after this, during which I pursued my studies in a remote corner of the large house of Oxenford, poor Bruton's life was one continual ferment of changing passion. At one time he was madly overjoyed; soon he would be perfectly miserable; now pestering me to tell if I thought she really loved him, again struck to the lowest pitch of despondency by some unkind look or word, anon roused to all the madness of jealousy as the notes of the horn sounded from the neighborhood of the house. He could not stay a moment from her presence. Every thing his enormous fortune could indulge her in he put at her command.

I am convinced he would willingly have laid down his life to know for certain she loved him, for all along he had fits of doubt of it. At the same time, his former grand project would continually rise up, like the ghost of a *murdered friend*, to haunt him in the midst of his new habits.

He had fears constantly tormenting him of some dreadful dispensation hanging over him; not that he cared for it if it lighted on himself; but if it should involve *her*, there lay the pang.

But at length the truth began to appear; Emily grew wearied of her situation, its novelty and other charms were gone, and she began to show unequivocal symptoms of disgust at the person and presence of her negro lord, and to pine and mope alone—to shun his society. And at last, she positively refused longer to share his bed or board unless compelled.

All this was plain to him long before I became aware of it, and its effects upon him yet exceeded in vehemence all the displays of passion I had seen him exhibit. He would go to the door of the apartment in which she had shut herself up, and, kneeling on the outside, would implore in the most abject terms, admission to her presence, the impediment in his speech rendering such entreaties as disagreeable to hear as his features and gestures were to look at. Presently he might be heard screaming awful curses through the door at the terrified creature within, and immediately perhaps crying out that for her he had broken the machinery of fate, forsaken the cause of his species, and thrown up the work that Heaven had given him to do.

I remember he rushed one day into the room in which I was sitting, actually reeling under the influence of extreme passion, frantic rage and jealousy. There was a very magnificent mirror in the apartment, affording a complete view of the figure. His reflection in this caught his eye, when starting, he flew at it, and yelling aloud, dashed the glass into fragments with his fists with all the fury of a roused maniac. When he had completely demolished it, he tore the massive frame from the wall, and, stamping on the ruin he had made, fell into a chair and gave way to a burst of hysterical weeping.

At the beginning of this scene I thought he had actually lost his reason, and looked toward the door for my own safety ; as soon, however, as the fit had exhausted itself, he became calm and beckoned me to come to him. Taking out my pocket-case of instruments, I extracted from his hands the bits of glass, and dressed and bound them up. I wanted him to go to his room, but he went out and wandered about the fields all the rest of the day.

But now a new hope arose to him—Emily was about to be a mother. He became once more overjoyed at the thought that he would now indeed have a child of his own flesh to love and to be loved. He would no longer be shocked at his ugliness, nor would he be despised by any other object. But again rose the question—What would be his child, himself, a hideous mulatto? No, no, no! What would be his child, that? No, ten thousandfold more beautiful than himself, his darling to his heart.

Every suitable preparation
the utmost anxiety and at
man I have before alluded
Oxenford, myself being a

The child was born—
Then I thought of the past

the midnight blackness of her husband, and I trembled for what would happen.

I made excuses to keep it from his sight for several days: at length, one day, in spite of all my precautions, he burst into the apartment where his wife lay, attended by myself and the woman. This person immediately placed it in his hands; he received it with rapture, gazed at its little face, seemed surprised, stunned, looked from it to his wife, and then, on a sudden, while his eyes seemed to glow like coals of fire, and every feature of his face was convulsed with passion, he stepped back with one foot and raised the screaming infant above his head as if to dash it to the ground.

That instant the mother sprang from her couch, and flew at his throat like a tigress, while I caught hold of the child. He yielded it up to me, and then striking her a furious blow that laid her bleeding on the floor, he rushed from the house, and staid in the fields the rest of the day.

I must own I was now beginning to feel heartily tired of my residence with Bruton. His society was certainly most acceptable at the university, where his talent and originality, and the excitement that seemed continually to hover round wherever he bore his enthusiastic nature, formed an agreeable relief to the monotony of every-day life.

Here, however, all was excitement, and that, too, of a most painful kind, not a day passing but what was marked by some violent scene of high-wrought passion. Life seemed altogether a fevered and unnatural dream—a continued tragic drama, and I began to feel myself, I thought, losing the habits and feelings of ordinary society, and becoming unfitted to take my place in the world as a matter-of-fact man.

Impressed with thoughts of this nature, I resolved to leave Oxenford and proceed to London, to seek a situation suitable to my prospects in life, and for the future to mingle no more in the concerns of such a being as my present host. With such resolutions I sought my chamber.

Shortly after midnight a cry went up throughout the old house at Oxenford, that the child was dead—dead and cold in its mother's bosom. I was aroused by fearful sounds all through the building, and a loud and furious knocking at my bed-room door. Hurrying on my clothes, I hastily followed the servant who had called me, and, half-way to the mother's apartment, I met her frantic, undressed, and dishevelled, rushing along with her dead infant in her arms, calling wildly upon me for help, and vehemently accusing her husband of the crime of murder. Half asleep and bewildered, I could scarce credit my senses, or resolve upon the most proper to be taken.

The mother, fiercely accusing me of ignorance and incapacity, then, and then expressing a doubt whether even I might not have been able to draw it to her once more, and, pressing the eyes wildly upward, calling for succor said, she had any hope now.

I could muster up, I led the way hurriedly, who alone seemed to possess the power to remove all dress from the receiving any the least trace of what

lence. But there was one damning circumstance, a *smell* which I fondly tried to convince myself was illusory, and which, when but too palpable to my sense, made me sweat cold, as I pronounced the fatal word—

“POISON !”

Without the vestige of a hope, I directed them to place the child in a warm bath, into which mustard had been sprinkled, and to use ammonia and other stimulants. It was of no avail, as I expected, for the child was already stone dead.

But how shall I paint the bereaved mother thus robbed in the dark of her offspring. Frantic and furious, with flushed swollen face and glowing eyes, she raved and stormed—now pouring dreadful curses upon her husband, her servants, and myself—now uttering unmeaning cries of lamentation, and presently calling aloud to Heaven for help and for vengeance. Her voice was at first loud and piercing, but as she went on, it became dry, husky, unnatural, and most harrowing to hear. Then she would fling herself into a chair—start up, rush across the room, her hair dishevelled and her dress loose, clapping her hands and beating her breast—thou flee to the bed whereon lay the child, and clasp it to her heart, and cover it with kisses. Anon she dashed her head against the wall, then flung herself with reckless violence to the floor, and rolled about the carpet; finally, springing up and throwing herself on the bed, covered her face with her fingers, her palms pressed against her temples, as if to keep her head from being rent by excess of agony, she gasped out low, heart-splitting groans, the only outward vent exhausted nature had now left her for overcharging affliction.

Amidst this wild wailing, the dark secrets of her heart were poured freely forth; no more worth concealing now! and she shrieked aloud that no drop of that black monster's blood stagnated in the pulseless heart of her darling. No—the offspring it was of deep and passionate guilt—secret and soul-cherished—love-stolen and sweet—long nursed, and fondly and darkly indulged—a passion of youth,—fervent and uncontrollable.

But what new horror is this? What dark spectre is it that stands in the unlighted passage, glaring in upon the scene through the half-opened door, listening to this frenzied confession?—It is the negro! Slowly he advanced into the chamber, with a ghastly hue overshadowing his hideous face, and those eyes gleaming as if they were two living intelligences separate from the rest of his being. Is that a smile—that fearful change that passed across his features? What must have been the thoughts that could produce a look like that, even in such a case?

There is a sound of something behind him in the dark passage!—Heaven be our shield! what is it? Three affrighted domestics stagger in half-dressed, bearing a body. It is clothed in a red coat, bedizened with gaudy trappings, its face covered with blood, flowing from among the light hair, half of which is now one wet, red, solid mass. It is—it is—the soldier!—Emily's bandsman—the father of that innocent whose spirit has so lately flown upward.

Burton advances towards his wife, his face one black scowl of demoniac rage. Now he points to the body of the soldier, now to that of the child—he essays to speak—but that impediment, that stutter opposes, and

he gasps spasmodically—the white froth flowing over his sooty lips like foam on the billows on a stormy midnight.

She!—does she quail in her consciousness of guilt before that dreadful stare?—No!—rising up in the bed, her black hair streaming about—her face as pale as death, and shining with sweat, she returns it with a reckless look of fierce defiance. She cannot speak, she is too weak and spent for that, but her jaws moving convulsively, give utterance to a gibbering sound, and she makes as if she would tear him with her hands.

Thus they remained for some seconds—when suddenly he staggered, turned round and round, and dropped to the floor. Thereupon she slid over the edge of the bed, and, holding on by the post, spurned his body with her foot.

Was not this a trying situation for me? For the last few minutes I had been fixed—petrified, I may almost say—with horror—my eyeballs actually ached from the moveless gaze I had unconsciously fixed upon the scene. I was now utterly confounded, and felt constrained to ejaculate a prayer for assistance and direction.

I immediately raised his body, and from the stertorous breathing, state of the pulse and pupils, and other symptoms, concluded a fit of apoplexy had caught him, from congestion of the brain, caused by excess of passion and his violent attempts at articulation. In this belief, I forthwith took from his arm about a pound and a half of blood, and had him removed to his chamber, when other depletive measures were had recourse to.

I now directed my attention to the soldier. To my surprise he was alive—breathing, but insensible. I had his head washed, and found a long wound behind the ear; the probe introduced discovered a depressed plate of bone and some loose spiculæ.

I had now enough upon my hands, you will allow. I took command of the household upon myself, the terrified servants obeying my directions as if glad to hear a word of ordinary meaning spoken in that house. I had the soldier removed to another apartment, and proper measures resorted to for preserving in him the little life that remained. Returning to the lady's chamber I found her laid down, quite worn out and exhausted, breathing as if asleep, but perfectly awake. I left her under the care of the midwife, or nurse.

And here, let me remark, that the bearing of this woman had all along been singularly calm and collected, so as altogether to put me to shame for my own want of nerve. Her stoical coolness and indifference astonished me—I laid them to long experience in her profession.

Next morning, I sent information of these occurrences to the authorities, and to the medical officers at the hospital at L—. They arrived, and entered upon their several duties.

Three or four days after, Bruton was pronounced convalescent, but with the complete and irretrievable loss of his speech, the apoplectic seizure having terminated in paralysis of the nerves of one side of his face, and also of the ninth pair or motor nerves of his tongue. The result was a frightful addition to, or rather change of his deformity, his face appearing wrenched forcibly awry, whilst his tongue lay in his mouth moveless, as a foreign body, protruding between the great black

lips. His one eye again he could not close, it remained open, staring, and glassy, and he required every now and then to press the lid over it with his finger, to moisten the aching ball.

A few days more and he could leave his bed, but it was only to enter a jail, having been committed by the coroner for the wilful murder of the child, and a murderous assault upon Hughes, the bandsman, his wife's paramour.

I continued at Oxenford, having from Bruton a written request to take the management of his affairs till his acquittal; for the paper assured me—after a pathetic appeal to me as his only friend, the sole being who had ever borne regard for him—that he was altogether innocent of both the foul crimes laid to his charge. I knew not whether to credit this or not; at all events I resolved to fulfil the request, conscious that, except my own, every man's hand was against the unhappy mulatto.

And now, at length, came on the day of his trial. I was present, a medical witness, and as such was allowed to sit in court throughout the whole proceedings.

The jail at L— is a large, heavy building of stone; the court-hall occupies about one-half of its sombre front. This hall is of the shape of the old Greek theatres—indeed the architect had this idea in its plan. One side of it is square, containing the bench, bar, jury, and witness boxes; the other side stretches out in a semicircular shape, inclosing a wide space filled with tiers of seats of a similar form. The wall contains several large, long windows, opening into two dim courtyards, around which may be seen the caged and grated loopholes of the prison cells. The interior, ceiling and all, is painted to resemble a dark-colored stone, of which the shell of the edifice is constructed. A massive chandelier of bronze hangs from the ceiling; the bench and tables are of black carved oak; in short, the whole has a dim and dusky aspect, very gloomy and forbidding.

This hall was crowded to excess the morning of the trial, nearly half the audience consisting of females, many of them appearing to be of high station in life.

A few minor cases were first got over, the culprits admitting the charges against them and being sentenced to imprisonment, and short terms of transportation. At last, his name was called, and he was led to the bar. The moment he appeared, a shudder of horror ran through the audience, in which the members of the court participated. Among the former this changed into a buzz of low talking, becoming louder and louder, till at last several women shrieked aloud and were conveyed away, and many started up and left the hall; carrying, to the crowds outside, accounts of the monstrous aspect of the criminal. These reports, exaggerated, if such were possible, were borne about the city, and gave rise to a feeling, such as, I believe, could never have pervaded any community before or since. It consisted of curiosity, wonder, and horror, mingled with a mysterious supernatural dread, all most intense, and forming what might be called a mental epidemic.

For a while all was confusion and uproar throughout the vast hall; *those whose business it was to preserve order being equally excited with*

the rest. At length the venerable judge, who appeared for a time to have yielded to the general feeling, rose to his feet, and there was a sudden and universal stillness, and the officers of the court, recovering themselves, bawled aloud their monotonous "Silence!" Thereupon order ensued, and the business of the day proceeded.

The charge was read, and Bruton's written pleading of "Not Guilty."

In this declaration he stated, he was utterly ignorant how either of the deaths had occurred; that he had been, according to his custom, walking alone about midnight in his grounds at Oxenford, when he discovered the body of the soldier lying, wounded and senseless, close to that wing of the house in which his wife resided; whereupon he had immediately called his servants and bade them carry it to the house.

When the reading of this was over, there was another murmur among the assemblage of people, wishing that one so ugly should be hung immediately, without a trial—others fervently expressing their hopes he would not escape conviction—and others merely uttering aloud their horror and disgust.

It was with a peculiar—a nameless mixture of feelings, that I looked at and listened to this, aware as I was that that being, the object of it all, possessed an intellect in extent and power as much above those of all around—bench, bar, and audience—as was the serpent-staff of the prophet Moses over the charmed rods of the Egyptian soothsayers.

As the trial proceeded, his wife was called to give her testimony. She caught sight of him as she was ascending the witness-box, and, as she did, she stumbled on the last step and fell forward. She was assisted up to her feet, and stood up blanched and trembling before the court. Her young and winning aspect, pale, pretty features, black eyes, and evenly-braided hair, won the sympathy of all around, even though a tale of her deep guilt, which was well known, was that day to be told haply, by her own lips.

Short and simple was her story. She went to sleep, and in the middle of the night awoke to find her baby cold in her bosom. There was a strong odor throughout the room as of bruised *laurel-leaves*, and presently she could perceive a horrible negro face grinning at her through the partly open door. This, as well as her husband's continual threats and jealous and revengeful conduct, immediately led her to conclude him to be the perpetrator of the crime.

On being cross-questioned, she said she could give no reason for having married the mulatto, but believed she must have been influenced by *witchcraft*. Upon this, there was a whispering among the audience—of incredulity and ridicule from some, but from most of wonder and awe. I watched Bruton as she said it. He moved his head—I followed his gaze, and almost shivered as I saw it rest upon the Obi sorceress, who, dressed in an old dark shawl and faded bonnet, with a thick black veil, sat close by a pillar, apparently unregarded by any, but observing with deep attention the progress of the trial.

The cross-examination continued.

On being questioned with regard to Hughes, the horn-player, she became confused, stammered, wept, and held down her head, and, on

certain queries being pressed home, bent forward upon the rail of the box, covered her face with her hands, and trembled violently, even so as to make a thin wooden sounding-canopy, which stood up over the box on two slender iron rods, vibrate perceptibly.

A murmur as of pity ran over the crowd, and the judge informed her that she need answer no question tending in any degree to criminate or injure herself.

A few more were urged, to none of which she made any reply, and finally, being told she might leave the box, she actually fell out of it, and would have been hurt, had she not been caught in the arms of the attendant officer, and borne from the hall.

Other unimportant witnesses were examined, their evidence tending to elucidate matters occurring previous to their marriage. Then the nurse or midwife was called, and, as she ascended the box, a murmuring sound again pervaded the assemblage.

"Ah!" said one near me, "here is a smart woman—she will give a succinct and intelligible account—no nonsense about her."

And a succinct enough evidence she did give.

"I was sitting," said she, "half dozing, beside my young mistress's bed, concealed by the curtains, when my attention was roused by seeing her husband come stealthily into the room. He held something in his hand; presently I saw it was a syringe with a long beak, and it appeared charged with some liquor. Removing the bedclothes from about the head of the infant, he put the beak of the syringe to its mouth, when presently it began to suck it—"

Here several women shrieked suddenly, and there was much commotion.

"—In a little time he covered up the child and withdrew, the mother continuing to sleep soundly. I could not imagine what he had been doing, and did not stir. In a few minutes she awoke abruptly, and we found it quite dead."

As this woman delivered her testimony, Bruton seemed much agitated; at last he sprang to his feet, with violent gestures, but presently, being pushed down by the bar-officers one on each side, he seemed to recover a sense of propriety, and sat still, though he looked all around him, now here and now there, starting abruptly, as if greatly excited.

In answer to further interrogation, she stated that he lingered looking in at the door till the mother awoke; also that she had been sensible all this while of a strong odor pervading the room, which she compared to that of *bitter almonds*.

No cross-questioning could alter one tittle of this plain tale, and finally she was complimented from the bench upon the clear and direct evidence she had given. Upon this she curtsied and left the box, but, in place of going out of the court, she sat down on the edge of the step, as if actuated by a curiosity to hear out the issue of the trial.

The landlord of the village inn was now called forward. Part of his evidence was to this effect:—He was not really the father of the bandman, as was commonly supposed, never having had any child of his own. *He had* formerly been in good circumstances, and was at one time a

pawnbroker at L——. At that period, which was about twenty or more years past, while he was in attendance at his place of business, one day, a man came in wanting to pledge a riding-whip. Whilst this occupied him, a woman, apparently much agitated, entered another of the stalls of his counter, and stated her desire to borrow a sovereign upon the pledge of a ring. As he spoke with her, the man appeared to become impatient, and called him away. Having despatched the business of the whip, he went to attend on the woman. No woman he found, however, but an infant lying asleep upon the counter—neither the woman nor the man ever returned again. He experienced much difficulty in his attempts to have the child transferred to the parish, and, while these were going on, the little creature had got so endeared both to his wife and to himself, that finally they resolved to adopt and rear it as their own. Shortly after, a fire, and consequent litigation with an Assurance company, reduced him in circumstances, and finally, about three years before, he became a publican, and rented the inn of the "Travellers' Joy." The boy grew up, but, being of a wild and roving disposition enlisted and became a banderman in the regiment at L——. The wife of the prisoner had been his servant at the inn for about two years.

About the middle of this narrative I felt a sudden and powerful grip upon my left arm, above the elbow, that made me all but cry out with pain. Turning round, I beheld the midwife sitting on the step close behind me. Her lips were open and grinning, her teeth pressed together, while her eyeballs seemed about to dart from their sockets, the eyelids being drawn tightly back so as to show the white all round the staring pupils. The middle finger of her left hand was pressed against her forehead, while with her right she clutched my arm, apparently taking it for one of the supports of the witness-box beside us. With some difficulty I disengaged her hold. She seemed to recollect herself, got up, and staggered, rather than walked, along the passage and out of the court.

The landlady was next called, and but corroborated her husband's story. The servants came next, their statements having a strong tendency to convict him of the assault upon the soldier, and also to prove the regular and systematic infidelity of his wife all along.

Then were called up the gentlemen who had inspected the body of the infant. One of them was a surgeon; the other also of that rank, but in addition an eminent practical chemist. The latter stated that he had taken from its mouth, throat, and stomach about an ounce of a fluid, which even upon its first presentation to his senses, he recognized as strongly impregnated with PRUSSIC ACID.

He then gave an account of taking this to his laboratory, locking it up where no one had access but himself, with other proceedings usual in such cases, and of finally experimenting upon it in the presence of the other medical witnesses. All the experiments, which he went over in detail, were conclusive as to the fact that this poison formed a fearfully large proportion of the liquor, and finally he exhibited to the Court a bit of Prussian blue pigment made from it in one of the processes—a piece of paper stained with which was handed to the jury.

The other surgeon deposed that he had seen the experiments performed by the chemist, and concurred with him in every particular. On being asked how long the infant could have lived after the administration of the acid, he answered,

"About two seconds, probably."

He further stated that it acted altogether upon the nervous system, producing effects on the body similar to those caused by lightning.

And now came my turn.

I was the last examined, and was kept more than two hours in the box. The foregoing narrative may be taken as a counterpart of the account I gave. Bruton listened to me calm and unmoved till the end. He seemed to expect that my evidence should completely exculpate him. Alas! it only went still further to convince the crowd around of what they had already prejudged.

I testified to his extensive chemical knowledge, and to the fact that Prussic acid had been but lately discovered, and was exceedingly difficult to prepare, except by experienced hands.

I also identified a number of the "Philosophical Transactions" as part of his library. It opened at a page containing a new process for the distillation of the acid, and this was the only part of the number where the leaves were cut.

It would be tedious to detail the rest of that trial. It was far in the night when the jury retired to consult together upon their verdict. In about two minutes they returned, unanimously finding him guilty of both the charges preferred against him.

Thereupon the judge arose, and taking the black cap, drew it slowly upon his head.

At that moment Bruton sprang up in a state of excitement violent yet beyond any I had hitherto seen him possessed by. He waved his arms and gesticulated wildly, making spasmodic efforts to speak, seeming now desirous of addressing the bench, now turning round to the audience, anon tossing his black hands madly aloft, as if appealing to Heaven in the paroxysm of his frantic and utter despair. The crowd around rose to their feet and stood up upon the seats and window-sills. There were cries of pain, of fear, and for air, becoming louder and louder, and a crushing toward the doors: all became confusion and uproar—the glass was dashed from the windows to let the cold breeze of night in upon the tumultuous court, whose atmosphere felt hot, moist, and stifling.

Then might be heard the shrieks of women, and the shouts and curses of men, all in commotion and struggling together, but above all arose the strange and unnatural bellowings of the prisoner in his frenzy. But what were sounds, however frightful, to the hideous gestures and most appalling aspect of the deformed and dumb negro, palsied and convulsed, vainly striving to make his powerless muscles answer to the mandates of the agonised and laboring spirit within?

Reader, you have seen in the streets a strong man struck to the ground by that most fearful of diseases, epilepsy, and have gazed with a mixture of interest and terror upon the writhings of the suffering wretch. Imagine him a negro—horribly distorted naturally, conscious of the state he

is in, and wildly endeavoring to express his torment. Imagine also a being about to strike him dead, and that he knows this and cannot escape. Let these ideas settle in your mind for a moment, and you may conceive the feelings with which I regarded the scene before me.

I felt sick, cold, and weighed down as if there was some vast mass pressing the spirit from out of my body; my knees became weak and unstable, and I fell forward upon the broad table in front of the bench, and saw and heard no more.

On recovering consciousness, I perceived the bar and bench empty; the crowd had nearly dispersed, and the legal gentlemen were packing up their papers around the table on which I lay. One of the officers stood beside me, and after a little I understood I was wanted, as a medical man, to see some people that had been hurt in the court, and one that had fainted and could not be recovered.

It was some time before I felt strong enough to go to the room where they were. I found the former persons under the hands of my professional brethren, and the latter was sitting up, vomiting. The trial was over: sentence of death had been passed upon the mulatto, and he was in the condemned cell.

With a heavy heart, indeed, I left the sombre County Buildings, and took my way to my apartments in the town.

Next day I obtained admission to the cell. Bruton lay along on the raised stones, which served for a sleeping-place, perfectly insensible. A second stroke of apoplexy had seized him during that fit of awful excitement in the bar at his trial.

As I stood looking on, my mind involuntarily reverted to another scene to which I had been called professionally a few days before. It was the wreck of a magnificent steam-engine at a factory in the neighborhood of L——. There appeared to my mind an exceedingly forcible analogy between the twisted beams and broken wheels and cylinders of the dark and massive machine thus burst asunder by the mighty vapor that had been chained within it, and the powerless and senseless, the wrenched and blasted frame, too frail to bear the workings of the strong, restless, and uncontrollable spirit whose vehicle it had been. Life was slowly ebbing from his body, and in another day its presence was no more perceptible—he was dead. And thus perished one, whose name, but for an over-passionate nature, would now, I am convinced, be flourishing in other pages than those of a fugitive romance.

A few days after, a situation became open to me which I considered of a peculiarly advantageous description. It was to travel on the continent as medical companion to a young nobleman of delicate health. I immediately accepted it and left England. After two years absence, I returned home and commenced practice at L——. Shortly after my arrival, a medical friend, in conversation, recalled to my mind the events of this narrative.

I found from him that circumstances of a most extraordinary nature had taken place in continuation. Immediately on the death of Bruton, a claim to his property was preferred by that sister—that daughter of old Bruton's—to whose character and misconduct I have made allusion in an

early part of the story. All this was what might be expected, and in the regular and probable course of things, and I only wondered, where and how this person had disposed of herself so long.

But what was my amazement when I found that, after remaining for more than twenty years in poverty and obscurity, she had, on a sudden, come to light in the person of the midwife at Oxenford, the very woman who had been so intimately mingled with the final occurrences of my poor fellow-student's career. Yes, there she was, living at the Grange, the mistress of an extensive establishment. I was in doubt—surely it must be some other woman! And her name, too! Rundle was the name the midwife called herself! Yes; but that was the name of the footman with whom she eloped. Yes, it is—it must be the same!

And yet not one whit was my wonder lessened. There was a mystery—an intricacy—a confounding together of cause and effect in the whole matter, that puzzled me extremely. At the same time, my mind became filled with the maze of doubts, suspicions, and ideas of old events, which I felt myself unable to arrange so as to draw from them any intelligible conclusion.

It appeared that Bruton had been condemned chiefly on the evidence of his own sister, whom no one then knew to be such, but who was herself well aware of the fact. What! had she no motive for giving evidence exaggerated—false? The idea struck me, and immediately a long string of thoughts rose up in my mind, in rapid succession, giving a different complexion to the whole of the circumstances of the case.

My feelings of interest were fairly excited, and I redoubled enquiry on inquiry. At length I asked with regard to the soldier, of whose ulterior fate I had hitherto been ignorant. In addition to claiming Oxenford as her property, she had claimed him as her son, calling him by the name she now assumed herself.

This was a matter of new surprise, and of new difficulty and doubt: how strangely did it complicate the maze of crime and punishment! I felt bewildered as the events seemed to flit, change, and interweave before me. She it was who had entered the pawnbroking-house, and left the child, as the publican deposed; and he, the footman,—her husband, as she averred—was the man who occupied his attention while she accomplished the desertion of her offspring.

And now my mind reverted to the day of the trial, and I remembered the clutch with which she caught my arm as the innkeeper detailed the history of the bandsman: that I felt convinced was her first discovery of her son since his abandonment.

There was no other claimant to the property, immense as it was—for old Strangways himself was a being who had never known any relation, and had raised himself to wealth from the lowest obscurity. This being the case, and she being plentifully supplied with proofs of her identity, she entered without opposition into possession.

She immediately caused the soldier to be discharged from his regiment, and had him removed from the little inn to her house, where all the talent that wealth could command was put in requisition toward his resto-

ration to health. But here I was informed of another strange particular, though not without parallel on medical record. He lay at Oxenford now in the very precise state in which he was borne into the chamber on that fearful night when the infant was poisoned. Up to this time, senseless and moveless, breathing, but not living, nor yet dead, he lay, and had lain for two long years.* The wound in his head was still open. All unconscious he was, however, and powerless. No natural function could he perform of himself. He could not eat or drink; food to sustain vitality, required to be pushed far back into the throat, which carried it down to the stomach by what is called reflex action, a nervous power known to scientific men, and altogether independent of will or consciousness.

I inquired whether no operation had been thought of with a view to relieving the brain from the compression, which was plainly the cause of his present state. I was told that this had frequently been resolved upon by various consultations, but had as often been deferred at the urgent request of the lady of Oxenford, on the ground of her fears for the result. Indeed, I now learned that this woman, who during my connexion with her, preserved in the most trying situations a coolness and nerve which I envied, did now display, in everything with regard to her new found son, a most excitable, indeed, hysterical state of feeling—an intensity of emotion hardly accountable.

In a day or two, the medical gentleman I have alluded to, at my express request, had me called to a consultation at Oxenford. The lady recognised me immediately. She became very pale, and, in welcoming me to the house, stammered as she spoke. Her former masculine, determined bearing was completely gone, and its place was now usurped by an anxious, suspicious, yet forward expression that seemed to say, "Who accuses me?"

She drew the conversation herself to her former rank in life, and to the events that had happened at Oxenford, and seemed particularly desirous to impress me with the idea that she could talk upon them with perfect freedom and unconcern; while all the time I could see that she trembled upon every syllable I uttered, looking at me as if she would read my inmost thoughts. Frequently, too, she would give utterance to a word or an expression which she would be particularly at pains to retract. Her manner, in fine, in place of setting my suspicions at rest, as was intended, only served to render them stronger and yet more conflicting.

My presence seemed to have transported her back to the period when her brother was in possession of the Grange. As we talked of her son—"Oh, would to God," she cried, "I had known it then—what a world of misery it would have saved. Oh! curse the witch that could not—would

* There is a case mentioned, I think, in one of Dr. Combes' books, of a sailor wounded in action in the Mediterranean, who continued utterly unconscious for a period of nine months, during a protracted passage to England, and who was restored as in the tale. Many similar cases are to be found in medical works.

not tell me—and myself not to see it! A mother not to know her own son! Oh, Dr. C——, I never had another child!”

I told her I did not see how such knowledge could have altered in any degree the events that had occurred.

“Ah, it is true,” she answered; “but I might have come between him and that girl, and so he should not have fallen into the hands of that black monster that has murdered him—murder—mur—der—what a strange word that is, doctor—I mean—it must be terrible—to think—one’s own—only—”

And her voice died away in a succession of unconnected syllables, while her face grew deathly pale, and appeared lengthened, and her eyes glared wildly, even as she had looked at that point of the trial to which I have before referred. In a little this was over.

“I beg your pardon, gentlemen,” said she; “I am rather nervous—I was always so; and my late very great change of habits, and the resuming of that rank in life to which I was born and educated, after so long a period of poverty and struggle, have rendered me much more so.”

My friend, whose time was of importance to him, here begged us to go to the chamber where the patient lay. I found him pale and much wasted, lying extended on his back. Dr. ——— felt his pulse, and applied a thermometer to his arm-pit, making a memorandum of the results; and, after a conversation purely professional, we came to the decision that the operation of the trephine should be employed, as the sole means of restoring him as an intelligent being to the world.

This decision I myself was deputed to convey to the mother, as each of the other gentleman had done it often before.

I know not to what cause to lay it, I never was much famed for eloquence, I must confess; but I actually got her at length to consent that the operation should take place as soon as we thought proper—at least when I suggested this, she offered no objection. In fact, the presence of one so intimately connected with the former events of her life, seemed to have completely quelled her spirit. She asked me if I had ever known any cases of an analogous nature? I told her I had read of several, but had never in my own experience met with any that approached it nearly.

Would he have any knowledge of what had occurred during the period of his apparent sensibility? I said I had heard of cases where people in such states heard what was going on around them, but could give no indication of it. Was the operation very dangerous? was there much chance of his surviving it? I stated that the danger to life was imminent; but that at all events it was better to run the risk than to have him continue in the state in which he was.

Would he recollect perfectly all that had happened before the injury, even up to its infliction? I had read of several cases wherein a patient, after recovering from such a state, had no recollection of any thing at all, but was as one newly born, and had to begin over again the very rudiments of education.

At this she appeared to brighten up—as the expression is—considerably. *It seemed to please her more than any other thing that had been mentioned, and she now begged that we would come to-morrow, if all things*

were suitable, and perform the operation, in order at once to get over the suspense. To this I immediately consented, and next day was named for it. My medical friends were surprised at this, but expected that next day some reason would be offered for deferring it as formerly.

Next day we arrived, and found the lady firm in her purpose, and willing that we should proceed. Singularly enough, her old determined energetic manner was once more assumed as perfectly as I had ever seen it. We all remarked it.

The house of Oxenford consisted of two portions forming the two sides of a right angle. One of these called properly the Grange, was old, with high crow-stepped gables and tall chimneys, small windows, and curious cornices of brick; the other was quite modern, looking like a substantial country-house, and was of stone. In a room of the latter lay our patient—now the former had been the favorite division, and in it I stayed when I was at the Grange. Into it, preparatory to the operation, were sent the servants and all hangers-on about the house, no one remaining in the modern half save the lady, ourselves, and our assistants.

The patient was removed from the bed on which he usually lay, to a low couch, which was wheeled to a window, the voluminous curtains having been removed to allow every ray of light to enter that could. The cold-water dressings that were kept continually applied to his shaven head, were taken away, and the trephine was put in action.

This is an instrument of the figure of a corkscrew, armed at the end with a saw of a ring shape, which cuts out a circular bit from any flat bone. A round hole is the consequence, through which may be evacuated any matter it is necessary should be removed. In this case a steel lever was introduced, and the fractured and depressed portion of bone raised and extracted.

The moment the weight was lifted from the brain, the patient, heaving a deep sigh, opened his eyes, sat up and stared wonderingly around him. He then raised his hand and rubbed his eyes, and looked at the bed he lay on, and then at us all, his motions being performed slowly and with much effort, as if his muscles were grown unused to their function. His pulse rose rapidly; I had my finger on his wrist. He appeared surprised and excited. At length he recognised me, and regarded me for some time with a puzzled look.

"Ah, Doctor G——," said he; "am I much hurt? It was a d—l of a knock I had *last night*; I feel so weak, I can hardly move; I suppose I bled a great deal. Is it my head?"

"Yes," said I, "it is your head. Don't touch it. So you had better compose yourself; lie down and be quiet, and you will be all right soon."

"Where am I? What house is this? Take me to the alehouse. Has anybody told the old woman yet?"

"No; I believe not."

There was a long pause.

Having dressed his head once more, we retired to another room to converse upon the case.

It appeared that the two years that had passed were to him a total blank and he seemed to consider himself but a night older. He talked

of the landlady of the inn as his mother, and was anxious to know whether she knew of what had befallen him. Indeed, it was another most marked and peculiar fact to add to the list of phenomena in connexion with nervous physiology. For my part, I resolved to experiment upon him so as to satisfy my mind upon several points about which doubts are generally entertained, such as the following :

It is a belief of some, especially those who deny the separate existence of mind, that in deep sleep, in compression of the brain and some other states, thought is entirely absent ; in fact, that the mind is annihilated. Others hold that that mental chain philosophers call the association of ideas—that series in which thoughts cause and are followed by other thoughts in continual succession, never intermits in any circumstances—commencing with birth, flowing on link after link, through sleep and waking, health and disease, and broken only by death, or the separation of the mind, in which it takes place from the body ; no ! not broken, but carried on into another state of existence. My experience with him leant in favor of the latter hypothesis. I asked him if during the night he had dreamt much.

“ No, not any.”

“ Have you no recollection of any dream the whole night through ?”

“ Yes, there is in my mind a faint recollection of some very *sweet, simple and plaintive music*, not like that of any instrument I know, but very beautiful.”

Before this the other gentlemen, who had large practices, and whose time was very valuable, had withdrawn. I now sought the lady of the house. She darted at me, as I entered the drawing-room, a look of intense anxiety ; but, resuming her cold and resolute aspect—

“ Have you been successful, doctor ?” said she.

“ Successful, madam, beyond our warmest wishes.”

“ Is he sensible ?”

“ He is.”

“ Does he recollect anything ?”

“ The period since the injury appears to him has passed but as a night’s sleep, but he recollects perfectly the events that occurred close before receiving the injury, and mentions them as having happened yesterday.”

“ Mentions, doctor ! mentions what ?”

“ Oh, nothing, as yet ; only his being hurt.”

“ Doctor, you are not deceiving me ? You know there is no trust to be placed in the testimony of one who has been so long in such a state, and may have had dreadful dreams. Stay, I must go to him myself. No one shall see him till I have ; he is my own son !” and she went hastily from the room.

In a minute she returned greatly excited, informing me, hurriedly, that immediately on seeing her he had become once more insensible, and was perfectly sure he had recognised her.

“ Go to him, doctor,” she continued, “ I cannot : I foresaw this ; I am lost !”

On going to the room where he lay, I found he had fainted. By use of the proper means he shortly recovered, though I was apprehensive, at first, that he had relapsed into the cataleptic state.

"Oh, Doctor C——," he cried, "that midwife has been here: let her be seized; she is guilty of murder! She poisoned my child last night; I mean Emily's infant. Don't doubt me, doctor; I saw her, and will swear to it. Let her be taken before she can escape from the house!"

I stood thunderstruck at this, remaining with my eyes fixed upon the patient, as, spent with the exertion of so much and such excited speaking, he appeared falling away into another fainting fit, and hardly able to help him for bewilderment. Was I to credit this, or was I not? I felt overpowered by the vortex of thoughts that was seething in my mind, of crimes hideous and unnatural—perjury, adultery, murder, and all within a fearfully close-girt chain of consanguinity. Never was my curiosity more strongly stimulated than at that moment. It might be called a morbid curiosity. I listened to him with most absorbing attention; I was not conscious of any external thing save his voice, and the animated play of his features, as with effort, and piece by piece he detailed to me the guilty secrets that had for so long been sepulchred in his torpid brain, and but for the power of my own noble profession, might never have been raised into the light of day.

He had all along, it appeared, ever since Emily deserted the bed of her husband, been in the habit of coming nightly to the chamber she had chosen for herself. The iron stanchions of the lower windows, the ivy that covered the walls of the old Grange, the fantastic brick corning, and a rain-pipe from the roof, formed altogether a convenient and easy ladder for an agile young man like him to climb withal into that apartment, at midnight, when there was none to watch but the eye of One, whose finger, may I be permitted to say, was so strangely manifest throughout this maze of evil, turning crime into the means of its own discovery and punishment. The night he first ventured upon such a visit after the birth of the child, he had climbed to the window—it was open, for it was then summer and very warm. Silently catching hold of the sill, he raised his head above it and looked into the room. The mother he saw in bed in a deep sleep, and the little white cap of the baby he could see peeping from her bosom. Divided from her by the curtains, but open to him as he looked in at the window, he beheld two women sit together whispering. A small table was beside them, with a dim rushlight twinkling upon it. One of them was the midwife; to his astonishment he recognized the other to be the black beggar. She held in one hand a small phial, and with the other was forcing upon the white woman's hand an ivory squirt, with a long, rounded beak. After much talking, the latter drew up the handle of the squirt, filling it with the liquor from the phial. She then crept stealthily to the bedside and uncovered the infant, but returned again.

"I cannot do it," she said, "anything but this. Alas! I have been a mother, and the innocent looks so like my own lost darling! I have a feeling, a something within me, as if *my own blood flowed in the veins of that baby*—I cannot do it."

They talked together awhile, during which the black woman appeared to be remonstrating with and encouraging her, and again she approached

the bed. She stooped over it a little, and returning to the negress said,—
“It is done—Christ have mercy upon me!”

At that instant they caught sight of his face, as from the black mid-night outside he looked in upon them through the window. They were startled. The Obi woman fled to the door; the midwife hesitated a moment, then going to the window loosened the hold of his fingers upon the sill, and he dropped a height of three stories among some loose stones and rubbish below; and thus, and not from any violence of my poor friend Bruton, he met his wounds.

And now the skein was unravelled, and the whole dark maze of evil laid open to the light. This woman, it was plain, had had in her mind the removal at once of her brother and the child, who both stood between her and the immense property of her father—a property which she had dreamt of and hoped for so long, that it began to be to her a thing more to be desired than heaven itself, and which, upon her father's death, when she had fondly hoped to grasp it, she found bestowed upon an illegitimate mulatto. Bruton's violence of temper, his jealousy, and his having frequently denounced curses and threats against his wife and her child, afforded her an opportunity, she believed, of ridding herself of both by one happy stroke; an opportunity of which she so successfully availed herself, as you have seen, unaware that in the act she was becoming the double murderess of her own offspring. But this was not all the sin consummated at the old Grange. There were other crimes, heinous and intricate, which I will not call up to pollute my pages again withal; suffice it that each met a punishment, even in this world, dreadful as its own dark nature.

In two hours after delivering this narration our patient was delirious, inflammation of the membranes of the brain had come on, a common consequence of the operation of the trephine.

I felt myself now placed in a situation of much embarrassment with regard to my proceedings. Should I give information against her on the strength of this statement, or not? I was perplexed with doubt. In the first place, from my ignorance of law, I was not sure that a person could be accused of a crime of which another person had already been convicted, and for which that person had been condemned; next, how could I convince a jury that the whole statement was not a mere portion of the delirious ravings of the patient, especially since these had commenced so closely upon his delivery that it ran into them? Impressed with these considerations, I resolved to take advice before I committed myself.

I took the opportunity, however, that same evening to communicate the account I had received to her, a step for which I shall perhaps incur your censure. We stood together in one of the windows. As I proceeded she became pale as a corpse, and, aware seemingly of this, turned her back to the glass, thus throwing her face into shade. She heard me out, standing erect as a statue, only I noticed she clutched firmly a broad brass knob that served to hold aside the curtains. When I had done,—

“Now, sir,” said she, “I know not which to admire the most, the extravagance of my poor son's raving, if you have told me truth, or your *egregious folly* in believing it, or thinking to make it a bugbear with

which to frighten me : for whatever proceedings you may adopt you will find me prepared : only anything you may say derogatory to my character will be at your peril. In the meantime you will oblige me by immediately leaving my house. I will take care"—

Here she was interrupted by a servant, who entered hurriedly with—

"Madam, madam, the young master is dead!"

It came upon her like a thunderbolt. She fell back at once against the window, shivering the glass and cutting her neck and arms. As soon as I saw in her signs of recovery, I left the room and the house. After that night this woman was never more seen.

I slept at the old inn of the Traveller's Joy, now kept by strangers. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a glow of light illuminating the room. I was much startled at this, and on going to the window to ascertain its cause, was struck by beholding a bright flame rising over the woods in the direction of the Grange. I stood gazing for a while. Presently I heard windows thrown up in the village, then voices speaking quickly and anxiously, then bolts withdrawn, doors opened, then heavy footsteps hurrying rapidly along. Anon the whole place was aroused, and all was commotion.

Before morning the old Grange was burnt to the ground, fit end for a scene of such accumulated evil. The more modern division, however, remained uninjured comparatively, a double gable of brick and stone having separated the two.

The only human being that was missing was the lady of the mansion, and some bones having been found among the ruins in a calcined and half-charred state, were pronounced to be her remains by a coroner's jury, their verdict being death by accidental fire. These bones afterwards came temporarily into my possession. To the subjects of osteology and natural history I had devoted much attention, and had studied closely the papers of M. Desmoulins on these points.

The skull was very marked ; the cranium being much compressed, the forehead depressed, and what are called the alveolar processes of the upper jaw projecting obliquely. From these and other particulars I was enabled with absolute accuracy to pronounce them the bones of a female of the negro race. Of this I was perfectly certain, and there was as little doubt that they formed the remains of the Obi sorceress. In further prosecuting the search among the ruins, way was made into a little arched coal-cellar. In this was found a small uncouthly-shaped apparatus, which proved to be a still of an exceedingly singular and primitive description. Beside it lay a bag of leaves, stems, and flowers. One look showed them to be those of the *PRUNUS LAUROCERASUS*, or *poison laurel*.

Whether the other woman perished in the fire or not I could never ascertain ; neither can I tell the ulterior fate of Bruton's wife. She had disappeared during my absence on the continent, and I never heard of her after.

The other surgeon deposed that he had seen the experiments performed by the chemist, and concurred with him in every particular. On being asked how long the infant could have lived after the administration of the acid, he answered,

"About two seconds, probably."

He further stated that it acted altogether upon the nervous system, producing effects on the body similar to those caused by lightning.

And now came my turn.

I was the last examined, and was kept more than two hours in the box. The foregoing narrative may be taken as a counterpart of the account I gave. Bruton listened to me calm and unmoved till the end. He seemed to expect that my evidence should completely exculpate him. Alas! it only went still further to convince the crowd around of what they had already prejudged.

I testified to his extensive chemical knowledge, and to the fact that Prussic acid had been but lately discovered, and was exceedingly difficult to prepare, except by experienced hands.

I also identified a number of the "Philosophical Transactions" as part of his library. It opened at a page containing a new process for the distillation of the acid, and this was the only part of the number where the leaves were cut.

It would be tedious to detail the rest of that trial. It was far in the night when the jury retired to consult together upon their verdict. In about two minutes they returned, unanimously finding him guilty of both the charges preferred against him.

Thereupon the judge arose, and taking the black cap, drew it slowly upon his head.

At that moment Bruton sprang up in a state of excitement violent yet beyond any I had hitherto seen him possessed by. He waved his arms and gesticulated wildly, making spasmodic efforts to speak, seeming now desirous of addressing the bench, now turning round to the audience, anon tossing his black hands madly aloft, as if appealing to Heaven in the paroxysm of his frantic and utter despair. The crowd around rose to their feet and stood up upon the seats and window-sills. There were cries of pain, of fear, and for air, becoming louder and louder, and a crushing toward the doors: all became confusion and uproar—the glass was dashed from the windows to let the cold breeze of night in upon the tumultuous court, whose atmosphere felt hot, moist, and stifling.

Then might be heard the shrieks of women, and the shouts and curses of men, all in commotion and struggling together, but above all arose the strange and unnatural bellowings of the prisoner in his frenzy. But what were sounds, however frightful, to the hideous gestures and most appalling aspect of the deformed and dumb negro, palsied and convulsed, vainly striving to make his powerless muscles answer to the mandates of the agonised and laboring spirit within?

Reader, you have seen in the streets a strong man struck to the ground by that most fearful of diseases, epilepsy, and have gazed with a mixture of interest and terror upon the writhings of the suffering wretch. *Imagine him a negro—horribly distorted naturally, conscious of the state he*

is in, and wildly endeavoring to express his torment. Imagine also a being about to strike him dead, and that he knows this and cannot escape. Let these ideas settle in your mind for a moment, and you may conceive the feelings with which I regarded the scene before me.

I felt sick, cold, and weighed down as if there was some vast mass pressing the spirit from out of my body; my knees became weak and unstable, and I fell forward upon the broad table in front of the bench, and saw and heard no more.

On recovering consciousness, I perceived the bar and bench empty; the crowd had nearly dispersed, and the legal gentlemen were packing up their papers around the table on which I lay. One of the officers stood beside me, and after a little I understood I was wanted, as a medical man, to see some people that had been hurt in the court, and one that had fainted and could not be recovered.

It was some time before I felt strong enough to go to the room where they were. I found the former persons under the hands of my professional brethren, and the latter was sitting up, vomiting. The trial was over: sentence of death had been passed upon the mulatto, and he was in the condemned cell.

With a heavy heart, indeed, I left the sombre County Buildings, and took my way to my apartments in the town.

Next day I obtained admission to the cell. Bruton lay along on the raised stones, which served for a sleeping-place, perfectly insensible. A second stroke of apoplexy had seized him during that fit of awful excitement in the bar at his trial.

As I stood looking on, my mind involuntarily reverted to another scene to which I had been called professionally a few days before. It was the wreck of a magnificent steam-engine at a factory in the neighborhood of L—. There appeared to my mind an exceedingly forcible analogy between the twisted beams and broken wheels and cylinders of the dark and massive machine thus burst asunder by the mighty vapor that had been chained within it, and the powerless and senseless, the wrenched and blasted frame, too frail to bear the workings of the strong, restless, and uncontrollable spirit whose vehicle it had been. Life was slowly ebbing from his body, and in another day its presence was no more perceptible—he was dead. And thus perished one, whose name, but for an over-passionate nature, would now, I am convinced, be flourishing in other pages than those of a fugitive romance.

A few days after, a situation became open to me which I considered of a peculiarly advantageous description. It was to travel on the continent as medical companion to a young nobleman of delicate health. I immediately accepted it and left England. After two years absence, I returned home and commenced practice at L—. Shortly after my arrival, a medical friend, in conversation, recalled to my mind the events of this narrative.

I found from him that circumstances of a most extraordinary nature had taken place in continuation. Immediately on the death of Bruton, a claim to his property was preferred by that sister—that daughter of old Bruton's—to whose character and misconduct I have made allusion in an

early part of the story. All this was what might be expected, and in the regular and probable course of things, and I only wondered, where and how this person had disposed of herself so long.

But what was my amazement when I found that, after remaining for more than twenty years in poverty and obscurity, she had, on a sudden, come to light in the person of the midwife at Oxenford, the very woman who had been so intimately mingled with the final occurrences of my poor fellow-student's career. Yes, there she was, living at the Grange, the mistress of an extensive establishment. I was in doubt—surely it must be some other woman! And her name, too! Rundle was the name the midwife called herself! Yes; but that was the name of the footman with whom she eloped. Yes, it is—it must be the same!

And yet not one whit was my wonder lessened. There was a mystery—an intricacy—a confounding together of cause and effect in the whole matter, that puzzled me extremely. At the same time, my mind became filled with the maze of doubts, suspicions, and ideas of old events, which I felt myself unable to arrange so as to draw from them any intelligible conclusion.

It appeared that Bruton had been condemned chiefly on the evidence of his own sister, whom no one then knew to be such, but who was herself well aware of the fact. What! had she no motive for giving evidence exaggerated—false? The idea struck me, and immediately a long string of thoughts rose up in my mind, in rapid succession, giving a different complexion to the whole of the circumstances of the case.

My feelings of interest were fairly excited, and I redoubled enquiry on inquiry. At length I asked with regard to the soldier, of whose ulterior fate I had hitherto been ignorant. In addition to claiming Oxenford as her property, she had claimed him as her son, calling him by the name she now assumed herself.

This was a matter of new surprise, and of new difficulty and doubt: how strangely did it complicate the maze of crime and punishment! I felt bewildered as the events seemed to flit, change, and interweave before me. She it was who had entered the pawnbroking-house, and left the child, as the publican deposed; and he, the footman,—her husband, as she averred—was the man who occupied his attention while she accomplished the desertion of her offspring.

And now my mind reverted to the day of the trial, and I remembered the clutch with which she caught my arm as the innkeeper detailed the history of the bandsman: that I felt convinced was her first discovery of her son since his abandonment.

There was no other claimant to the property, immense as it was—for old Strangways himself was a being who had never known any relation, and had raised himself to wealth from the lowest obscurity. This being the case, and she being plentifully supplied with proofs of her identity, she entered without opposition into possession.

She immediately caused the soldier to be discharged from his regiment, and had him removed from the little inn to her house, where all the talent that wealth could command was put in requisition toward his resto-

ration to health. But here I was informed of another strange particular, though not without parallel on medical record. He lay at Oxenford now in the very precise state in which he was borne into the chamber on that fearful night when the infant was poisoned. Up to this time, senseless and moveless, breathing, but not living, nor yet dead, he lay, and had lain for two long years.* The wound in his head was still open. All unconscious he was, however, and powerless. No natural function could he perform of himself. He could not eat or drink; food to sustain vitality, required to be pushed far back into the throat, which carried it down to the stomach by what is called reflex action, a nervous power known to scientific men, and altogether independent of will or consciousness.

I inquired whether no operation had been thought of with a view to relieving the brain from the compression, which was plainly the cause of his present state. I was told that this had frequently been resolved upon by various consultations, but had as often been deferred at the urgent request of the lady of Oxenford, on the ground of her fears for the result. Indeed, I now learned that this woman, who during my connexion with her, preserved in the most trying situations a coolness and nerve which I envied, did now display, in everything with regard to her new found son, a most excitable, indeed, hysterical state of feeling—an intensity of emotion hardly accountable.

In a day or two, the medical gentleman I have alluded to, at my express request, had me called to a consultation at Oxenford. The lady recognised me immediately. She became very pale, and, in welcoming me to the house, stammered as she spoke. Her former masculine, determined bearing was completely gone, and its place was now usurped by an anxious, suspicious, yet forward expression that seemed to say, "Who accuses me?"

She drew the conversation herself to her former rank in life, and to the events that had happened at Oxenford, and seemed particularly desirous to impress me with the idea that she could talk upon them with perfect freedom and unconcern; while all the time I could see that she trembled upon every syllable I uttered, looking at me as if she would read my inmost thoughts. Frequently, too, she would give utterance to a word or an expression which she would be particularly at pains to retract. Her manner, in fine, in place of setting my suspicions at rest, as was intended, only served to render them stronger and yet more conflicting.

My presence seemed to have transported her back to the period when her brother was in possession of the Grange. As we talked of her son—"Oh, would to God," she cried, "I had known it then—what a world of misery it would have saved. Oh! curse the witch that could not—would

* There is a case mentioned, I think, in one of Dr. Combes' books, of a sailor wounded in action in the Mediterranean, who continued utterly unconscious for a period of nine months, during a protracted passage to England, and who was restored as in the tale. Many similar cases are to be found in medical works.

not tell me—and myself not to see it! A mother not to know her own son! Oh, Dr. C——, I never had another child!”

I told her I did not see how such knowledge could have altered in any degree the events that had occurred.

“Ah, it is true,” she answered; “but I might have come between him and that girl, and so he should not have fallen into the hands of that black monster that has murdered him—murder—mur—der—what a strange word that is, doctor—I mean—it must be terrible—to think—one’s own—only—”

And her voice died away in a succession of unconnected syllables, while her face grew deathly pale, and appeared lengthened, and her eyes glared wildly, even as she had looked at that point of the trial to which I have before referred. In a little this was over.

“I beg your pardon, gentlemen,” said she; “I am rather nervous—I was always so; and my late very great change of habits, and the resuming of that rank in life to which I was born and educated, after so long a period of poverty and struggle, have rendered me much more so.”

My friend, whose time was of importance to him, here begged us to go to the chamber where the patient lay. I found him pale and much wasted, lying extended on his back. Dr. —— felt his pulse, and applied a thermometer to his arm-pit, making a memorandum of the results; and, after a conversation purely professional, we came to the decision that the operation of the trephine should be employed, as the sole means of restoring him as an intelligent being to the world.

This decision I myself was deputed to convey to the mother, as each of the other gentleman had done it often before.

I know not to what cause to lay it, I never was much famed for eloquence, I must confess; but I actually got her at length to consent that the operation should take place as soon as we thought proper—at least when I suggested this, she offered no objection. In fact, the presence of one so intimately connected with the former events of her life, seemed to have completely quelled her spirit. She asked me if I had ever known any cases of an analogous nature? I told her I had read of several, but had never in my own experience met with any that approached it nearly.

Would he have any knowledge of what had occurred during the period of his apparent sensibility? I said I had heard of cases where people in such states heard what was going on around them, but could give no indication of it. Was the operation very dangerous? was there much chance of his surviving it? I stated that the danger to life was imminent; but that at all events it was better to run the risk than to have him continue in the state in which he was.

Would he recollect perfectly all that had happened before the injury, even up to its infliction? I had read of several cases wherein a patient, after recovering from such a state, had no recollection of any thing at all, but was as one newly born, and had to begin over again the very rudiments of education.

At this she appeared to brighten up—as the expression is—considerably. It seemed to please her more than any other thing that had been mentioned, and she now begged that we would come to-morrow, if all things

were suitable, and perform the operation, in order at once to get over the suspense. To this I immediately consented, and next day was named for it. My medical friends were surprised at this, but expected that next day some reason would be offered for deferring it as formerly.

Next day we arrived, and found the lady firm in her purpose, and willing that we should proceed. Singularly enough, her old determined energetic manner was once more assumed as perfectly as I had ever seen it. We all remarked it.

The house of Oxenford consisted of two portions forming the two sides of a right angle. One of these called properly the Grange, was old, with high crow-stepped gables and tall chimneys, small windows, and curious cornices of brick; the other was quite modern, looking like a substantial country-house, and was of stone. In a room of the latter lay our patient—now the former had been the favorite division, and in it I stayed when I was at the Grange. Into it, preparatory to the operation, were sent the servants and all hangers-on about the house, no one remaining in the modern half save the lady, ourselves, and our assistants.

The patient was removed from the bed on which he usually lay, to a low couch, which was wheeled to a window, the voluminous curtains having been removed to allow every ray of light to enter that could. The cold-water dressings that were kept continually applied to his shaven head, were taken away, and the trephine was put in action.

This is an instrument of the figure of a corkscrew, armed at the end with a saw of a ring shape, which cuts out a circular bit from any flat bone. A round hole is the consequence, through which may be evacuated any matter it is necessary should be removed. In this case a steel lever was introduced, and the fractured and depressed portion of bone raised and extracted.

The moment the weight was lifted from the brain, the patient, heaving a deep sigh, opened his eyes, sat up and stared wonderingly around him. He then raised his hand and rubbed his eyes, and looked at the bed he lay on, and then at us all, his motions being performed slowly and with much effort, as if his muscles were grown unused to their function. His pulse rose rapidly; I had my finger on his wrist. He appeared surprised and excited. At length he recognised me, and regarded me for some time with a puzzled look.

"Ah, Doctor G——," said he; "am I much hurt? It was a d—l of a knock I had *last night*; I feel so weak, I can hardly move; I suppose I bled a great deal. Is it my head?"

"Yes," said I, "it is your head. Don't touch it. So you had better compose yourself; lie down and be quiet, and you will be all right soon."

"Where am I? What house is this? Take me to the alehouse. Has anybody told the old woman yet?"

"No; I believe not."

There was a long pause.

Having dressed his head once more, we retired to another room to converse upon the case.

It appeared that the two years that had passed were to him a total blank and he seemed to consider himself but a night older. He talked

of the landlady of the inn as his mother, and was anxious to know whether she knew of what had befallen him. Indeed, it was another most marked and peculiar fact to add to the list of phenomena in connexion with nervous physiology. For my part, I resolved to experiment upon him so as to satisfy my mind upon several points about which doubts are generally entertained, such as the following :

It is a belief of some, especially those who deny the separate existence of mind, that in deep sleep, in compression of the brain and some other states, thought is entirely absent ; in fact, that the mind is annihilated. Others hold that that mental chain philosophers call the association of ideas—that series in which thoughts cause and are followed by other thoughts in continual succession, never intermits in any circumstances—commencing with birth, flowing on link after link, through sleep and waking, health and disease, and broken only by death, or the separation of the mind, in which it takes place from the body ; no ! not broken, but carried on into another state of existence. My experience with him leant in favor of the latter hypothesis. I asked him if during the night he had dreamt much.

“ No, not any.”

“ Have you no recollection of any dream the whole night through ?”

“ Yes, there is in my mind a faint recollection of some very *sweet, simple and plaintive music*, not like that of any instrument I know, but very beautiful.”

Before this the other gentlemen, who had large practices, and whose time was very valuable, had withdrawn. I now sought the lady of the house. She darted at me, as I entered the drawing-room, a look of intense anxiety ; but, resuming her cold and resolute aspect—

“ Have you been successful, doctor ?” said she.

“ Successful, madam, beyond our warmest wishes.”

“ Is he sensible ?”

“ He is.”

“ Does he recollect anything ?”

“ The period since the injury appears to him has passed but as a night’s sleep, but he recollects perfectly the events that occurred close before receiving the injury, and mentions them as having happened yesterday.”

“ Mentions, doctor ! mentions what ?”

“ Oh, nothing, as yet ; only his being hurt.”

“ Doctor, you are not deceiving me ? You know there is no trust to be placed in the testimony of one who has been so long in such a state, and may have had dreadful dreams. Stay, I must go to him myself. No one shall see him till I have ; he is my own son !” and she went hastily from the room.

In a minute she returned greatly excited, informing me, hurriedly, that immediately on seeing her he had become once more insensible, and was perfectly sure he had recognised her.

“ Go to him, doctor,” she continued, “ I cannot : I foresaw this ; I am lost !”

On going to the room where he lay, I found he had fainted. By use of the proper means he shortly recovered, though I was apprehensive, at first, that he had relapsed into the cataleptic state.

"Oh, Doctor C——," he cried, "that midwife has been here: let her be seized; she is guilty of murder! She poisoned my child last night; I mean Emily's infant. Don't doubt me, doctor; I saw her, and will swear to it. Let her be taken before she can escape from the house!"

I stood thunderstruck at this, remaining with my eyes fixed upon the patient, as, spent with the exertion of so much and such excited speaking, he appeared falling away into another fainting fit, and hardly able to help him for bewilderment. Was I to credit this, or was I not? I felt overpowered by the vortex of thoughts that was seething in my mind, of crimes hideous and unnatural—perjury, adultery, murder, and all within a fearfully close-girt chain of consanguinity. Never was my curiosity more strongly stimulated than at that moment. It might be called a morbid curiosity. I listened to him with most absorbing attention; I was not conscious of any external thing save his voice, and the animated play of his features, as with effort, and piece by piece he detailed to me the guilty secrets that had for so long been sepulchred in his torpid brain, and but for the power of my own noble profession, might never have been raised into the light of day.

He had all along, it appeared, ever since Emily deserted the bed of her husband, been in the habit of coming nightly to the chamber she had chosen for herself. The iron stanchions of the lower windows, the ivy that covered the walls of the old Grange, the fantastic brick corning, and a rain-pipe from the roof, formed altogether a convenient and easy ladder for an agile young man like him to climb withal into that apartment, at midnight, when there was none to watch but the eye of One, whose finger, may I be permitted to say, was so strangely manifest throughout this maze of evil, turning crime into the means of its own discovery and punishment. The night he first ventured upon such a visit after the birth of the child, he had climbed to the window—it was open, for it was then summer and very warm. Silently catching hold of the sill, he raised his head above it and looked into the room. The mother he saw in bed in a deep sleep, and the little white cap of the baby he could see peeping from her bosom. Divided from her by the curtains, but open to him as he looked in at the window, he beheld two women sit together whispering. A small table was beside them, with a dim rushlight twinkling upon it. One of them was the midwife; to his astonishment he recognized the other to be the black beggar. She held in one hand a small phial, and with the other was forcing upon the white woman's hand an ivory squirt, with a long, rounded beak. After much talking, the latter drew up the handle of the squirt, filling it with the liquor from the phial. She then crept stealthily to the bedside and uncovered the infant, but returned again.

"I cannot do it," she said, "anything but this. Alas! I have been a mother, and the innocent looks so like my own lost darling! I have a feeling, a something within me, as if *my own blood flowed in the veins of that baby*—I cannot do it."

They talked together awhile, during which the black woman appeared to be remonstrating with and encouraging her, and again she approached

within her arms, sobbing in the depth of her sorrow and shame, while her little sister, crying bitterly in sympathy, kept pulling at her dress to attract her attention.

He took his cap and left the house, wandering about the neighborhood all that night alone. Next morning, fatigued in body and much excited in mind, he returned to his mother's dwelling. There he continued for several days; but the summer was now at hand, and shortly he began to long for the excursions he had formerly so much enjoyed, and for his wild, lonely theatre at the Woodlands.

It was not long till he was seen rambling as of old about the district. Seen!—by whom? By her, fair Lillias Raby. She knew he could not stay long away, and it was with the certainty of finding the lost one that she left the house to wander about the fragrant lanes and fields.

Her father, since the usher's dismissal, had never once alluded to the events that caused it, but in his demeanor towards her preserved a marked severity. He also made the parlor his study, having such books or instruments as he required brought from the library. He offered no opposition, however, to her enjoying the walks she had been used to in the vicinity, and daily she took advantage of this, and as often as she did, she found him expecting her.

And now re-commenced the connexion with tenfold its former ardor—from the reaction after the interruption it had received. The tree of love, like that of the garden, often requires a check to increase its blossoming. You never know what the passion is till absence, anger, or a rival, break the attraction; nor yet do you altogether know it till the obstacle is once more removed.

For several weeks of that most delicious of seasons, the end of spring, and beginning of summer, they roved about together, the sweetness of their delight being flavored with the aroma (if we may use the metaphor) of stealth and danger. They had now hopes, fears, and plans for the future, to occupy them, but lightly did these thoughts sit upon their bosoms, for neither of them was yet fully seventeen years old. They walked arm-enclasping each the other, or sat on banks to look at sunsets (cloud-scenery as he styled it), or gathered flowers to make her an Ophelia, or in the depths of his leafy theatre enacted scenes. He was writing a drama, too—a tragedy—the subject the story of Belshazzar; and used to read, or rather act, the lines as he composed them for her sweet criticism. This was too happy to be of long duration.

He applied for employment as a player in the theatre of A—z. They had long thought and schemed together about this step; he with ardent longing—she with a similar feeling, dashed a little with jealousy; for she began sometimes to fear that the drama was her successful rival, and that the love he bore for her, great as it appeared, was but temporary; the single and engrossing desire, the master affection which she deemed should be all her own, being, but too plainly, fixed upon theatrical distinction.

But as yet these were only cloud shadows, flying across the sunny field of her innocent mind, and instantly disappearing: for if ever one

possessed the art of making himself beloved, he did; and, with all the warmth, tenderness and delicacy of his attention, there were a sincerity and devotion that rendered her happy: and then that nobility of thought which shone through his every word and action made pride of her lover mingle with the pleasure of the emotion itself.

He obtained the situation (for the theatre at A—z continued open all the year round, only a few weeks recess, late in autumn, being allowed the company), and was engaged as a general actor, at a salary of twenty-four shillings a week to begin with. He was not permitted to try any of the better-paid walks of his profession, such as the tragic leader or low comedian—these were already filled by established hands; but from the grace of his appearance had assigned to him the department of what is called walking gentlemen. Even into this, the most insipid of all lines of character, he managed to throw so much spirit as soon to render him a favorite with all parts of the house.

It was not now so often that he could find his way to her society. The daily rehearsal, the transcribing and studying of parts, the procuring of dresses and properties, occupied his whole attention; so that, save on Sabbaths and holidays, it was rare that he could find time for a walk to the Woodlands. But as their interviews became the sweeter from their concealment, so they became more precious a thousandfold from their rarity. They never parted but they pledged to meet again at a fixed time.

Once they missed tryst—the weather prevented her from leaving the house. He was there, and waited with a heavy heart till every light was extinguished, then returned weary and dispirited to his home.

Next day she made an errand to the city, and, walking thither, found her way to the little stationery-shop. She passed and repassed the door frequently (as she had often done in former times), without having the courage to enter.

At length he made his appearance going to rehearsal. With a smile of rapturous joy he recognised her, and led her blushing and diffident into his parent's presence. The matron's heart was filled with admiration at her exceeding beauty and refinement of manner and appearance,—pride that her son should have such an acquaintance, and a strong regard for the sweet girl personally. And thus commenced a friendship—an interchange of maternal and filial love—between these women, which continued to the last unbroken. He continued to play at the theatre all summer. The short recess was almost altogether passed at the Woodlands, among the lanes and fields bestrewn with the odorous leaves of autumn.

But there was care mingled now with the bliss of those hours of love. Gentle Liliac, why is your pillow wet with lonely weeping?—why do you tremble?—why does the red blush mount your cheek, and your eye seek the ground, as it meets his, your lover's? Wherefore has your look now so much of the woman—so little of the girl? True it is, there is one that woos you with your father's sanction; but can that account for the anxiety that sits upon your white forehead—for the suspicion that clouds the blue heaven of your eye? Alas, alas! deeply do we fear for your heart's innocence, and therefore peace.

A new prospect now opened to Merrick. The manager of the theatre became bankrupt: there was a split among the proprietors, a break-up in the company; and at length an old theatre, which had been for some years used as a Dissenting place of worship, was fitted up once more, and opened as an opposition playhouse. Merrick was offered the department of leader in the newly-organized company—eagerly accepted it—and was advertised to open the season in the character of "Hamlet." This was the turn in the tide of his affairs that was to lead to fortune. He resolved it should be a triumph; and, to make it so, it was necessary that those he loved should witness it.

After much preparation, the eventful evening came round. The old house was crowded to the ceiling, and resounded with cheers and applause in anticipation. The manager—the low comedian of the former company—opened with a poetical address (from Merrick's pen), and immediately, amid all the noise and disorder of an opening night, the play began.

But on the entrance of "Hamlet" there was an absolute hush for some seconds, as he came forward with the King and Queen, till, when he bowed to the audience, a thunder of applause came down. This was before he had uttered a word, and was occasioned by the mere spirit of his look, and slender, but admirable symmetry of his frame, so excellently fitted for the character he had assumed, and so beautifully displayed by its dress—the most graceful and gentlemanly of all theatrical costumes. It was not the dark frock in which it is the fashion now-a-days to play the part, but the close-fitting black suit and inky cloak in which the great John Kemble is portrayed.

From pause to pause this applauding continued throughout the play, as the divine philosophy of the student "Prince of Denmark" fell liquid from the lips of his princelike representative, in cadences as dulcet to the ear as the thoughts they conveyed were to the heart. He looked the very Hamlet that Shakspeare thought—the youthful, graceful, noble—the studious, meditative, and intensely sorrowful Hamlet; and during the delivery of the soliloquies that gem the part, you could have heard a foot moved anywhere in the house. He seemed not only inspired himself, but to have communicated a portion of his spirit to the usually tame company, for they supported him excellently.

The audience were surprised—struck with admiration. They had never expected in the remotest degree such a display, and their welcome of it was proportioned to their feelings. But there were two of that audience who, though they gave no noisy indication of their satisfaction, yet many a time during the personation looked into each others' eyes with wonder, delight and pride, and rejoiced in his success with a joy which hardly his own could exceed.

These were two females that sat almost concealed from the view of the house in an old-fashioned sort of box in the proscenium, which was entered from within the scenes,—Mrs. Merrick and Lillas,—his mother and his love. Never before had the latter seen him to such advantage; but when, on being long and vociferously called for after the curtain fell, *he came forward*, his eye beaming with exultation, and in a few elegant

sentences expressed his gratitude for the reception he had met with, poor Lilius leaned upon his mother's bosom and wept for joy.

The play was over shortly after eight o'clock in the evening; a carriage was waiting, and into it she was handed by her lover, with a cloak thrown over his stage-dress, and, after a rapid drive of two miles to the Woodlands, was set down within half a mile of her home, whither she went as if returned from an evening walk. This plan they afterwards frequently adopted, and by it she was enabled to see him draw universal favor and applause in the characters of *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, *Zanga*, *Penruddock*, *The Stranger*, *Duke Aranza*, and many others, without being suspected—at least by her father.

Merrick's career was a most gratifying one to himself and all who cared for him. He supported and increased, in a variety of the most celebrated and difficult characters in the drama, the effect he had produced in his first appearance; though certainly *Hamlet* continued to be his masterpiece.

His salary was largely improved, and the theatre he had first played in became deserted, and was soon shut up to be opened again as an arena for horse exhibitions. He became a perfect lion, came regularly into fashion—was the chief attraction in all the coteries of the place that had any pretensions to be considered literary or dramatic; and many an eye was cast after him with curiosity, admiration, or envy, as he appeared in the public places of the city. Criticisms on his playing appeared in the local newspapers—some breathing unqualified praise, and prophesying great things, for Kean was then in the full tide of his popularity, and it was the age of Kemble and Young, and Siddons and Jordan; others written in detraction: but the best proof of real merit, the returns in money, were unequivocally in his favor.

He now caused his mother to retire from her small shop, and thus she became entirely dependent upon him for her living, if we except a few pounds in cash, the product of the sale of her stock, and the savings of some years which the scanty trade allowed her to set aside. A house in a quiet and genteel suburban street he had furnished in a rather expensive style, and here they took up their abode.

But while these events were going on, his mother trembled to see habits of dissipation growing upon him daily stronger and stronger; and though he repeatedly assured her, with the laugh of self-confidence, that the temptation of company and excitement merely led him into indulgence, and that his mind had perfect command over itself, and could at any time refrain, yet it was only by threatening to inform Lilius of his doings that she effected a tardy and imperfect amendment.

But Lilius herself now, amid all the joy attendant on his success, perceived with a terror and alarm hardly accountable to others, continual symptoms of a progressive decrease in the ardor of his feelings toward her. He began to have fits of absence in her company, to look as if he felt it insipid at times, and devoid of interest. Then once or twice he missed appointment; and though his excuses were valid enough to satisfy even an ordinary lover, yet well she knew the time had been when he

would gladly have overleaped more powerful obstacles than them to be but near the house she lived in, and watch at a distance the light twinkling from a window.

Reader, is there any greater mental pang than to see the affection of one you vehemently love growing less and less, while your own suffers no abatement—to see her gradually and surely falling away from you, while all your efforts to arrest or recall her passion are ineffectual, and at last you must begin to affect coolness yourself, while your very heart is burning, and you see her indifference is real? Have you ever known this feeling?—transplant it to the heart of a woman, young, beautiful, and all gentleness, and you will conceive the torture that wrenched the bosom of poor Lilius.

But even this was far from sufficient to account for the indications she gave of agony in thought. It was not mere imagining, it was actual fear: she was utterly miserable; seeming continually as if she would have spoken—would have appealed tearfully—have implored him, but that the feelings of her womanly nature forbade.

But though the quick eye of the slighted or, haply, injured girl perceived this, his mother's, his own, were blind to it. He was not himself aware of any abatement in his affection, and now at length, when his gains had made him comparatively independent, he claimed her promise, long before made, that they should be united.

As he breathed the request into her ear, a weight seemed lifted from her bosom—a weight of apprehension and dread that had long pressed upon it, though known only to her own silent thoughts—and, powerless with sudden joy, she fell into his arms.

“And will you leave off company, Merrick, and drinking; it is so low and coarse, so unworthy of your intellect—will you, love?”

“All, all, my own heart's darling! I will come home always as soon as the tragedy is over—except when I have to play in the afterpiece. I will cut liquor, and all company but yours. Will you trust me, Lily?”

When she left him that evening at the end of the avenue that led to the parsonage, she was happy. When did happiness visit her again?

On the following day the manager of the theatre received a letter from a celebrated tragedian then starring in the provinces. It was in answer to an offer of an engagement, and stated his willingness to play for three nights at the theatre of A—z, at the terms, if we do not mistake, of fifty pounds for each of the two first nights, and the third to be a benefit. Enormous as these were, they were immediately accepted, and shortly the great tragedian arrived.

The prices at the doors were raised to nearly double their usual amount, yet the house was crowded—actually jammed; the very orchestra was filled, the musicians playing what little music was wanted under the stage.

The play was “Othello,” and the part of *Iago* fell to Merrick.

Those who were present on that occasion had an opportunity of seeing what very few have witnessed—two of Shakspeare's most magnificent characters acting and reacting upon each other, in the hands of the great tragedian and one fully qualified by nature and study to play second to

him. The great master himself was struck by the acting of the youthful *Iago*. It had something about it so fresh and original, was so evidently the fruit of nature's gift—genius, that he could not help, several times during the piece, giving utterance to flattering sentences of approval and encouragement.

The next evening he played *Richmond* to the Londoner's *Richard the Third*, to that gentleman's so great satisfaction, that, when, on the concluding night he afforded him also admirable support in his part of *Lear*, he requested him to be his companion to a certain city in Scotland which he was about to visit, the manager of whose theatre was not celebrated for the brightness of the company he maintained, and to which starring actors usually saw the propriety of carrying with them some person of tolerable talent to play the second parts.

An arrangement was hastily entered into with the manager of A—z, and the following afternoon Merrick, intoxicated with his likelihood of becoming the friend of such a man, left with him in his carriage.

The friendship of the star towards the new actor was won more and more every hour he spent in his society, by his originality, enthusiasm, and the deference, almost amounting to idolatry, he paid towards himself. Another point was this: — was lamentably addicted to the vice of intemperance. In the practice of this also he met with a ready and efficient co-operation from this his new connexion. Intoxication seemed no longer an error in the company of such a spirit. It was no sin, but a way of stripping the chains and fetters of the world from the bright aspiring thought, and letting it loose to range at will through all being, material or intellectual. Merrick deemed it honorable—how much it was pleasurable his heart acknowledged.

Thus speedily conforming in habits and tastes to his great principal, he was overjoyed when the latter offered to procure him employment in London—perhaps at Drury-lane, if he would apply to him there. Brightest of prospects! He asked but a few days to make final arrangements, which completed, he would proudly avail himself of his condescension.

Merrick arrived hurriedly at A—z. He looked excited in all his actions, appeared carried away by some strange infatuation influencing his every proceeding. After a very imperfect arrangement of his affairs, which, however, he assured his mother was immaterial, as it would be only temporary, he prepared to leave for London. He had to pay a considerable sum to the manager by way of compensation for the rupture of his engagement; and what with this, the preparations for his journey to London, and recent expenses, he left even his mother's subsistence in a most precarious state. He was, however, full of confidence, and promised her immediate and large remittances.

He must part, too, with *her*.

He despatched a note to the Woodlands by a trusty conveyance, stating that next day at noon he would meet her in the beechen lane, between the canal and the theatre (the hollow so called, and before frequently alluded to.)

She went, poor thing! and, when she had waited a couple of hours

the trying-place, was at last gratified by seeing him approach, all haste and anxiety. His excuse for his tardiness was the multitude of things he had to settle, as he was about to start next day for London.

The intelligence came upon her like a thunderbolt: she turned deadly pale; her eyes were opened wildly, and swam, as she walked by his side for fully an hour without speaking a word, but listening to him as he ran on talking of the bright vista in life that was now opening before him, and hanging with both her arms on his for very weakness from the sudden shock. Often she bent upon him that look of anxiety and alarm which we have before described—at length changing to an expression of absolute despair. It seemed as if she had some dreadful secret to impart to him, but could not—something which made her wholly dependent upon him, leaving her without a will of her own, or a hope apart from his.

At length it was the time when she should go into her father's house. He, too, had to leave her in great haste, an immense deal of business being, by his account, yet to be transacted that evening. The fact of the matter was, that a public dinner was to be given him in one of the taverns ~~at~~—z, by some of his former theatrical friends, on his departure.

Having made her promise to come to his mother's house the following morning, to bid farewell and see him away, as he said, he took a hasty leave.

"Good by, then, Lilly," said he, kissing her on the cheek, and turning to go.

"Good-by—good-by—g—g—" the guttural syllable stuck in her throat, impeded by the choking ball that seemed rising from her heart, till, hearing his steps no longer, she threw herself upon a heap of leaves that had been swept behind the gate from the long tree-covered avenue, and there knelt and wept bitterly, and prayed. Alas! how very bitterly, the Heaven that heard her knows!

The next day she was at his house; she found his mother alone, with her eyes filled with tears—of sorrow that her son was going—of joy, that it was to London and to be a great man. How different was her own condition!—her eyes had not once all that night been closed in sleep. She had a worn and harassed, and yet much excited look, fearful to see on the face of one so young and beautiful.

There was a kind of unnatural calm and carelessness in her behavior, while her eye was burning and glistening. She sat, without speaking, beside the garrulous old woman, till he came in.

He had not long to stay—the mail was to start within ten minutes. Hurriedly he kissed his mother's cheek, and approached Miss Raby.

He pressed her to his bosom; as he did so—

"Oh, Merrick! will you leave me?" she burst forth, in an agonized voice: "my own only friend—my love—my husband! Do not go from me!—do not—oh, do not—do not."

"Pahaw, Lillias! dearest—this is silliness. You know I will not be long away—a couple of months at furthest."

"Oh, do not forsake me—my heart will break! I shall die, Merrick!—stay with me—stay—I am—I am—I—I—"

Here she reeled half-round, and fell heavily on the carpet, in a dead faint.

Bending down, he raised her head into his mother's lap, and, passionately kissing her lips, while his warm tears fell fast into her bosom, sprang up, out of the room, the house, and was gone.

The mother, herself grieving much, proceeded to take steps for the restoration of her youthful friend, and, in doing so, discovered, from the information of her matronly skill, that fair Lilius had stooped to folly, and was soon to reap its reward—shame.

Now, the dreadful secret was out, though unspoken, and he was away, in ignorance of it.

As soon as she had restored her to consciousness she breathed into Lilius's ear her surmises, and, not denying, but weeping much in answer, the fair girl hid her face in her bosom, and these two lone women remained together, in the bitterness of their sorrow, till the evening.

CHAPTER IX:

STORY OF A GENIUS, CONTINUED.

LILIUS returned to her home: that home which was become a house of mourning and of wretchedness to her. Her life was now one tissue of sorrow, unavailing though bitter regret, and gnawing self-condemnation, mingled with, or rather added to, the still fervid passion, the undeviating affection toward him, the truant. As yet her heart could not call him deceiver.

The most alarming of all prospects was before her—that which women tremble at in the dread word, RUIN!—worse than death to one of her education and feelings—worse than even the wrath that follows it; and yet she could not curse him; no! how could she even think ill of him, so beautiful, so kind, so gifted, whose society had once been her happiness—whose sole fault to be blamed withal was a diminution in his love for her? Yes, the greatest of all her griefs, greater than all her fears of discovery, disgrace, death—greater was the pang of absence from him.

But at times would come hope, nay, certainty, that he would yet return ~~one~~ time made discovery of their guilt unavoidable. Their guilt?—alas! ~~her~~ conscience as yet fondly acknowledged that *their* guilt, and not *his* guilt, was the right expression. He knew not of this damning proof of ~~their~~ having eaten of the tree of Paradise; if he did, would he not hasten to atone. to defend. to die with her?—would he not? He would once.

but that is changed. Ah! but even if his love be changed, his high honor is still the same.

There were moments of this hope, but they were few compared to the hours of despair—few, but so delicious! It was when these visited her, that she would throw her shawl hastily around her, and walk to the town to seek the sympathy of Mrs. Merrick, who, ere long, became to her as her own mother. Every day that she could leave her father's house she was sure to find her way to the good old matron, whose kind heart had no reproach for her, and from whom she had nothing to conceal, who loved the same darling object as herself, and was also pining at his absence, and earnest and anxious for his welfare, though only as a parent, not as a lover. With her she could discourse of all his noble qualities—his genius, his affection, his success; with her she could bewail her own hapless fortune, and share away her sorrow.

How anxiously did they wait for tidings of him! Oh! the bitterness of hope deferred, as day after day went over and yet no letter—no token of his remembrance—of his existence; while ever the dreaded evil was gradually but most surely advancing to a consummation.

The first intelligence they had of his movements was a notice in the theatrical report of a newspaper. In criticising the acting at Drury-lane, it went on to state that the part of *Lorenzo* (Merchant of Venice) was played by a young gentleman (Mr. Merrick) of some provincial celebrity, who certainly threw uncommon vigor into his performance and was much applauded.

Still there was nothing from himself. A month passed, and, save his name in advertisements, he was altogether dead to them.

Lilias was heart-sick. It was hard for the slender hope that she now had to bear up against the load of apprehension that crushed her spirit. At length, on entering Mrs. Merrick's house one morning, she was met by the joyful mother, whose hand held a letter. She almost dropped to the ground as it was thrust into her trembling hand, and became pale and cold as she read it.

It merely stated that he was well, had enclosed a bank postbill for twenty pounds, and desired to be remembered to Miss Raby. It was dated London, and desired them not to write to him acknowledging it till he should have written them again, as he was about to change his address.

And this was all! Frequently the fond thought had crossed her mind that many letters addressed to her might have miscarried—been intercepted; but the strain of this epistle, the desire to be merely remembered, convinced her that she had lost him for ever.

Poor Lilias! she sat a little, and endeavored to talk, to hope still; but it was in vain. She rose, left the house, and went home; where, seeking the solitude of her own chamber, she fell upon her couch, and resigned herself to the wormwood draught of her affliction.

For some days she was really and seriously ill, confined to bed; then she arose and went about as usual; but the poison had entered into her frame—the virus of that strange disorder laughed at under the name of a "*broken heart*;" that malady of the body, arising as it were by a mys-

terious contagion from an analogous malady of the mind ; that disease, whose pathology no man can explain, but whose symptoms the wise physician can well detect, and which, by judicious treatment, he may greatly mitigate, or even hope to cure.

About a fortnight after the above, another letter was received by his mother, containing his address, and stating that, as his expenses turned out to be greatly beyond his expectations, she must not look for another remittance early, and recommending her to practise frugality. This paper contained no allusion whatever to Lilius.

Being now in possession of his address, they eagerly finished and despatched a letter to him, detailing, in as forcible language as they could put together, the state, physical and mental, of his betrothed, and imploring his immediate return.

A month passed over before any answer was received to this :—then came a letter, long but cold. He could not, he said, desert his engagement ; no other, in the then state of the theatrical circles, could be got to fill it. He expressed infinite regret for what had happened between himself and Miss Raby, his resolution to make every reparation as soon as opportunity offered, and his desire that, in the event of her home being rendered unpleasant to her, she should seek shelter with his mother. This was the last letter they received from him : others did ultimately find their way into their possession, which will be given hereafter, but they referred to them only in the third person.

And now, when we come to paint the anguish of the blighted girl, forsaken by her first and only love,—deserted by him to whom, confiding in his honor and affection, she had yielded that which should have been her passport to respect in this world and happiness in the next—betrayed by the man in whom her trust had been so strong as to make her resign for it her trust in her Maker—treated with contempt by the lover towards whom her heart yet, in spite of all, burned with unextinguishable passion—when we try to paint this, then it is we feel how utterly inadequate the rude minds of our own sex are to form even an imaginary idea of the torturing feeling, much less to find words or phrases that would convey half its bitterness to the conception of another. But a woman, and one that feels or can look back to having felt the deep passion, occurring but once in the lifetime even of woman, who exists for no other end but to love,—she only will appreciate it ; one who has been deceived, betrayed—if haply into the hand of any such this narrative should come—she alone will fully know it.

What with the many ailments naturally incidental to her situation, and the harrowing agony of mind that preyed upon her, she now could scarcely ever leave her room. Anxiety had hollowed her pallid cheeks ; her eye had a dry, hot appearance, and looked continually with a wild, furtive, starting glance around her ; moreover, she had induced upon her a habit of mental absence, and a way of muttering to herself with her dry, colorless lips, that were often chapped and bleeding. Her step was quick and stealthy, and her frequent sighs sounded groanlike. Despair, the vampire, had settled on her brow, and would not be driven from his hold.

Strange thoughts of suicide crossed her mind, but she lacked animal

courage sufficient for the deed ; yet how she prayed for death ! That she wished for it you may well conceive. Did she ever imprecate evil upon his head ? Oh, no ! when his name arose in this strange devotion, it was for good and not for evil, for blessing, and not curses.

There is a poem by Tennyson, one of the most singular and beautiful pieces in all modern literature, that admirably depicts a woman in an analogous situation : you know it—it is “Marian in the Moated Grange,” and its burden runs—

She only said, “My life is dreary,
He will not come,” she said ;
She said, “I am aweary, aweary ;
Oh God, that I were dead !”

Five months had passed since Merrick left her—five months of this anguish ! No confidant, no friend had she, save his mother, and her at an early period only ; for, as time went on, she cowered at home alway, shrinking from every eye that might read her secret. And all this while she had to dress her face in smiles, to meet the suitor her father’s care had selected for her, and whom she could not but esteem, for he was an exemplary young man and prosperous in the world—a gentleman, moreover, in birth and every other respect.

At length her disgrace could no longer be concealed ; the servants had long been aware of it, but had from very compassion refrained from its disclosure. Then the suitor—but it was sometime ere he allowed himself to be convinced by his senses—she was so girlish, so delicate, so gentle, so strictly educated, so little apparently acquainted with the world ; when he did, he made no remark, but went into exile from the place of his kindred.

At last, even the eye of the venerable Dr. Raby perceived it. Thereupon a long train of remarkable circumstances arose in his mind, which were now all reconcilable by this damning fact : he was struck powerless. For some hours he could do nothing, lost in a maze of thought. At last, going to her apartment, he demanded an account of the truth.

The poor girl when she heard the idea mooted by her father, for whom under heaven she entertained most awe of any being, was terror-stricken. She dropped into a chair, and sat staring at him, unable to utter a word. Her eyes were dilated and moveless, her face pale as that of a corpse, while her lips, half open, quivered every now and then unconsciously, but gave no sound.

When the old clergyman saw that his suspicions were all the truth, and that the glory was indeed departed from his house, he covered his face with his hands, and, stooping forward as he sat, groaned aloud, the while the big tears dropped from between his fingers upon the carpet. But she continued in silence to regard him with the same dead stony gaze.

When this had continued for some time, he rose and tardily withdrew, actually tottering as he left the room. She sat for a little without change, then, rising slowly and quietly, lay down upon her bed without undressing : the candle wasted to the socket, the fire burnt itself out, and daylight next

morning saw her in the same position in which she had laid herself that evening.

A servant, entering, with a look of extreme compassion and respect put into her hands a letter and withdrew. It was in the old man's handwriting,—but how different from the hard, formal, old-fashioned character he usually wrote! It was all awry, blotted, and interlined with numerous spots, where the ink was faint and bluish, as if drops had fallen there. He had sat up all night to write it, and was now locked in his library to await its effect.

It was very long. He alluded in direct, matter-of-fact terms to her offence, expressed his utter amazement at it, and certainly it could be owing to no fault of education or care on his part, but rather to some innate predisposition to evil existing in her own nature. There was much to the above effect, especially bearing upon the plebeian rank of her paramour, then it proceeded—

"I expect, therefore, that, immediately on the receipt of this, you will leave my house for ever, and seek society suited to the state to which your sin and folly have reduced you. I have taken care that poverty shall be no excuse for persistence in the course you have begun. Messrs. W—— and Co., by this morning's post, received directions to honor your demands to the extent of fifty pounds annually, with which to keep you above necessity. It is my earnest hope and prayer you may be enabled to practise a course of life, virtuous at least in a degree. The housekeeper will make every arrangement with regard to your removal. Farewell, and may God bless you!"

When she had read this, after sitting for a few moments to collect her thoughts, she arose without a murmur and proceeded to put on a walking-dress; then, packing a few things in a handkerchief, she went out of the house. As she walked through the passage, her two young sisters stood looking wistfully at her—their eyes tear-filled—afraid to speak to her, regarding her with awe as a kind of devoted being.

And thus was cast out upon the world this unfortunate, whose crime was having loved and trusted too fondly. She had now nowhere to lay her head, who had been reared in all daintiness—whose foot had wont to sink in the texture of the rich carpet—whose limbs were used to be moulded on the couch of down—who knew not what it was to do aught for herself that could be ministered by the hands of a menial.

The season was April, with weather in general raw and stormy; but He that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb had made that day clear, and sunny, and scarcely cold. She moved slowly along the lengthened avenue, crossed the highway, and went up among the lanes of the Woodlands, till coming to an open and grassy space, she sat down upon a knoll alone and motionless in her utter desolation. Many hours did she continue thus. No one came near her; but the housewives of the neighborhood watched her with deep feeling from the angles of the roads or breaks in the hedges. At length one sent her daughter, a sweet little favorite, by name Mary Bradshaw, with a bowl of warm milk to her. She took it, drank part, then, kissing the child upon the brow, rose and moved away towards A—Z. It was more staggering than walking, for she had al-

ways been a delicate creature, and her bodily and mental energy were now complete prostrated.

Late in the evening she reached the house of Mrs. Merrick, upon whose bosom her anguish at length found relief in tears, and immediately after she dropped into a deep and lengthened slumber. The matron as she watched her, saw her wan face beam once again with the sweet shy smile that had of old characterised it, and heard her murmur audibly the word "Hamlet!" The dream was happy, but think of the awaking. Her health was now falling away rapidly. She had never left her bed. There she remained continually, while her venerable nurse ministered to her with more than the assiduity and tenderness of a mother. Indeed, by that name she always called her. Her voice had now acquired a lengthened, low, plaintive tone, ineffably sweet and mournful; her every action was sluggish and careless; and ever and anon, as she lay, she sighed very deeply as if her life were coming with the breath. But still she seemed to take some pleasure, albeit of a melancholy cast, in combing her long hair, which was luxuriant, soft, and of a beautiful chestnut-color, and in hourly cleaning her small, white, and graceful hands.

There was yet no note of him. She had ceased now to hope for any; but still she loved to talk of him with his mother, and to listen to her anecdotes of his innocent boyhood. She liked, too, to hear her talk of his talents with pride, and dream of what he would yet become. But when she spoke of his return to them, her reply was a faint smile and a sorrowful shake of the head, with perhaps,—

"I am afraid I shall never see it, mother."

At length, as time went on, she became the mother of an infant, which did not survive its third day. She did not exhibit much maternal emotion at this event, probably because her heart was already occupied to the full with one object.

Getting over the immediate ailment connected with this occurrence, she recovered, to the extent only of her former pining, decaying condition. Still she never arose from her bed, but there remained, gradually wasting away with consuming sorrow.

The surgeon that was called in, was at first inclined to consider consumption the disorder, but the experience of a few visits convinced him that this was an error, her lungs being as healthy as any other part of her frame; but at length he lighted upon the true proximate cause—"a mind diseased." He advised change of scene. When she heard him, shaking her head, she buried it more deeply in her pillow, as if she had said, "I have chosen my resting-place, and will not be removed."

Mrs. Merrick had all this while been drawing, with her consent, upon her father's bankers, for they had no other means of finding their bread, Merrick having sent no remittance since the one last alluded to. Every order that bore the slightly traced signature of Lilius Raby was honored immediately, and without remark, and thus these women were enabled to preserve unprofaned the sanctity of their grief.

But while she was thus surely gliding to the grave, an event happened that threw a most vivid light upon the latter portion of the lapse.

A young man of very great natural abilities, but bashful and retired

habits, had filled the situation of scene-painter and property-man at the theatre in which Merrick played at A—z. Between them an intimacy had latterly sprung up, greater than had existed between the latter and any other friend. The one was an enthusiast in painting as much as was the other in acting, and the difference of their pursuits preventing any jarring of envy, while their intellects were thus formed to agree, the consequence was, that in the few months they were together this young man had acquired his confidence to a degree which another individual could not in years have obtained.

When Merrick left for London, he promised to do his utmost to advance the fortunes of his comrade, and a regular correspondence ensued between them. But, about a month after the birth of Lilius' infant, this person was killed suddenly in the theatre, by the fall of one of the iron weights that hung as counterpoises to the ponderous curtain. His father, with whom he had lived, and who was a working man of a higher sort of grade, finding among his books and papers a number of letters signed Francis Merrick, and hearing it stated by a neighbor of his mother, that she had received no intelligence of him lately, at once packed them up, and himself called with them to relieve her mind. He was a very illiterate man, unable to understand the style of language they were written in, and, having merely spelt through some sentences of them, he delivered them up without further knowledge of their contents.

Upon his withdrawal, poor Lilius called for them with frantic eagerness, her behavior being in perfect contrast to what it had been an hour before. Her hands trembling, her cheek flushed, her eyes glistening, she hurriedly arranged them by their dates, pressing them to her lips and bosom the while, and then plunged into their sense.

The first one or two were such as might be expected from one young man of ability to another, upon a change in locality, fortune, and habits, to which that other also looked forward. He described London generally, the aspect of the streets, prices of lodgings, food, &c. Then the theatres were minutely gone over, their sites, size, architecture, scenery—the players, their line and style of acting, personal appearance, apparent ages, and the probable returns they drew from their profession.

Then there were others filled with his difficulties—disappointments; his dependence on —; that gentleman's efforts, and finally success, in obtaining for him an engagement. His first appearance in the third-rate character of *Lorenzo* he described at length, in those terms which a man conscious of talent feels no scruple in using to a confidential and unenvying friend.

But shortly she came to a letter that riveted her attention. It was a long, closely-written paper, every word regarding a distinguished comic actress, whom we shall here denominate Mrs. B—. Her ravishing beauty, and either real or well-acted girlish simplicity, he particularly dwelt upon. Her consummate histrionic talent was also a theme with him of warm admiration, as were many other accomplishments he had had opportunity of seeing her display. All this was done in the most glowing language.

As Lilius read it, she several times uttered sudden gasping screams.

while Mrs. Merrick stood by, wondering and fearing. Her whole aspect became changed to one expressing surprise, terror, and wofully gratified curiosity; and she hurried along, devouring the manuscript with her starting eyes.

Another letter contained some account of the private character of this woman; her numerous intrigues; the multitudes of high-gifted and high-born men that glittered in her orbit. Then he described how he had watched her eye, and was convinced that it viewed not his graceful presence and animated acting with indifference. The next letter contained his introduction to her, and certainty from her own words that he was a favored admirer. And now he did indeed dilate on the high attractions, personal and mental, of this goddess of the stage, in all the impassioned and redundant language of vehement love. How he raved in writing of his violent attachment to her—his hatred of the nobleman who was then her reigning favorite. The ignorance, want of taste, and want of real education of this individual, he particularly ridiculed, and with bitterness described the subtleties he himself had to adopt, when present with them, to prevent the titled and moneyed ass, as he styled him, from observing their intimacy.

Another of them gave an account of the termination of his friendship with —. While both were dining at — House, the dwelling of a distinguished baron, whose appreciation and patronage of genius were so original and so eminent as almost to entitle himself to rank as a man of genius, an ignorant dowager happened to remark that Merrick pleased her as *Laertes* much better than — as *Hamlet*, the latter's long speeches having the effect of making her sleepy. Though this was received with silence by the rest of the party, it had, according to Merrick's statement, such an effect upon his friend, that ever after he appeared desirous of dropping the connexion. This, however, he continued, did not so much affect him, his whole thought being now devoted to the fascinating Mrs. B—. With this theme was the rest of the letter filled, as was also the one following it in date, certain particulars in which, that were never intended for any but the eyes of his friend, struck very daggers into the heart of Miss Raby. Moreover, throughout all the latter letters of the series were scattered frequent allusions to herself—expressions of bitter regret for her unfortunate connexion with him—that frequently her image rose upbraidingly before him, when wantoning in the society of his adored actress—that she hung as a millstone around his conscience, as their paths through life must now be ever separate—that if he were to marry her it would but be entailing endless misery on both.

There was much more to this purport, as she read which she pressed the paper between her palms and looked upward.

But the last of them was indeed a remarkable one. It was wafered to that preceding, as if to prevent it going astray. It was written on a dirty scrap of black-edged paper, in fact, the back of an old funeral letter, and was expressed in the following strange and striking language:—

“My dear —,

“I am lost! Despair—despair! I am ruined—disgraced—damned—
kissed from the stage! Oh, is it come to this? I am a drunkard—a

beast! I have been a villain, a traitor to those that loved me, and thus has Heaven requited me, by leaving me in my pride to myself.

"I came drunk to the — theatre on the night of the royal visit. The stage-manager was busy, and not observing it, allowed me to go on in that state. As soon as the glare of light struck me I became dizzy and confused—staggered—forgot at once cue and part. The audience laughed and hissed. It was the first time. I got infuriated. Mad with passion, and regardless from intoxication, I rushed up to the foot-lights, and made some brutal gestures and expressions of contempt. The whole crowded house rose to their feet upon the instant, and launched at me a withering blast of scorn and execration that drove me reeling backwards before it like a palpable whirlwind.

"I was drawn aside, and thrust ignominiously out by the stage-door, while the distant roar of the excited audience rang in my ears. I have not been in my senses since then—liquor is necessary to my existence. Oh my poor dear mother!—and *thou*!

"Dear — send me up some money immediately; I have not a far-thing. All's gone on drunkenness, or worse. I am cut by everybody—laughed at by *her*—drowned in debt, and skulking from arrest. I have no lodging—I slept last night among the hampers in one of the markets. I dare not write home—you are my only friend. Will you too desert me? Oh, genius, thou curse of God—"

The rest ran into the black edging of the paper, and was illegible.

This letter Lilius read hurriedly aloud, and when she could read no more she clapped her hands wildly above her head, and fell back upon her pillow in a fit of loud laughter.

Mrs. Merrick took it at first to be a laugh of exultation at the ruin of him who had ruined her; but soon she saw it was hysterical, and that the weak girl's life was in immediate danger.

The surgeon was sent for, but ere his arrival she had become calm.

The second day after the receipt of these papers was a bright and sunny one, early in May. At noon the heat was so great that the window of her room required to be opened, and the moted and humming rays of the gladsome sun streamed slanting in a cubic flood upon the carpet.

She could not now easily change her posture without assistance. Her voice had become exceedingly weak and tiny, but still distinct and inexpressibly sweet in sound, like a harpstring touched by the light finger of the wind.

"Mother, dear," said she, "come and smooth down my pillow, and lay me with my face toward the Woodlands."

With fearful eyes the assiduous and gentle old woman complied, and sat down to read to her from an ancient commentary on the scriptures. What with the reading and the warmth she gradually dropped asleep in her chair, and did not awaken till the sun had long been "westering in his bower."

Starting up, she ran to the bedside to know if sweet Lily wanted anything; but her Lily was not there; she had flown away and was at rest; but ere she took her flight had dropped a smile back upon the pale face of the corpse that lay where she had been.

It would be tedious in this already lengthened tale to paint the affliction of the excellent widow. It would be but adding to the heap of sorrow with which it is already overcharged.

Two days afterwards Dr. Raby had his daughter's remains removed and interred, not at Woodlands, but in St. Philip's churchyard in A—z, an alien from the graves of her kindred.

But Mrs. Merrick had more cause than mere broken affection to deplore the death of her adopted daughter. With it ceased the supply of money whereon she subsisted; and her son having long ceased to make any remittances—her household furniture moreover being seized, partly for debts of his contracting—she became now in all the word's senses a beggar. But the public benevolence had provided for cases like hers, and she found refuge, crazed and doting, in one of the hospitals of the town, where shortly she yielded up her spirit, unknown and unregarded.

Many years after the occurrence of these events, we—or to use the more convenient first person, I, the Medical Student of these papers, was a pupil at the chief hospital of A—z. Attached to it was a dispensary, at which a surgeon attended regularly, to afford advice to such poor as did not, from the nature of their ailments, require to be confined to the wards. It was my department for some time to act as surgical clerk or assistant at this dispensary, which was attended by from twenty to fifty patients daily.

Among these my attention was soon especially drawn to one, a man of peculiar and noticeable aspect, slight, and rather over the middle size, who complained of a number of anomalous symptoms—weakness, cough, dizziness, sleeplessness, palpitation, and others, all indicative, apparently, of a general break-up in the constitution. When I saw him I judged him to be a poor artist, a tavern singer, a teacher of music unemployed, or of some such avocation. His dress had a napless, shabby-genteel look; and he wore light, cheap shoes, with the trousers firmly strapped down, probably to hide the complexion of his stockings. There was still a sort of jaunty air in the neat tie of his miserable calico neckerchief (without shirt-collar) and in the arrangement of his hair, which, though grizzled, curled beautifully. His features were thin, and marked with deep furrows. His nose (a drunkard's) was filled with snuff of the commonest description, and his eye had a strange, glistening, watery brilliancy, and appeared not to travel, but dart, from one object to another. His behavior to us—the doctor, myself, and the other pupils—was respectful and unobtrusive, displaying confidence without impertinence, and a grateful humility devoid of all appearance of cringing. He was, he told us, by profession, a teacher of elocution.

When the pupils had left, after the business of the day was over, I called the attention of the doctor, as preparatory to sallying out he warned his hands at the dispensary fire, to this individual, who had just taken his medicine and gone away.

"That," said he in reply, "is a fellow that made considerable noise in this place when I was a student. It was in the palmy days of the great heroes of the sock and buskin, Kean, Mathews, &c., and acting was all the rage. This young man evinced a very decided taste for the drama, and was tolerably successful, but, being rated far beyond his merits, very

soon came to his level. Some great actor condescended to patronise him, and procured him an engagement in London, where he showed his breeding by grossly insulting his audience, and was kicked out by the actors, nor ever after dared to show his face in a metropolitan theatre. He was imprisoned for some time for debt, and on his liberation disappeared from notice till about four years ago, when he made his *début* here again as a star, performing high tragedy parts, under the title of 'Mr. Merrick, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.' It did not last above three or four nights, for here too he made his appearance in a state of intoxication, and was hissed from the stage. Since then, I believe, he has eked out a precarious subsistence by spouting at taverns and concert meetings, and teaching, though from his nauseous habits he is only patronised by the lowest class of clerks and shopmen of the town. I believe, however, the man has genius, and might have made a tolerable second-rate player, had he not acquired a ruinous propensity to drunkenness and low life, usually shining in such circumstances as the cock of the company."

Now I had always been a character-fancier, and here was indeed a rare specimen. I resolved to scrape an acquaintance with this strange subject at whatever cost, as I was certain that an intercourse with him would suggest many ideas of a fresh and original description, besides much entertainment and food for study and reflection, to a mind constituted like mine; consequently I took every opportunity of showing him kindness and respect; and one day, when he appeared rather lower in health than usual, asked him to stay a little after the departure of the surgeon and pupils, and enjoy the comfort of a cushioned seat and the dispensary fire, as he was thinly clad, and the weather very cold and wet. He appeared affected by this, and in gratitude seemed desirous of amusing me by his conversation, which was certainly of a very superior order.

He used the written, not the spoken language of England, and displayed a most extensive and varied information on all literary and dramatic topics, at the same time favoring me with sketches and anecdotes of the persons and conversations of several great spirits, of whom I could only form a vague and distant idea from their reputation or their works.

About three days after this he came again, and, lingering behind the rest as I was folding up and putting away the books, papers, and instruments, seemed inclined once more to enter into conversation. Though still very despondent, he appeared in better health than he had hitherto been, and I congratulated him.

"Oh, doctor," said he, "it's all bootless. Here—here" (beating his knuckles against his forehead) "here lies the seat of the disorder!" And, jumping to the middle of the room, he commenced, in regular theatrical style—

"Cure me of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

"Oh, Shakspeare, Shakspeare! thou angel whom I still have served—"

Here, observing me watch him intently, he broke off in the middle of his rhapsody, and, blushing deeply, took up his hat, passed his palm round the whitened edge of the napless crown, and with a hurried stage-bow made his exit.

Thereupon an idea struck me—I had all along fancied I had seen him before—the doubts I entertained were of the man, but I was now sure of the *acting*. But here let me begin a new paragraph.

At this time a troop of strolling players, taking advantage of the poverty of the Royal Theatre in talent, had erected an immense wooden and canvass booth in one of the public places of A—z, fitted up in all respects as a playhouse, only very squalid and miserable; nevertheless, adorned with a gaudy exterior, and bearing, painted over it, "The Royal Coronation Pavillion," or some other such sounding and senseless title.

This place used to be densely crowded nightly—for what reason I could not comprehend till I went there—and that by the lowest class of population. But one evening, urged by the spirit of adventure, I paid my three-pence (the price of admission to the *pit*!) and, pulling the collar of my pea-jacket up to my eyes, and the shade of my cap over them, entered, and leant against the frail wall of the "pavilion," awaiting the curtain's rise in the midst of as precious a pack of rapscallions as ever patronised the drama, or hustled an honest man.

Judge of my surprise and delight at witnessing a very tolerable abridgement of Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," performed in a style as much superior to that of the patent theatre as one could suppose the productions of a starving poor-devil, author to those of a literary duke. The man that played *Alexander* particularly struck me—indeed riveted my attention.

Him it was I now recognised in my patient. But it was not till long after that I gathered so much of his history as to be able to put together the events of the foregoing tale.

On his next visit I mentioned to him that I had seen him play. He looked confused, and asked "Where?"

I told him, and with a pitiful laugh he confessed it. I then entered into a highly favorable criticism on his style of acting, which was certainly equal to anything I had up to that period seen. He was pleased, and immediately commenced to me an analysis and comparison of the playing of Kean, Young, young Kean, Macready, Wallack, and other modern actors. One sentence will give an idea of this.

"But of them all," continued he, "Kean stands alone as the sun among the planets. Some come near him, and partake of his warmth and brightness—as his son, who is yet but in the proportion of Mercurius to the orb himself. Others are distant, pale, and frigid—as Macready, and his imitators, who form the Uranus and his satellites of this new system of theatrical *starring*. If I were desired to name the greatest geniuses of my time, I would enrol Bonaparte, Pitt, Byron, Brougham, and Kean—the warrior, statesman, poet, orator, and actor!"

These sentences, which have dwelt unaltered on my memory, will give a notion of the man, his thoughts, and language.

In concluding, he told me that, if I could relish the study of character under very peculiar modifying circumstances, I should come to the stage door of the booth any evening, and he would be most happy to introduce me to his fellow-strollers, whom I should discover to be a very different sort of people from what I had preconceived. That very evening I presented myself at the place, and, being immediately admitted, found myself in a situation of certainly a novel nature.

After being introduced to the various members of the troop, I took up my station close to the prompter's desk (a piece of rough-sawn plank), and looked past the edge of the scanty curtain upon the sea of heads outside, whose murmuring filled my ears loudly as the dash of waves.

The play was the "Iron Chest," and we only waited the arrival of *Sir Edward Mortimer* to begin. At length in he rushed, quite intoxicated. Nevertheless as he was a chief attraction, he was hurriedly dressed behind a large spare scene which enclosed a corner by way of tiring-room, and forthwith thrust upon the stage to perform.

The exhibition was most humiliating. The audience—such as it was—shrieked, hissed, and execrated, and, throwing stones, sticks, and turf upon the stage, would not suffer it to go on. Upon this the manager of the concern, a fellow of herculean proportions, caught his tragedian off and dashed him down upon a large property-chest, where he immediately fell into a deep slumber. Then going on himself, he played the part out in a dress, in which, as a countryman, he was to sing "Cherry-cheek'd Patty" between the pieces.

Disgusted, I was about to withdraw as soon as the fall of the curtain allowed me to cross the stage to the door, but I was stopped by the manager.

"I beg your pardon, young doctor," said he, "you have come to see Frank play. He has rather too much in him just now; but if you will wait till next house,* I can promise you will hear thunder, and no mistake. A glass of *hot-wiwh* will by that time just bring him bang up to the mark."

Judging it would be most prudent and safe, under the circumstances, to conceal my feelings, and acquiesce, I remained, and amused myself between the "houses" by conversing with the different members of the troop. I found them to be a curious, well-informed, witty, dissipated, careless—I was going to write abandoned—set, but that would be much stronger than the truth.

The leading comedian was just such another as Merrick. He was a Scotchman, and had been a favorite at the metropolitan and provincial theatres of that country, but liquor had been his bane and made him what he now was.

At length the immense booth was emptied, and again refilled to overflowing, and it was time the curtain should rise.

Thereupon the manager, compounding a strong glass of hot gin-and-

* Strollers usually perform the same pieces twice or thrice over in one evening—each time the barn or booth is filled it is called "a house;" and they may be heard talking of two houses of five pounds each, and one of three pounds, or such value. This note is for the benefit of the uninitiated.

water, roused up his tragedy hero, and administered the potion. The effect was electrical. Immediately he came up to me, took my hand, addressed me with perfect politeness (ay, that he did, though you may grin), then went upon the stage and played the character of *Sir Edward* in a more masterly manner than I had ever seen it done before or since.

I was much pleased—the spectators were in raptures—and Merrick, his eye lighted up by the embers of his expiring, and all but extinct genius, appeared to exult with all the pride of conscious merit in the applause of even such an audience.

After the performance of “*Luke the Laborer*,” with which the entertainments concluded, we all adjourned to a neighboring tavern, and finished the evening as none but a student of medicine could, and even he in no other society save that of ruined but not despairing actors.

About three or four days after this Merrick again made his appearance at the dispensary, but in a most deplorable state. His arm, from the shoulder down, was one mass of that inflammation called *St. Anthony's fire*. By the surgeon's desire I proceeded to question him, with the view to elucidate how he had come by this. After he had answered some of my interrogations, I asked,—

“You have been exposed to cold and wet, have you not?”

“Yes.”

“And the night-air?”

“Yes; I lay in the open air last night.”

“What—in the rain?”

“Did it rain?—*I was not aware of that.*”

“Were you in liquor—on your word now, Mr. Merrick?”

“*On my honor—no! It was the first time I have been really sober for years.*”

“And where did you lie out in such a night, if I may ask?”

“*In Saint Philip's churchyard!*” And, turning pale, he trembled.

The reader, aware of circumstances I did not then know, will here look backward in the tale.

We had him immediately taken into the hospital, and only preserved his life by extensive incisions into the diseased limb. He was delirious for some time, during which he continued to rave vague, unconnected passages from plays and poems; but at length he got so far convalescent as to be able to leave the hospital for a day—a liberty he urgently begged.

He did not return in the evening, but about four days after was brought back by his brother strollers, raving with the disease denominated *delirium tremens*. After having been so long kept by the discipline of the hospital from liquor, his craving for the accustomed stimulus had become unendurable, and he had quenched it with one uninterrupted debauch, the result of which was the state he was now in.

The reader is not probably aware that the chief characteristics of this disease are spectral illusions and inability to sleep—the latter the most important, seeing that, as soon as sleep has been induced, the patient's life may in general be considered safe.

We therefore had him bestowed in a small ward that had been built *behind one of the large ones*, into which it opened. This was known by

the name of the Back-Ward, and, at the time indicated, was untenanted—silent and solitary. A strait-jacket was laced upon him, a fire kindled to warm the place, and, after the administration of certain remedies, he was left, a nurse being appointed to sit by and watch him.

About ten o'clock that night I entered the outer ward. Here I found the nurse sitting beside her sister official, chatting by the fire. He was, consequently, unattended.

Going at once into the Back-Ward, an incident befel me which is one of the very few I have experienced approaching in a degree to the supernatural.

You have remarked, reader, that on going into a room, especially a half-darkened one, where already there is another individual, you have a vague, indefinable impression that there is somebody there—a perception almost of his presence—before his figure meets your eye, or the sound of his breathing or movement reaches your ear. A mesmerist I knew said that this resulted from an equalization of the magnetic fluid between the bodies of yourself and the other individual. Be that as it may, I must confess I have frequently experienced the phenomenon of having an internal feeling of the vicinity of a person to me whom my senses had not yet perceived. I do not say that this presentiment always occurs, but that it sometimes, nay, often happens, though it is possible that only people of peculiar turns of thought may observe it.

Now, on entering this Back-Ward, which was a very extensive, lofty-roofed apartment, lighted only by the fire and a single lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling, I had this unaccountable notion—I *felt* that there was some third individual there, besides Merrick and myself. So strong was the idea, that I had an angry word on my tongue for whomsoever it might be that was thus allowed, by the negligence of the nurse, to intrude upon my patient. But to my surprise, on the instant that I looked rightly round, there was really no being there save him and myself. Thereupon came over me that peculiar feeling for which there is no word in English, but which the Scotch express by the term “*eeriness*.” This, however, was increased to actual terror when the patient said, quite calmly and unconcernedly,—

“You need not go, Lily,—’tis only my friend, young Doctor D——, an excellent judge of acting, and gifted with a thorough taste for the beauties of our great favorite of old—”

All this while he was staring into the empty air behind me; then, turning to me he said with a wan smile,—

“Ah, she will go. Poor thing! she was always so shy. Hark!—her little one’s tiny mournful cry as she carries it away through that outer place there, but that will not much trouble her—her heart is fixed so firmly on another object. It’s a pity she has left, but I shall see her *to-night at the Woodlands*.”

I confess I trembled with awe and superstitious dread—my hair stood up—I felt cold and weak. Nevertheless I proceeded to administer the medicine which had been the occasion of my visit, and which was a preparation of opium applied in a way unintelligible to the general reader. Yet I could not consider myself safe till, emerging hurriedly into the main

ward, I saw the patients slumbering around, with the two crones of nurses murmuring by the fire.

But it was not to end thus. About midnight, one of these women rushed into my apartment in the hospital, and informed me that Merrick had burst from his strait-jacket, and having made his way into the main ward, was there play-acting, to the surprise and affright of the other patients. I hastily donned some clothes, and, going to the place, found the house surgeon, who had been called before me, already there.

He was standing regarding, from a safe distance, our patient, who, attired in the dress of the house, and with his strait-jacket fantastically disposed around him in the manner of a theatrical costume, was moving rapidly, but with tottering, about the floor, reciting a medley of disjointed passages from different plays.

All around the large, dimly-lighted hall, the patients, in their strange-looking white dresses and cowls, sat up in their beds, which most of them were unable to get away from, on account of broken limbs or other injuries, their pallid faces expressing wonder and dismay at the singular and startling scene that was enacting before them.

Merrick appeared very weak; he staggered every now and then, and his voice faltered, but his eye was brilliant with an unnatural fire, as he went on declaiming—

"The wounds that pain'd—the wounds that murder'd me,
Were given before. I was already dead.
This only marks my body for the grave.*

Oh, my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee.
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?
My heart, too, heavens—†

Oh thou, my love, my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath no power yet upon thy beauty.‡

Soft you! a word or two before you go.
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am—nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one not easily jealous, but whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe—of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum."||

He fell to the floor.

The rest is silence !§

* "Revenge." † "Alexander the Great." ‡ "Romeo and Juliet."
|| "Othello." § "Hamlet."

"Very well acted, Mr. Merrick," said the house-surgeon, as we caught his hands; "having played out your part, you had better go to bed now. Bless me, he is asleep already!"

"Yes," said I, "he sleeps well after life's fitful fever.—He is dead!"

CHAPTER X.

AN EXCURSION WITH BOB WHYTE.

"I CANNOT conceive a more deluding error," said Bob Whyte, a fellow-student, "than to imagine that a man, because he is devoted to pursuits of science or philosophy (for you must be aware that it is now generally considered desirable to attach different meanings to these two words—understanding the first to include all investigation of the properties of matter—using the second to designate all inquiry into mental phenomena),—I cannot conceive," he continued, "a more palpable blunder than to fancy that a man, because he is even enthusiastically given to such subjects, must be therefore a cold, grave, abstracted being, unwitting of the creature-comforts of this life—who revels not in the sunburst of woman's eye, nor cares by a luting of lips to inhale into his system her dew-beladen breath, the gaseous sublimate (to indulge in a chemical metaphor) of her gentle being—ungifted with an eye to look with Byron's on Mount Jura—unennobled with a mouth to expand withal into a guffaw at Hood's last and brightest.

"The tree of knowledge was surely not a thorn-tree—no, it bloomed in the midst of a garden, and bore fruit so luscious as to tempt to the first and greatest of all rebellions! So is it still—so should it be. To shroud the beauty of the bright goddess, *STUDY*, under a pall of melancholy gloom—a forbidding curtain of dust and cobwebs—is as bad as to hang the ascetic veil before the sweet smile of the Madonna, Religion.

"For instance,—now here are you and I, Grim, (to me, the Medical Student, briefly and affectionately), to flatter ourselves we are up to a wrinkle or two on some rather abstruse point. Prithee, who broke his collar-bone at football t'other day? Who fished Lord What's-his-name's trout-streams, and he never the wiser? Who was drunk o' Wednesday? Who was caught—"

"No more of that, Bob, if you love me; get on with the affair you are at."

Now this affair was the manufacture, with a blow-pipe and spirit-lamp, of a curious little bit of glass apparatus, which he intended to use in exhibiting to the Scandsonian Scientific Society, a new method he had hit upon of making the salts of manganese.

ways been a delicate creature, and her bodily and mental energy were now complete prostrated.

Late in the evening she reached the house of Mrs. Merrick, upon whose bosom her anguish at length found relief in tears, and immediately after she dropped into a deep and lengthened slumber. The matron as she watched her, saw her wan face beam once again with the sweet shy smile that had of old characterised it, and heard her murmur audibly the word "Hamlet!" The dream was happy, but think of the awaking. Her health was now falling away rapidly. She had never left her bed. There she remained continually, while her venerable nurse ministered to her with more than the assiduity and tenderness of a mother. Indeed, by that name she always called her. Her voice had now acquired a lengthened, low, plaintive tone, ineffably sweet and mournful; her every action was sluggish and careless; and ever and anon, as she lay, she sighed very deeply as if her life were coming with the breath. But still she seemed to take some pleasure, albeit of a melancholy cast, in combing her long hair, which was luxuriant, soft, and of a beautiful chestnut-color, and in hourly cleaning her small, white, and graceful hands.

There was yet no note of him. She had ceased now to hope for any; but still she loved to talk of him with his mother, and to listen to her anecdotes of his innocent boyhood. She liked, too, to hear her talk of his talents with pride, and dream of what he would yet become. But when she spoke of his return to them, her reply was a faint smile and a sorrowful shake of the head, with perhaps,—

"I am afraid I shall never see it, mother."

At length, as time went on, she became the mother of an infant, which did not survive its third day. She did not exhibit much maternal emotion at this event, probably because her heart was already occupied to the full with one object.

Getting over the immediate ailment connected with this occurrence, she recovered, to the extent only of her former pining, decaying condition. Still she never arose from her bed, but there remained, gradually wasting away with consuming sorrow.

The surgeon that was called in, was at first inclined to consider consumption the disorder, but the experience of a few visits convinced him that this was an error, her lungs being as healthy as any other part of her frame; but at length he lighted upon the true proximate cause—"a mind diseased." He advised change of scene. When she heard him, shaking her head, she buried it more deeply in her pillow, as if she had said, "I have chosen my resting-place, and will not be removed."

Mrs. Merrick had all this while been drawing, with her consent, upon her father's bankers, for they had no other means of finding their bread, Merrick having sent no remittance since the one last alluded to. Every order that bore the slightly traced signature of Lillias Raby was honored immediately, and without remark, and thus these women were enabled to preserve unprofaned the sanctity of their grief.

But while she was thus surely gliding to the grave, an event happened that threw a most vivid light upon the latter portion of the lapse.

A young man of very great natural abilities, but bashful and retired

habits, had filled the situation of scene-painter and property-man at the theatre in which Merrick played at A—z. Between them an intimacy had latterly sprung up, greater than had existed between the latter and any other friend. The one was an enthusiast in painting as much as was the other in acting, and the difference of their pursuits preventing any jarring of envy, while their intellects were thus formed to agree, the consequence was, that in the few months they were together this young man had acquired his confidence to a degree which another individual could not in years have obtained.

When Merrick left for London, he promised to do his utmost to advance the fortunes of his comrade, and a regular correspondence ensued between them. But, about a month after the birth of Lilius' infant, this person was killed suddenly in the theatre, by the fall of one of the iron weights that hung as counterpoises to the ponderous curtain. His father, with whom he had lived, and who was a working man of a higher sort of grade, finding among his books and papers a number of letters signed Francis Merrick, and hearing it stated by a neighbor of his mother, that she had received no intelligence of him lately, at once packed them up, and himself called with them to relieve her mind. He was a very illiterate man, unable to understand the style of language they were written in, and, having merely spelt through some sentences of them, he delivered them up without further knowledge of their contents.

Upon his withdrawal, poor Lilius called for them with frantic eagerness, her behavior being in perfect contrast to what it had been an hour before. Her hands trembling, her cheek flushed, her eyes glistening, she hurriedly arranged them by their dates, pressing them to her lips and bosom the while, and then plunged into their sense.

The first one or two were such as might be expected from one young man of ability to another, upon a change in locality, fortune, and habits, to which that other also looked forward. He described London generally, the aspect of the streets, prices of lodgings, food, &c. Then the theatres were minutely gone over, their sites, size, architecture, scenery—the players, their line and style of acting, personal appearance, apparent ages, and the probable returns they drew from their profession.

Then there were others filled with his difficulties—disappointments; his dependence on ———; that gentleman's efforts, and finally success, in obtaining for him an engagement. His first appearance in the third-rate character of *Lorenzo* he described at length, in those terms which a man conscious of talent feels no scruple in using to a confidential and unenvying friend.

But shortly she came to a letter that riveted her attention. It was a long, closely-written paper, every word regarding a distinguished comic actress, whom we shall here denominate Mrs. B——. Her ravishing beauty, and either real or well-acted girlish simplicity, he particularly dwelt upon. Her consummate histrionic talent was also a theme with him of warm admiration, as were many other accomplishments he had had opportunity of seeing her display. All this was done in the most glowing language.

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numerous hot rolls, whose scooped interiors afforded room in each for a rich stratum of ham—in short, a kind of half-natural sandwiches.

Having ascertained that we were all right, we left the apparatus-room, and, giving the key in charge to the porter, emerged into the street, and marched along to the sound of a lively air, which Bob whistled with admirable precision and effect.

As we went, happening to pass several edifices in Grecian taste, we forthwith began to discuss the subject of architecture.

"I am glad to think," said Bob, "I am glad to see it daily more evident, that the strange and most questionable taste of valuing everything that is ancient in literature or art is on the decline—in fact about speedily to go out altogether. I am not aware of any humbug that has so long withstood the march of sovereign common sense as this. A man that can grope through two dead languages is even yet held in more honor than one that can walk over Europe without an interpreter, while our ears are dinned and our eyes blinded with affectation about the sublimity of the Greek tragedies, the wisdom of old heathen philosophers, or the astounding eloquence of Roman orators, and at the same time ten to one but the honest folks that are so *havering* in speech and on paper are altogether unacquainted with what they are ranting about, unless perchance by means of a translation by some clever modern, many times superior to the old original."

I endeavored to combat this sweeping criticism, but Bob would only agree with me on one point.

"Yes," said he, "their architecture is indeed worthy of all the praise it gets, and more than can be given to it. The Greek temples must have been perfection; but they do not so much excite my admiration as the stupendous remains of the more olden eras—the temples and pyramids on the banks of the great river of Egypt. Now the temples—and most noble they are—raise my wonder, and all that, but all is in a measure plain and above-board with regard to them, and there is pleasure interwoven with the astonishment. But then these pyramids—there hangs around them a kind of magnificent mysterious obscurity—a strange, vague, indefinable, semi-supernatural sublimity, different from that which clothes any other earthly object. There they are, but how, when, by whom, or for what purpose they were placed there, who can show? Many a long rigmarole have I read of them, and many a history and many a use have I seen ascribed to them, but all is uncertainty—hardly deserving the name of hypothesis. I have seen them proved to be tombs, treasuries, observatories, altars, gnomons of mighty sun-dials, penetralia for superstitious mysteries, and, quaintest of all, images of Mount Ararat, standing amid the inundations of the river, as it stood among the waters of the Deluge, and erected to be worshipped as types of the Saviour mountain, the tale of which, marred by tradition, had thus descended to the sons of Ham. Now I would but add another opinion to the list to render the puzzle complete—it is, that they are monuments set up whereby to remember great epochs. It is and has been the custom of men, in all places and at all times, to mark important events by the setting up of stones, single or in

heaps, rude or highly wrought, according to the state of civilization. Now I would suggest that one of these may have commemorated the expulsion of the Pales Hyccos—shepherd-kings, or whatever other name chronologists may have gone to loggerheads about them by; another might have—”

“Stop,” cried I; “if you are going on at that rate I can give you another explanation, about as probable, and certainly more original—viz. that they were just rough heaps of stones piled up in a geometrical figure (the Egyptians doing everything on such principles), to be at hand when wanted for useful purposes, such as the erection of temples, fortifications, &c., the same as piles of made bricks in a clay-field. You are well aware that there were no quarries in the valley of the Nile, and to think that the material was brought stone by stone from the mountains, as buildings were in the process of being raised, is absurd. Another fact I could bring in support of my hypothesis is the insignificance of the chambers they contain, compared with the bulk of the piles themselves, of whose builders the sole object seems to have been the heaping together of the greatest possible quantity of stone in the smallest possible space and safest possible figure.”

“Bah!” interjected Bob.

Thus conversing we padded along, while the rising sun poured around us all the glorious freshness and fragrance of a midsummer morning. Leaving behind us the scattered outskirts of the populous suburbs of Soandso, we marched northward along a road winding through cultivated fields and dense plantations, everything around rejoicing in the beauty of early day, and raising in our hearts a feeling of exhilaration like that excited by the clear laugh of a youthful maiden’s glee.

Now the path would ascend a gentle inclination, from the summit of which we could see a bright expanse of landscape stretching far before us and on either side, with the sinuous road winding through it, like a tangled piece of yellow tape, now hid behind a wood-crowned eminence, now lost amid a spreading flood of deep green foliage, far and widely inundating the noble prospect; scattered also over which were to be caught frequent glimpses of skyey water, which the eye delighted to puzzle itself withal, endeavoring to trace them into a river or lengthened lake; while in the front distance upsprang before the view the lofty hills, the object of our travel, steeped in a rich and vapoury aerial tint, that varied in its warmth from the deepest blue to the lightest and most heavenly rosiness.

Then, as we descended the acclivity, while this bright scene seemed to sink from the sight around us, we would have haply on one side the way a hay-field, with the farm-people, male and female, crowding jocund at their early labor, and laughing and talking loudly as they turned and tedded the odorous grass. Anon, when we reached the bottom of the hollow, a streamlet would salute us, rattling cheerily between and under its bosky banks, dipping suddenly beneath the road, then popping its noisy prattle out at the other side, and running merrily away, like a pretty child playing at bo-peep with you.

Nay, the very air thrilled with the clear melody of birds about and over us, and once from out a thick green wood, about two fields off or so, a

dulcet music came floating to our ears, which Bob, standing still in a rapture, averred, upon his credit, to be that of the nightingale, Heaven's own high chorister.

Presently, as we walked on, our eyes would be attracted to the sombre pinnacles of some dusky old ruin, the castle erst of grim baron or gallant knight, rising majestically dark from out the deep green foliage that surrounded it; and half a mile farther we would come to a princely modern mansion, with pillared gateway and sweeping avenue, far up which could be spied a man walking with a gun in his hand and a couple of dogs at his heels—the gamekeeper on his morning rounds.

All was brightness, warmth, freshness, and promise, and as we marched along we ceased to talk, and whistled and sang in very lightness of heart. Farther and farther as the morning advanced into day, the highway became thronged with country folks, young men and maidens crowding into the town, for it was a great corn and cattle market-day; their quaint dresses contrasting strangely in cut and texture with what we had been used to see worn by townspeople. Frequent herds of cattle and flocks of sheep passed us, and carts, cars, and waggons, and now and then a group of young horses, prancing along with their ears flaunting with gay ribbons.

But when we had travelled thus for two or three hours, stopping frequently to admire points of view, to chat with young country girls tripping lightly to the fair, to sketch a cottage near a wood, or to smoke a cheroot under a green tree, at length our stomachs (admirable chronometers!) began to indicate the hour for breakfast. The first symptom of this came from my companion, who solemnly declared that the vacuum of Torricelli was a joke to what existed in his interior, and that though the former, in some opinions, might be actually filled with the vapor of water or of mercury, yet the latter, in his own opinion, required a supply of a decidedly more stimulating description.

To this I replied by proposing an immediate attack upon the contents of my plant-case. This was negatived by my friend, whose idea was that we should retire from the public path, and in some sequestered spot enjoy the luxury of a rustic breakfast, with a rest at the same time. With this view he was about to lead the way up a beautiful green lane, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a figure which, rounding a turn in the road a short way in advance, came into view moving swiftly toward us.

It was a slight but very well made young man, in age apparently a little beyond twenty years. He wore a short, round coat, of what had once been green corduroy, a waistcoat of a thick, heavy shawl stuff, very brilliant in its pattern, but somewhat frayed and buttonless, yet clean. It was open, exposing a shirt of a blue check, round which a Turkey-red cotton handkerchief had been tied by way of neckcloth. His other garments were of that kind, a thin pair of which, when in company with a light heart, is wisely said to have an amazing facility in going through the world (brave boys). To one side of his head drooped gracefully a glazed cap, glistening in the sunbeams, and over his shoulder he bore a long sword, with an old leather hat-box dangling from its point behind him.

The fellow, like all other vagabonds, had curled hair and a good-humored face, and came along whistling loudly and clearly the air from "Fra Diavola," "On yonder rock reclining."

As he came up, Bob accosted this remarkable specimen with—

"Would you sell your whistle, comrade?"

"No, but I should like to wet it, if it's all the same to you," was the reply.

"You shall wet it, and whet your appetite too," cried Bob. "Come with us; we are just going out of the way to enjoy a quiet breakfast; come and share it—you are most welcome. Never fear, there's lots of prog!"

"Why, for that matter, gentlemen," quoth he, "I have myself some slices of cold corned beef, half a loaf, two hard-boiled eggs, and a flask of gin, and with your leave I shall be glad to join you. More than that, I have some niggerhead, a short pipe, and a gun-flint and a bit of steel in my pockets, for a light."

"Never mind," said Bob, as we moved up the lane together; "my young friend there carries a lens of singularly concentrative power, one of old Dolland's; and if that fail I have in my pocket a phial of Nordhausen sulphuric acid that would burn Beelzebub's eye out."

We might have gone a couple of hundred yards up the lane, rounding two turnings in the way, when we came to a high old Gothic arch, spanning a small stream. This came down through a scooped channel, the sides of which were plentifully overhung with birches and willows, with abundance of bushes and red-berried mountain ashes intermingled. Nevertheless, along the sunny side of the water there ran a long rounded stripe of most vivid green sward, with a narrow edging of white pebbles.

We were at once unanimous in selecting this spot as the scene of our repast; and so, one after the other, jumping over the corner of the bridge, we found our way to the bank, over sweeter than which Titania herself never led the revels.

I was the first down, being the lightest of the three; but the moment my foot touched the sward I stood fixed, whilst escaped me the half-smothered exclamation, "Dorothea washing her feet!" for my thoughts were flown with on the instant to a scene in that most witching of romances, the adventures of the dear old Don of La Mancha.

It was a beautiful young damsel that I saw, and she sat on the grass, by the water's edge, with one foot on her opposite knee, whereat she appeared to be gazing most earnestly and pitifully, unconscious of our vicinity. Her thick chesnut hair fell loosely over her shoulders, for it had never been humbugged with oil or any other cosmetic, and her little cottage straw bonnet lay on the grass beside her, a thing unwonted to her, the virgin snood of blue satin ribbon being her usual head-dress. Her face was most singularly sweet and simple, her figure light and girlish, and her whole aspect expressive of innocent youth, prettiness, and rusticity.

As soon as she saw us she sprang up, and, with her face sweetly red as a robin's bosom, stood gazing at us, balancing herself on her heel, and trembling violently.

"Bless me!" cried my friend, "she has a thorn in her foot;" and stepping gently forward, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a pigmy case of surgical instruments (the manufacture of his own hands, for Bob had a genius,) and, himself blushing a little, offered his aid.

The girl, apparently not knowing what better to do, allowed him, and in a trice he had extracted the obnoxious thorn, and with a little bit of lint, and a tiny strap of lead plaster, dressed the puncture, so as almost entirely to remove the pain. Thereupon, her color flushing and paling, a smile of bashful pleasure filled her countenance at the relief she experienced, though her modesty could not in words express the gratitude she felt. But Bob, lifting from the grass her shawl of dark-colored tartan, threw it upon her shoulders, and, while she hurriedly clubbed up her hair behind, took her bonnet, and, going round in front, drew it upon her head, and, as he moved it this way and that way, to make it sit prettily, there echoed under the arch, and all among the rocks, trees, and bushes, a sound which those skilled in wood-notes wild would infallibly have pronounced to be a smack. Upon this, the creature sprang from us, and ran lightly up the bank. But she paused upon the bridge, and, giving us one glance, probably to see if we were not looking the other way, bounded off like a startled fawn.

As she did, Bob knocked his heel to the ground with vehemence, and, dropping upon the grass, pulled the bottle from his box, clapped it to his head, and remained for a while gazing fixedly up to heaven. Then it passed to me, and from me to the stranger, who, drawing from his pocket a little leathern cup, took a quantity which he tempered with water from the stream, for his stomach was a southern one, of a Yorkshire fabric, and not at all calculated for the geyser fluids of the far north.

Seating ourselves upon the grass, at a spot where the scattered foliage of a young willow afforded a kind of half-shade, half-sunshine, we opened our several stores, and commenced upon proceedings, which I am certain would at once have convinced a materialist of the unstable nature of his theories with regard to the indestructibility of matter.

Whilst this went on, frequent were the jests, the quips, and cranks, that flew from each to each, nor was the laughter that resounded among the rocky ledges less clear and cheerful than the merry rush of the limpid waters near us.

But when we had concluded our repast, the properties of my lens were called into requisition, and, having procured a Promethean spark from the sun, I returned under the shade, where, communicating the fire to my friend and the stranger, we reclined at length upon the bank, and forthwith began to fling into the air clouds of incense, fragrant as ever ascended before Diana's shrine, for I had in a pocket of my jacket a case of Manillas stuffed to the full; moreover, in the crown of my friend's hat was a brown paper parcel containing as many more, of as rich a quality.

At length my comrade, taking the cheroot from his mouth, pointed with it to the bed of the stream, and remarked,—

"I remember a certain passage in *Æschylus*, I think, where he compares the muscles of a strong man in action to the rounded water-worn

stones in the bed of a rivulet—a most happy and original simile, is it not?”

Upon my acquiescing in its aptness, our companion asked who was this Mr. What'soname.

“An old Grecian,” said Bob, “that my friend here and I have been intimate with; but we should not have mentioned him—probably you don't know about these things?”

“Oh, don't I? I should surmise it's not the first time I have tried it cn. Look ye here.”

And, springing up, he threw his symmetrical, though slender frame, into certain violent but by no means unpicturesque attitudes, which he informed us constituted the “Grecian Statues,” as done by the first performers, beginning with “Ajax defying the lightning,” and concluding with “the fighting and dying Gladiator in six positions.”

All this, which he went through with an amusing jauntiness of demeanor, was highly entertaining to us, and we acknowledged, by mutually understood signs, that we had stumbled upon an original.

We thanked him for his display, and handed him another cheroot, when, throwing himself carelessly upon the sod, he entered with amazing spirit and volubility into a rambling conversation about all sorts of theatrical matters, in the course of which he displayed a singular freedom and communicativeness in talking of his own fortunes.

He had been a player from his infancy—from his birth, in fact, having come into the world behind the scenes, in a barn, during the performance of “The Devil to Pay,” to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Thereafter he had performed all kinds of parts, from the baby in the pantomime, and the child in “Pizarro,” to *King Lear* and *Ali Pasha*—tragedy, comedy, farce, or melodrama coming alike indifferently to him. Moreover, he had practiced as ventriloquist, rope-dancer, posturer, clown of a circus, tumbler, and Indian juggler, and the sword he bore with him had been swallowed into his stomach and brandished against the *Earl of Richmond* with equal frequency and effect.

We had all along felt a singular interest in him, he appeared so good-humored, so regardless, so much a child of Providence. Never did I see one seemingly so well acquainted with the world, and yet so easy, unsuspecting, so blessed with animal spirits, and withal so unassuming; and I began to feel a kind of regret that a few minutes would sever us, probably never to meet more.

Possibly similar feelings were passing through his mind; for, after a pensive silence of some duration, when he remarked that in this his checkered career he must have been a witness to many strange scenes, he came out abruptly and without preface, with the following anecdote, which I here introduce as EPISODE No. 1. of this my narration, christening it with a drop of ink by the title of

“THE EQUESTRIAN'S CHILD.”

It is about three years since I was engaged to play in an equestrian company. It was managed by a Mr. Codoni, of Italian extraction, and of much respectability. For a short time previously I had been an ill-remem-

nerated member of a country dramatic circuit, in which low comic parts had principally fallen to my lot. This person, taking a fancy to my powers in that way, made offer to me of the tempting salary of two guineas a-week to become clown to the ring in this exhibition. I must confess I had some qualms. The descent from the legitimate drama was sufficiently bitter to the feelings of a young actor, and I feared that for the future my pretensions to respectability would be *four-footed*, like those of my quadruped fellow-performers (I beg pardon, for I shan't err a second time)—but I put the affront into my pocket, and the two guineas into the opposite one; when, finding my equilibrium perfect, I at once deserted the boards and took to the sawdust—threw up the sock and buskin, and donned the cap and bells; and very excellent fooling I made, believe me.

"Mr. Codoni's establishment was a very superb one, in fact the most so of anything of the kind that ever existed in England, out of the metropolis. He travelled with it from one to another of the great provincial cities, erecting, where he could not have access to the theatres, immense buildings of wood, which often in solidity and splendor seemed more calculated for permanent public structures than the mere portable fabrics of a season.

"The building I was engaged to play in was of this description, and I believe the largest he had ever erected. It was in an exceedingly populous and wealthy manufacturing town, and, as the support he met with was very liberal, he in return made every sacrifice to merit this, which the possession of a considerable capital, honestly accumulated in his profession enabled him to do.

"The extent of ground the building occupied was very great, for, besides a large place for exhibition, it contained stables for a stud of fifty horses, dressing-rooms, for biped and quadruped performers, saloons for the audience, and apartments for above a dozen servants connected with the concern, who lived constantly there.

"The circus itself, or place of exhibition, consisted of, first, the circle, or arena, a large round space, about fifty feet in diameter, depressed toward the centre. From this stretched back on two sides were tiers of seats for spectators, on a level with the open space for some yards back, but, beyond that, ascending more and more, till the last touched the lofty roof. One of these divisions was named the gallery; the opposite one, which had the seats cushioned and backed, was called the pit. The other two sides were occupied each with a double row of boxes, pierced with two wide curtained entrances for the performers. The fronts of these boxes, as well as the various pillars and supports about the place, were ornamented with medallions and shields, having upon them armorial bearings and paintings, very well executed, of such subjects as 'Mazepa,' horses in a storm, a horse attacked by a lion, &c., or perhaps portraits of celebrated racehorses or hunters. Several vases with flowers, standing on small ornamented shelves between, gave an air of taste to the place, much heightened by a profusion of little silken flags, disposed in hanging groups where they could not interfere with the view of the performances.

"The roof, which was slated, was very high, and concealed on the in-

side by a ceiling of striped silk of red and white, star-shaped, through the centre of which was suspended a very large gasolier, with a profusion of jets perfectly dazzling to the eye. The aspect of the place altogether was magnificent in the extreme, and at the same time quite tasteful and in keeping; and you may well surmise that I soon got proud enough of my new line of life, and cocked my hat in the faces of my old fellow-strollers of the legitimate school, with an air sufficiently supercilious and self-gratulatory.

"But if the building was thus meriting all praise, not one whit less so was the company—a most numerous and well-appointed one, consisting altogether of at least a hundred individuals, several of them equal—nay, some of them much superior—to the general run of metropolitan performers.

"But the chief attraction when I joined the corps, and that which nightly filled the great amphitheatre to overflowing, was a female equestrian, whose enactments were of a most original and interesting—nay, often startling excellence.

"She was a woman of striking beauty, which, though a little past its prime and beginning to fade, was, nevertheless, by a little art and trouble, capable of a perfect restoration to its original brilliancy. She was a universal favorite, and the applause she nightly drew down was most unanimous and decided, and she seemed fully alive to it—in fact, her features used to exhibit a strange, glowing pleasure in the noise that thundered around from every quarter of the vast and sonorous edifice, of a nature which I have never seen depicted on the countenance of any other player. A kind of anomalous enthusiastic delight, it seemed of an altogether unexplainable expression.

"Her face was regular in its beauty, save that a few might have considered it somewhat too long, and was of a decidedly Jewish cast. Her eyes were large, black, and rolling, with a remarkably yellowish glow about them, something like that reflected from a mirror in a room where there is a fire, but no other light. Her hair was short, somewhat thin, but silky, and black as the very raven down of darkness itself.

"Her figure again was the perfection of symmetry, and the lightness and elegance—the easy, confident, swimming grace wherewith she went through her evolutions on horseback, accompanied by the sort of absent mystical smile of strange internal pleasure she constantly wore in such circumstances—rendered her an object which the eyes of the spectator felt pain in being removed from for one instant, from her first entrance till her final exit.

"But there was another without whom she hardly ever appeared in the circle, and who perhaps constituted a principal part of the charm that hung around her—her daughter, a tiny child of about three years old, exceedingly small for its age, but of much intelligence and beauty. Its face seemed absolutely angelic, whilst its little frame rivalled its mother's in grace. It was a light-tinted, flaxen-haired girl, altogether unlike its parent in features, save that its eyes of laughing hazel might possibly have fragments from the dazzling dark orbs of the mother.

"Of this child she was immoderately, dotingly fond. She was continually caressing it and talking to it in some foreign language, and never

for a moment allowed it away from her sight ; her very heart seemed rapt in the infant.

"Daily in the public promenades she might be seen walking along, talking and smiling with an ineffable sweetness to her darling, and apparently careless, or rather scornful, of the numerous young men that watched her, crossing the street, and crossing again to get glimpses at her face, and see whether that beauty which had so fascinated them amid the glare of gas, the crash of music, and the flutter of drapery, would bear the test of sober day ; or others, who, by various schemes and affectations, endeavored to draw upon themselves one of those looks of love, which she lavished in such profusion on her little companion.

"But if she bore toward her daughter such affection, the child seemed to return it with a devotion scarcely less ardent. It was never happy but when foudling and fondled by her, and was always pining and moping, 'bad' (to use a technical term), when her avocations led her from its society. On this account it never was that favorite among us which its beauty and intelligence might otherwise have rendered it.

"I may state that she was a woman of very low moral character—an abandoned and utterly profligate person, indeed—apparently without any one redeeming feature, save the engrossing attachment to her infant. I shall say no more on this point, but leave you, considering her station in life, to guess the rest.

"Her name was Clara Benattar, as was also that of her daughter. She was said to be an Italian Jewess, though we could only surmise her origin, as she never talked of any of the past events of her life. At all events she had played for a considerable time at Franconi's, in Paris, where a son of Mr. Codoni engaged her.

"The child and she used constantly to perform together on horseback, or on the tight-rope or slack-wire, on all of which she displayed consummate proficiency and grace, but especially the first. They were wont thus to assume such characters as Venus and Cupid, Psyche and Cupid, Hebe and Ganymede, Aurora and Yephyr ; and the confidence, the total absence of fear displayed by the little one, when apparently in the most dangerous positions—nay, its look of wild delight when in such circumstances—its shrill, joyous laughter and exclamations, and the clapping of its tiny hands, conspired to take away every feeling of anxiety from the minds of the spectators, and leave them lost in delight and wonder.

"The animal, too, that she chiefly used, as if to render the exhibition perfect, was one of exceeding spirit and beauty. It was a young blood mare, black as a coal, which, having been rendered unfit, by an easily concealed accident, for the turf or chase, was purchased by our manager, and trained for exhibition in the arena.

"Well, our season—a perfectly successful one, though prolonged to the utmost—at length was over, and the benefit-nights came on.

"It was Clara's benefit, and she had advertised some of her most beautiful and attractive performances. The great building, as might be expected, was crowded to the utmost in every part, but especially the gallery, the low rate of admission to which caused it to be frequented chiefly by the inferior and more juvenile portion of the community.

"A gorgeous spectacle commenced the entertainments, and, when it was over, Madame Clara and her child were announced amid continued rounds of applause. The black mare was first introduced, and led round the ring by two of the servants of the establishment, who ran at its head, for as yet it had not become so habituated to its occupation as not to be startled by the glare of gas, the shouting of the audience, and the ear-piercing music of our band.

"Then Clara bounded lightly into the arena, attired in a drapery that set off her unrivalled symmetry of person to an admirable degree. It was intended to picture her as Ariadne; and round her loose, short, black curls was bound a garland of roses, lilies, and vine-blossoms—all artificial, of course, but perhaps better calculated than real for a scenic display.

"When, with one of her strange, enchanting smiles she had curtsied lowly to the house, in jumped her lovely child, attired in a close-fitting skin-colored dress, with two tiny butterfly-wings like a little Cupid, bearing in one hand a thyrsus, or bunch of grapes, and in the other a small gilded chalice.

"In a twinkling this little Bacchus had sprung with a clear cry of joyous laughter into her arms, and, kissing the creature with an appearance of the utmost fondness on the lips and brow, she took a few quick steps, and with a bound seated herself on the unsaddled back of the black mare. Upon the instant the grooms let go its head, and away it darted, galloping furiously round the circle, while the band struck up a most fairy-like and beautiful strain, one of the dance airs in the opera 'La Favorite,' of Donizetti, and the two men retreated to the centre, alongside of the riding master and myself.

"For a time nothing was to be heard save the muffled-sounding rapid tread of the horse's feet among the sawdust, and the fitful rise and fall of the wild melody from the lighter instruments of the band, with perhaps now and then an insuppressible exclamation of delight from scattered members of the audience. With these exceptions, all was breathless silence and admiration, as the fair equestrian and her child went on with their daring and graceful evolutions.

"Now she would recline at length on the bare back of the flying steed, with an appearance of utmost ease and unconcern, whilst the tiny Bacchus nestled in her bosom. Anon she would gently rise, kneel upon one knee in an attitude classically graceful, and look round and upward to the little one that, perched on her shoulder and embracing her flower-girt brow, would seem to be laughingly pressing the juice from the grape-cluster into the chalice she held aloft in her hand.

"All this while, the smiling look of warm and passionate affection to the infant never left her lovely features, though it was occasionally mingled with the blushful glow of strange inward exultation, so characteristic of her, at the quick, short rattles of applause that seemed to burst at once from the whole enraptured audience.

"Then she rose gracefully to her feet, every change of posture being marked by the most poetical elegance of motion, and, skipped lightly on the bare croup of the wildly-galloping mare, whirling the young Bacchus about her head the while, or rather seeming to make the infant deity fly

with its little fluttering wings, as she danced in swimming gyrations.

"The way this latter feat was managed was simple enough. A system of bands, of thin but strong leather, passed under the child's dress round its waist, beneath it, and over its shoulders. These all met and were secured together at the bend of its back to a strong steel ring, which she wore round three fingers of her hand, with the fourth and thumb controlling by a wire the two little gauze wings at its shoulders, which were mounted on small spiral springs, so that she could make them quiver, or fold them to its back, as she pleased.

"Well, while she was thus flying round, and while the house was all eye for her, and all ear for the admirable musical accompaniment—whilst the horse was galloping at its most furious speed—at once, just as she was opposite to the pit, the winged Bacchus seemed to leave her shoulder, and fly towards the ground.

"As it fell, one of the wildly flung-up hind hoofs of the animal met it, and the next instant it was tossed lifeless and almost headless into the air, and its little body, with its painted wings and gaudy frippery, lay dead and motionless, like a crushed butterfly, among the dust of the arena.

"There was a strange, sudden bustle among the spectators at first—they rose to their feet by masses; many screamed abruptly with dread, others gave hurried words of direction, and numbers jumped from the pit and lower boxes to render assistance. But the great majority were altogether unconscious, for the first moment or two, of the harrowing event—their eyes following the equally unconscious equestrian, as she was borne with lightning speed round the circle.

"The riding-master and myself, stunned with the sight for a second, as soon as we could command our limbs, sprang from the centre, where we stood, to raise the shattered body of the child; but ere he had time to touch it, the fiery gallop of the black mare had swept its rider round the ring, and she appeared on the same spot.

"As she came near she seemed paralysed with surprise and horror, standing in an attitude forcibly expressive of these emotions, on the back of the animal, (whereon, from mechanical habit merely for it could not be from effort she continued to maintain her balance,) and with starting eyes, uplifted brows, parted lips and features the deadly pallor of which was fearfully evident beneath the warm, artificial complexion they bore, regarding the steel ring upon her hand, to which a fragment of leather was all that was now attached.

"But when she saw the mangled frame of her heart's idol motionless among the dust, with the wild shriek of a mother's despair she leaped from the place, and fell, frantically grovelling on the ground beside it. A strange unnatural scream was that!—such as shall ring through my brain when age or disease may have made my ears impervious; and it rose in loud and louder waves of piercing sound, till it filled the four corners of the vast amphitheatre, and was sent back in echoes and reverberations to lacerate anew the hearing, quashing the tumult of the alarmed and excited audience, as the crash of thunder in a tempest drowns the turmoil of the waters.

"*All was confusion and uproar, amazement and terror, among the peo-*

ple; women fainted, and children were crushed and trodden upon, and they struggled hither and thither apparently without any object—a strong panic seeming to have taken possession of them; while over the whole floated a deafening roar of mingled noises, louder than the loudest applause that had ever sounded there.

"Meanwhile the band went on with the music, blowing and stringing their utmost to be heard above the clamor in the arena; for they were placed behind a screen in one of the entrance-passages, to allow the orchestra to be filled with spectators, and were not aware of what had happened.

"The horse, moreover, riderless, and frantic with fear and excitement, flew round and round, tossing its head in the air, and flinging aloft the dust from its heels. Several of the company and servants, rushing in from without, made attempts to catch it, in which I also joined. But they were in vain; for the affrighted creature, darting from its course, dashed across the circle, and springing wildly over the barrier that enclosed it, was the next instant kicking and plunging, struggling and snorting, among the densely-crowded audience in the space called the gallery, who, mad with terror, and screaming to heaven for aid, crushed backwards with fierce struggling from around it, as if a very demon in a palpable shape had come among them.

"Oh, the terrors of that dreadful night—terrors to which the dazzling glare of light, the gorgeously-decorated scene, and the thrilling music, lent a strange sublimity approaching to the supernatural!

"As I sprang after the animal with a coil of rope, which I had hastily seized somewhere about the place, and which I intended to throw over it, so as to obtain, by entangling its head and limbs, some purchase whereby to restrain its plunging and drag it back into the ring, I got caught in the working vortex of the terror-stricken crowd, and, after a few struggles, found myself crushed to the ground between the seats, and, the next moment trampled over by a hundred feet. After some hard but useless attempts to rise, I became insensible, and what happened thereafter I only heard by report many days afterwards.

"I recovered consciousness in the wards of the surgical hospital of the place, where I lay—my frame a mass of bruises. It was more than a month before I was dismissed cured; and by that time the circus had been removed, no trace of it remaining, save the hollow space where the sawdust, mingled with the sand, indicated the sight of the arena. It was shut up the day after the above events, and Mr. Codoni, with his troop, left the place and went to America. When they had performed there for some time it was broken up and dispersed, the manager returning to Europe, and settling somewhere in his own country.

"Of course I found my occupation gone, and once more returned to the legitimate line of my profession.

"Clara, I learned was a maniac—the inmate of a public asylum. Here she still remains; at least she did when I was last at the place; but she is now quite quiet, cheerful and docile; indeed, so far recovered as to have a kind of authority entrusted to her over other female patients.

"Since then I have played in other concerns of the kind, but never in any one approaching in the remotest degree to the splendor of Mr. Codoni's. For a couple of years I was part proprietor of myself, which did very well till, in an unlucky hour, having introduced, (my old passion) some regular dramatic pieces among our performances, the patentee of a royal theatre, on whose preserves it appears we had been poaching, instituted law proceedings against us, and 'fixed' us all in prison. After that, for some time, I could get nothing to do; and what is it to be an actor, without an engagement, and with no other means of earning his bread, thank heaven! you can never know.

"I am now on my way to Soandso, where, among the exhibitions at this, the market-time, I hope to obtain employment as actor, Mr. Merryman, tumbler, spotted Indian, or I don't care what."

When he had thus completed his discourse, for which he thanked him sincerely, we rose, mounted the leafy bank, and moved along the lane towards the highway. Upon reaching it, this, our companion of an hour, shook our hands warmly, and, having been presented with a few of our cheroots, went on his way, and neither of us ever saw his face again.

We spoke not a word for some time after we had parted with him. At length, said Bob, drawing a deep breath,—

"What a strange tale it is that he has told us, and how strangely he has told it! If that young fellow had a good education and a smattering of genius, and possessed of both, knew himself, it strikes me he would make a tolerable romancer, as literature goes now-a-days."

"Nay, it appears to me that his tale is too strange, too highly wrought, too unnatural."

"Pardon me," cried my friend; too *natural* is what you mean; for with such vividness did he bring his picture before my mind's eye that I fancied I really saw the whole scene, with every incident, pass before me, and was affected in my feelings as if it had positively done so. Now this I consider the triumph of a romancer, when he can produce, by his description or narration, the precise emotions that would be excited by a personal view of it, or participation in, the events he supposes, as if actually occurring. In order to do this, the grand requisite is in all things to copy nature to the utmost. Now, were I possessed of a talent for writing, such is the course I would embrace. In beauty and deformity, in good and evil, in charity and in crime, I would copy nature as exactly as I could. I would not depict her as innocent and virtuous, nor in her holiday dress; nor, although taking her all in all, she is most lovely, would I disguise one spot upon her face, or call one wrinkle by the name of dimple. The very sores upon her limbs (for we know she is subject to such things), from them would I make no scruple to snatch away the bandages. The most violent and debasing passions (for we know they often affect her) I would bring to the metallic mirror wherein to fix their reflection. The most atrocious crimes (and we know she will commit them) would find no softening or glossing over from me. Guarding always, that an idea should never escape me calculated in the remotest degree to call the blush to the cheek of purity.

"What! must we give all our admiring attention to the Apollo and Venus, and turn from the Gladiator of Laocoon as overstrained, and approaching the horrible? Must we be continually imagining milk-and-water scenes of beauty, virtue, and happiness, nor remind our dainty readers that there are such things in this woful world as crime, famine, misery, disease, danger, death?"

"Nay, but," interrupted I, "you know that there has lately sprung up a school of authors, who, by picturing scenes of a fearful or horrible description, or actions of a deeply atrocious character, endeavor to terrify into the minds of their readers feelings of what they call intense interest."

"Yes," said my friend, "and there would be nothing wrong in this, if they did it naturally, modestly, and sparingly; but they do not: they paint the monster Crime in an attractive shape, and make their personages murder, rob, and seduce, as heroes. Now, one thought will convince you that this is quite against my rule, for in the actual study of nature, we find that such a state of things never existed; there never was in real life an heroic robber, or assassin, or forger, or any one wilfully guilty of crime who was not, in all respects, a most contemptible and execrable being. If then in fiction you describe one of the heinous deeds that fiction, to be a picture of real life, must exhibit, describe it as you see such occur in nature, with all the horror and repulsiveness that really does hang around such actions and the miserable actors in them; but never allow yourself—as is done in a popular modern piece—to paint such a thing as a high-principled, well educated gentleman, committing a dastardly murder on a wretched, low individual; with what motive?—money; to what purpose?—to increase his powers of obtaining knowledge!"

Just as Bob arrived at this point of his discourse, we discovered, all on a sudden, that we had lost our way.

We had for some time left the highway, and were now in search of the path over the moors that saved some three or four miles distance in our journey; but, having got entangled in a maze of little cross lanes, and seeing nobody at hand, we felt rather at a loss about our route, and stood stock still, looking queerly into each other's faces.

But, as we were about to go off into a guffaw, our attention was caught by two figures apparently in the same predicament with ourselves, and the oddity of whose aspect and fit-out immediately fixed our admiration.

CHAPTER XI.

AN EXCURSION WITH BOB WHYTE, CONTINUED.

THE first was a long, lank, shaky, shirtless individual, with a scraggy, bare neck, a stubby beard, washy mouth, watery eyes, and a big reddish-blue nose, with a nasty whitish scarry streak across its ridge. He appeared to walk within and beneath a slight framework of wood and calico, which, though rather puzzling at a distance, on a nearer view appeared plainly to be one of those portable opera-houses whereon Punch, that incomparable artist, electrifies the public by his brilliant and highly-appreciated *execution*.

Behind this interesting specimen stumped along a short, squab, but heavy and muscular fellow—an ugly customer in every sense of the term—somewhat less dirty, however, in aspect than his comrade. This second exquisite carried a box, not unlike our own, on the top of which was fixed a short, coarse drum, daubed with red and yellow paint, with a couple of drumsticks sticking through the cords. From the bosom of his waistcoat projected a soiled red cloth apparatus for securing a set of pandean-pipes, which themselves showed their noses from a side-pocket.

They came up—the first, with a hasty, knock-kneed, shambling shuffle—the second, with a sturdy, independent trudge; whilst, a few paces behind them, a little, ancient-looking cur trotted along upon three legs, the off hind one being carried in the air like a lance in rest—not so much from any necessity apparently, as from some eccentric whim of the creature's own. It had a phisiog. of no small sagacity, with an interesting expression of habitual pensiveness, and appeared to be scrutinizing our appearance with as much attention as its master.

We accosted them by a question with regard to the whereabouts of Drittenbreaks. They inquired, in a strong, southern accent, the way of Soandso. We informed them of the path we had come by—they us of their own wanderings.

It appeared, they had just been told by a cow-boy, that they must go back to an open space marked by a couple of dwarf trees cut into the shape of a bottle and glass, where the way to Soandso branched off southwards, and that to our destination in a north-west direction. Now we also had passed this identical spot, so that we found we should have to retrograde in company with our new friends for several minutes' walk.

Without more ado, away we padded together. As we went—

"Comrade," said Bob, addressing the lanky fellow, "you, I presume, are the chap that works behind the screen, and originates the queer phenomena that excite so much of our admiration and delight (prithee, friend, let me walk to windward and have this bunch of meadow-green *between you and me*)—while our pleasant companion here with the pipes *and drum, supplies the orchestral department*."

"Yes," replied Lanky, "I comes the moves, and Bill there does t'other things, as you says."

"Well," said Bob, "I have a mighty curiosity to know the theory of these same moves: I am an enthusiast in mechanical science, and have indulged in many speculations with regard to the machinery of Punch; and now that there is an opportunity of practically investigating the facts, it would be unpardonable to let it slip: moreover, as I know from experience that knowledge is not to be had for nothing, I don't object to fork out a small sum for an insight into the working of this microcosm of yours."

"Why, then, as you looks to be gemmen, and not likely to be taking the scan out of a fellow's mouth, in the way of hopposition, I don't care if I do put you up to the wires; and as our concern is slap up, with more than a dozen figures, I hope you won't scruple to come down with summat respectable—a bob, or at least a tizzy."

"Agreed. A tizzy, I consider by no means an overfee to such a distinguished professor, and for so much information; so pray halt your establishment at this green space—here, you see, are the trees the cowboy alluded to—and let me have an autopsy of the anatomy of Punch and Judy. Here's the sixpence for you."

The dirty-devil proprietor of Punch no sooner touched the coppers than he slipped them into a rent in his clothes, which likely led to a pocket, or some other receptacle; then, halting, he looked with a hesitating, significant glance at his comrade. The latter, however, thundering an oath that made us stagger, and frightened a brace of sparrows out of a hedge like the report of a gun, shouted—

"Come along! What the —— do you stand humbugging there for, with a pair of fools? When shall we be in to Scandso, think you?"

"You hear that 'ere, gents—I fear I can't oblige you—Bill, you see, won't allow it."

"Oh, you can't, can't you? Perhaps, then, you can refund the blunt?"

"By no means wotsumever. No money returned is a standard theatrical rule."

"Then, by the soul of Hengist, I'll have it out of you!"

With this, flourishing his jacobin club about his head, he brought it down on the fragile theatre of Punch, and laid it a shattered wreck on the earth, with its luckless manager groaning beneath it. As the blow struck it, Punch himself was dashed from its recesses, and appeared to spring upon the grass.

When Bob saw this, he started back in alarm, remembering, with well-founded apprehension, the doughty blows he had seen dealt by that redoubted champion upon the sooty nob of even Old Nick himself. But, alas! the irresistible hero was prevented, had he been ever so eager, from rushing to the rescue, for the dog, Toby, that had erewhile been making ferocious demonstrations at Bob's shine, the moment he saw the puppet fly from the framework, caught it by the nose, and stood shaking it thereby with a face expressive of a conscientious discharge of duty.

Not so the stalwart and formidable Bill ! Throwing his box, drum and pandean pipes upon the ground, he came valorously up, calling upon my friend to stand out if he were a man, and he would speedily make him believe himself in paradise. To this beatific invitation Bob made response by hurriedly divesting himself of his encumbrances, and putting them, along with the club, under my charge, when, falling gracefully into warlike attitude, he stood on the defensive.

The showman, rushing on with bulldog fury, planted a blow for the stomach of his adversary, which would, no doubt, have *turned* that organ. But Bob was wide awake, and anticipated it by a fearful left-handed counterhit, sent with his whole strength from his shoulder, straight and swift as an arrow, into the mazzard of the other, extracting with the precision of dental surgery (in which he was a distinguished practitioner) two of his front teeth, which, staggering back, the fellow forthwith spat into his palm to look at.

The reception sent him somewhat abroad. Undaunted, however, he returned to the engagement, and, dashing forward, made rattle upon the ribs of the student a couple of blows that palpably evinced his perfection at least in the drumming part of his profession. But the latter, stepping backward, and crying, "Here's a sight for a father!" jobbed him with his left, and finally, watching his opportunity as he came butting on, tipped him the "*upper cut*" with a force and dexterity that laid him nearly senseless on his back, alongside of his comrade, who was now sitting up among the ruins of his theatre, a semi-bewildered spectator of the combat.

He lay motionless for a while, till Bob, calling him and entreating him to come to the scratch, he got up, and, giving his dog a kick that sent it flying into the air as if a bull tossed it, walked to a little drain by the way-side, and, stooping, bathed his face, which now had, certainly, an altered look. As he did so, he addressed his companion with a voice of woful intonation :—

"Gather up, Joe, and let's be jogging; it an't no use—give the gem-man his tizzy—I've got a skinful, and no mistake. Devil a tooth have I in my mouth now more than a suck—all along of you too—it's always the way!"

"Nay," cried Bob, "keep the tizzy, it may help to set your concern a-going again. Never mind me, I have had a full sixpennyworth of diversion. And now, Grim, after that I think a pull at the Farintosh would not be repugnant to the feelings."

And he suited the action to the word; but, observing the overthrowing manager eyeing wistfully his proceedings, his generous nature prevailed, and, looking with compassion on the fallen foe,—

"Alas! poor devil," said he; "would you like a drop of comfort, to set you on your legs once more?"

Slowly the fellow extricated himself from the ruins of his establishment, and, getting upon his feet, made a grab at the bottle.

"Hillo! my man, this will never do; you must get something to take the liquor in."

"Never mind that—my mouth just holds a glass."

"*And do you think I would let your mouth touch my bottle?*"

"Is not my mouth as good as yours?"

"There is more of it, at all events."

Here the discomfited Bill interrupted him with—

"Hold your jaw, and let the gemman have his own way. If you have nothing else to hold the drink, take the crown of your castor."

But the manager's tile was a ventilator—pervious to liquids as well as aeriform bodies; so without more ado, he whipped off one of his shoes, and held out the heel of it. Into this original drinking-cup, Bob poured a modicum of the contents of the bottle.

Then, shouldering our burdens, and wishing them the top of the morning, we went on our way rejoicing, but, looking back as we went, we saw the two Punchites with their noses in the villanous receptacle, swilling away at the wondrous fluid.

Soon we emerged from the narrow wood upon the moorland—an hour's swift walk over which would bring us to our destination. It was high, open, breezy, and covered with grass, which the sun of summer had half converted into an odorous hay. The higher parts were stony and heath-covered, and ever and anon you would come to a deep chink in the rocky hillside, through which would be gushing a joyous rivulet, impregnated with iron or other ore—for it was a district abounding in mineral riches. And then the cool wind came so caressingly about your face, while the deep blue sky, and scanty white cloudlets, and every object around us, betokened ardent heat. The march of four miles over the moor was surely one of the most exhilarating portions of that happy excursion!

There were cottages, too, in sheltered nooks, and here and there the mouths of mines, with their engine-houses turreted and ornamented like feudal towers of old, or haply with an object of, to my mind, even more picturesque effect—the atmospheric engine working in the open air, its heavy beams and angular rods, bending and twisting in the sluggish, interrupted motion, peculiar to the machine.

As we walked on, many were the fragments of stones or of soil that Bob picked up, and, as he chipped them with his hammer, we discussed their nature, the order of formations to which they belonged, the metals whose ores they contained, or the chemical or other properties by which they were distinguished. Some of them he considered of such value as to merit a place in our box; others, when we had done talking of them, he shied at crows or pee-weets as they winged their way over the moorland. Plants, too, and diminutive wild flowers he was continually plucking, identifying them with the descriptions in the "Flora" we carried, and stowing away some of them in our book, for preservation.

There was not a butterfly, a moth, or a dragon-fly fluttered across our path, but we pursued it; and when, after a long and mirthful chase, we had run it down, with a needle dipped in nitric acid he would transfix the insect, at once destroying its life and preserving its painted splendor from decay.

At length we came upon a beaten track, then into a rough road, which led us to the little town of Drithenbrook, with its stone cross, its broad main street, and pretty Gothic church. Through it we passed, and made

our way along a narrow road, covered with trees, for nearly a mile, to the romantic glen of the little river Dritten.

The glen was an exceedingly deep and precipitous chasm, bearing a forcible resemblance to a cut made by a mighty hatchet in the abrupt wall-like ridge of hills, and allowing the water that fell upon them and the numerous mossy hollows behind them to find its way to the plain in front, where, winding away round the moor we had crossed, it wandered deviously till it met the great river on which stands the town of Soandso, mingled with whose waters it was borne onwards to the sea.

Shortly before entering the dell, a compact little inn offered itself in our way, nicely whitewashed and very tidy—and well it might be, for the place, by its beauty, attracted visitors from all parts of the country, nay, even from other lands.

Here we rested, lunched, and replenished our bottle; then emerging, we walked up the banks of the stream, through an avenue completely embowered with noble trees, whose green, cool, fragrant shade, combined with the joyous music of the gushing stream beside us, the thrilling notes of the birds among the foliage, and the plashing of a mill-wheel a little in advance, raised in our minds those feelings of delight which the enthusiast of nature alone knows in their intensity.

As we advanced, the mill appeared so exquisitely rural and picturesque, that we stayed a minute to sketch it. It was a little whitewashed bleaching house of one story and fantastically shaped, a branch of an extensive factory down at the village, and had been built here to have the water in its most crystal purity, being used for the finest cambrics and light cotton goods. Its machinery had a wet, humming, splashing sound, most musical and refreshing to the ear; and about the door, and all over the open green field hard by, were a number of young girls, busy about their work, singing, talking, and laughing together. The reservoir of water, peopled by tiny fleets of snow-white ducks, added greatly to its beauty, while a thin wavy volume of blue smoke rose among the foliage above it from its slender chimney, itself to appearance scarcely more substantial.

Leaving this place after a mirthful interchange of greetings with the operatives, we ascended the stream and entered the dell.

As we did so, our ears were filled with the sound of numerous cascades, and, looking before us, we seemed to be entering a vast arch of rock and foliage, with snowy sheets of falling water visible here and there amid the leaves. The sides of the ravine (for it was not extensive enough to merit the name of glen) were very rugged, but nearly perpendicular. Yet so many were the chinks and crannies, the angles and platforms of rock, from which trees took root, that it seemed almost as if it had been filled up by bundles of branches thrown in from above. Notwithstanding, frequent were the pinnacles and precipices that stood up, gray in their craggy nakedness, although the great majority were covered with ivy, or mantled by overhanging screens of bramble or other creeping brushwood, while ever and anon a spruce fir, or other golden-leaved tree, or haply a scarlet mountain ash (the dear rowan-tree of the north), would vary, by its richer tint, the every-shaded green.

The bottom of the ravine was a series of tiny cataracts, rolling down a

kind of stair-like descent, formed by numerous huge masses of rock, tumbled confusedly together, and fixed in the most wild and grotesque positions.

One vast block there was that appeared almost to dangle by two corners across from precipice to precipice, while the water foamed and bubbled through beneath. Another stood up on one point, like a ponderous weight on the chin of an expert balancer; whilst another again had been arrested just on the brink of a lofty ledge, over which the stream made a frantic bound beside it, and looked as if the next heavy rain would hurl it and destruction together sheer down into the black pool many fathoms below.

And yet, amid all this ruggedness, vegetation was most luxuriant; there was not a little bank of sand brought down by the stream in winter that the summer sun had not changed into grass and flower-bearing soil—nay, from every hollow and crevice of these isolated masses of stone shot forth knots of grass, with intermingled wild flowers of white, yellow, or blue. Sometimes the ravine narrowed to a strait, through which the water had barely room to make a hurried gush; elsewhere it expanded into rounded cup-like hollows, down into which the sun shone most joyously, the bottom being occupied by a rock-encircled bank of grassy ground, or a deep pool, which on one side washed the base of a precipice, on the other shoaled away to a beach of white pebbly sand.

Nor less eminent in beauty and wildness of aspect were the waterfalls. Some of them were of a most striking and original description, if I may apply the latter term to a natural object. In one instance there was a round pit-like place, with inaccessible, yet completely leaf-concealed sides, and into this was pitched a branch of the stream, from a height so great that it was broken up by the air into myriads of drops, and fell a drizzling shower upon the large stones at the bottom, rendering them continually dark, mossy, wet, and slippery to the tread. But at the point where the column of water fell asunder thus into rain, a most lovely Iris bent her many-tinted bow from tree to tree across the hollow.

At another place the whole body of the stream was projected from a high horizontal shelf of rock completely hollowed out beneath, and fell with a dead sound into the centre of a deep circular pool. You could walk quite round behind the falling water, and in the farther point of the rock-roofed recess a rude seat had been hewn in the soft stone. Here Bob Whyte and I sat down together, and enjoyed a cheroot and a discussion with regard to the geologic phenomena around us.

Up on one side of this dell, and down the opposite, a rude footpath had been worn by the feet of pilgrims of the picturesque, which, however, to render it passable required in many places the aid of ladders several fathoms in height. These, composed of stout beams of wood, wedged between rocks, were constructed by the villagers. The whole aspect of the place, in short, was less like what you would expect to meet with in nature than what you would look for in the fantastic designs on a tea-tray, or the imaginative scenery of a romantic melo-drama.

For hours we rambled over this ravine, climbing trees, chipping rocks, collecting insects and wild flowers, scrambling over precipices and into

caves. Finally, emerging at the upper end of the chasm, we roved about upon the hill-side till the sun had sunk low in the sky. Then, hurriedly descending, we again traversed it, till we came to a beautiful clear pool with a rounded grassy bank, from which an old tree stooped its branches till within a couple of feet of the water's surface.

As soon as we had raised our heads above the surface, and while swimming about, exulting in the delicious refreshment of this bath after our travel, we observed an individual on the bank lay down a fishing-rod, and, with an inquiry as to the temperature of the water, plunge in along with us, and we soon all three were laughing, splashing, and diving about, springing from the branches of the overhanging tree into the pool, and capering away in all directions. When we had our fill of this, we donned our "toggerly" again, and, shouldering our boxes of scientific specimens, whilst our new companion slung his well-filled basket across his haunch, away we started together down the ravine to the inn where we had bespoken dinner.

As we went, I took cognizance of the appearance and conversation of our companion. He was a slight, middle-aged looking man, with features well marked and decided, whose habitual expression appeared to be a smile of good humor dashed with a degree of condescension. He wore a sporting suit of light cotton stuff that fitted admirably; everything about him was evidently clean and neat, and from his bosom to one pocket hung a slender and very graceful gold chain. He displayed, as he talked, a very correct taste, abundance of information on all subjects, and a firm though unassuming way of stating his opinion. From all these circumstances I concluded him to be one of that class of beings entitled to be called "gentlemen" by more than their own assumption of the name.

He had been enjoying a day's sport, he told us, in the upper portion of the stream, and his heavy basket bore witness to his success.

Twenty minutes after reaching our inn, a most respectable country dinner was set before us, during which the stranger and Bob kept up the spirit of the conversation. When we had concluded the repast, we drew the table to the open window, and sat down to a bottle of admirable sherry, which had been cooled in the stream at the foot of the inn garden.

The window looked to the west, and the view of a magnificent summer sunset, the feelings of rest after much fatigue, of a satisfied appetite, and of the delicious, warm calmness of the evening, combined with the rich flavor of the wine, and its exhilarating effect upon our spirits, rendered us as happy as it is possible for care-beset mortals to be.

Our discourse was of lighter scientific subjects—late discoveries—recent works—their authors—phrenology—mesmerism—supernaturalism. Illustrative of the last topic, the stranger related an anecdote, which certainly was a curious one, and shall, in all probability, make its appearance in these reminiscences some day or other.

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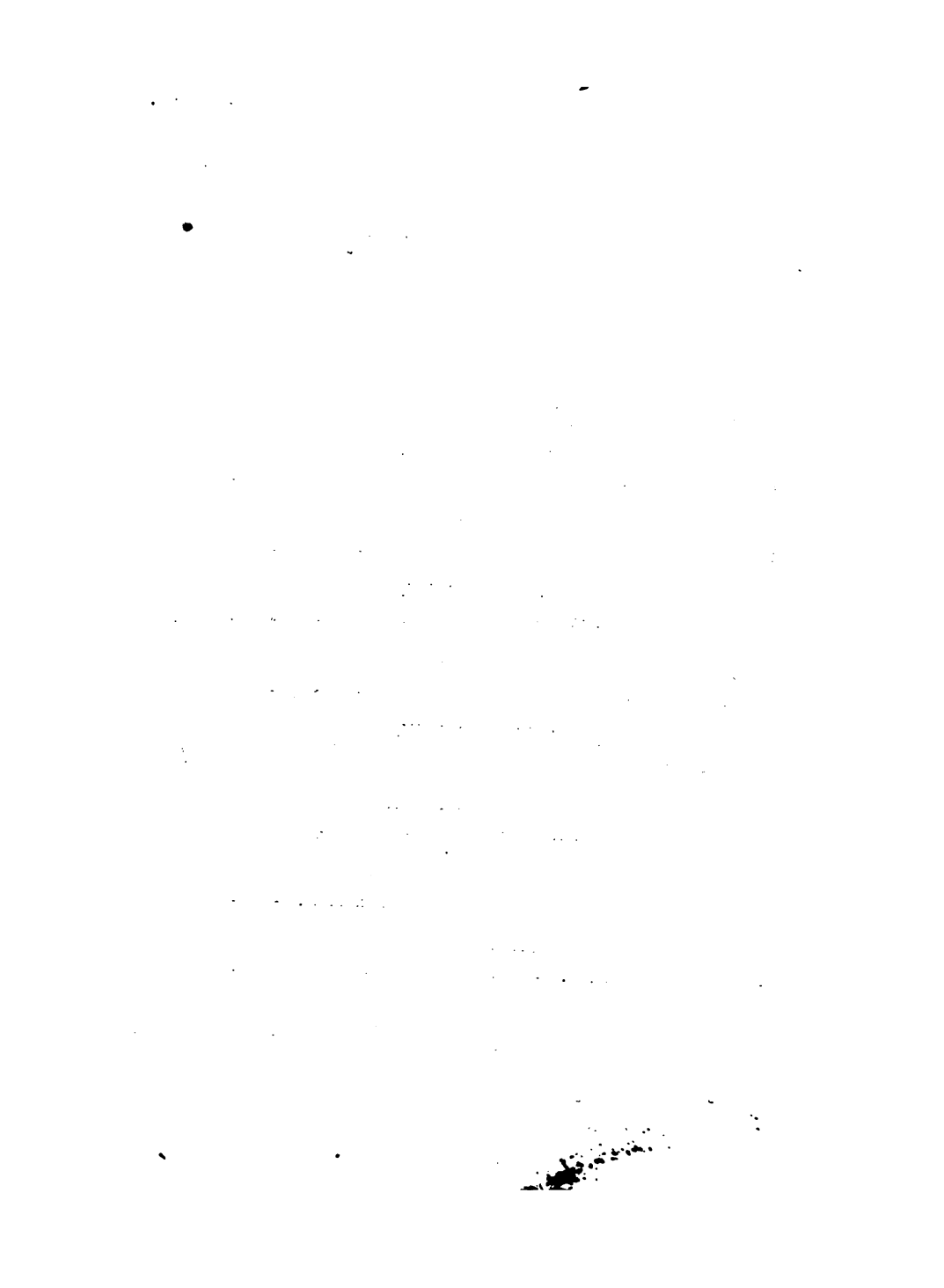
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ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXCURSION WITH BOB WHYTE—CONTINUED.

THERE was a pause thereupon, and, he having requested my friend to relate any instance of a similar kind that had come under his knowledge, Bob Whyte, while the pensive languor of the ebbing and dewy twilight was falling upon us, filled his glass, and slightly sipping as he went on, narrated Episode No. II., in the shape of

THE FOOTSTEP.

I think there is one particular period in the life of every man to which he can look back as the most miserable he has ever seen, a point to which there was in his affairs a regular descent, and which passed, there has been again a progressive ascent—the ebb as it were in the tide of his fortunes. This crisis was very marked in my case, and I rejoice to think that it happened in my youth, for I have seen it occur in old age. Misfortunes of every kind were heaped upon me—sudden poverty struck me—and my aged and only parent and I, saw no prospect but wretchedness.

“Now then,” thought I, “all my dreams of honorable independence, nay, of scientific distinction in the world, are dashed to the ground, and I must forego those darling studies and pursuits in which my hopes were bound up, to go out and earn, with toil of body and heaviness of spirit the bread of sorrow for myself and the one who has none but Heaven and me to depend on. Or must I leave this dear land, of which my very heart seems part and parcel, and go to scrape gold from among the sun-scorched sands of fever-guarded climes?”

The friends of prosperity forsook me, and I skulked on the shady side of the street, whilst they strutted in the sun and contemptuously looked the other way. Nay, my own relations no longer received me with com-

mon kindness ; the very bread I ate, which came from them, was given with a grudge, felt and shown if not expressed, and many a taunt was flung at the fool that had aimed at a rank for which by nature and fortune he was totally unfit, and had miserably failed—of course.

All this was bitter—bitter ! I felt it cut into my very soul : moreover, I was smitten with a severe and prostrating illness, from a wound received in dissection, and was now but slowly recovering comparative health.

A friend I had too—ours was a schoolboy friendship—he was my most intimate companion—my more than brother—with whom I had lodged, studied, and grown up to manhood—in whom I had placed more confidence than in any other being—from whom I had no hope or purpose concealed : bright prospects were opening before him, and in my distress (alas ! for love without his wings !) this friend forsook me, and laughed and gloried in the act—he called it “ cutting the connexion.”

But all this I thought I could bear up against, and I did so, hoping with patience and self-denial to surmount my difficulties—at least to fall before them disputing every inch of ground, and returning to all, scorn for scorn. But the hand of fate was heavy on me. Another visitation came and crushed my spirit utterly. I bowed to the dust before it, and became as those who have no hope.

There was one I loved, and she was fair—oh, how very fair ! Do not doubt this from the fact that she doted on a being so uncouth as I am. She was the centre to which all my thoughts did gravitate—the golden evening to the morrow of my hopes.

I never loved another ; and when love arises in a mind like mine, it is more than a sentiment or a passion—it is a something else, which mental philosophers have not classified or found a name for, never having experienced it, and of course ignorant of its existence.

We had known each other long, our ages differed but in a few months, and our dispositions harmonised most closely. It is not to be believed, I know, but it is true, that never in our long intimacy did one word of ill humor pass between us ; for she was one whom no one could find it in his heart to vex—a soft, mild creature, gentle as the lapse of streams, and while her mind was of strength to appreciate the nature and value of my studies, and the zeal with which I pursued them, yet with all the diffidence and all the amiability of her sex she was eminently adorned,—kindness and pity hung around her in a palpable grace, and her sweet quiet laugh made the hearer's heart dance in his bosom.

Ours was not that passion which leads to evil. It seemed to consist of a soul-engrossing desire for each other's good, and a feeling of unspeakable rapture in each other's society. In me it acted as a kind of conscience, for no bad thought, no malice, envy, or hatred, durst arise in my heart while it was there, and it was there always. To it I am convinced I owe those habits of studiousness from which I now feel it painful to deviate, for all that time my thoughts but moved from the subject of my reading to the object of my love, and back again by a dear reaction. Often, long after midnight, when my lamp burned low, and the extinguished

embers rattled coldly in my grate, has my mind been quickened to renewed activity as the thought of her last fond smile arose before its vision.

She had a fortune, small comparatively, but still placing her far above my rank in life. Yet her friends were not averse to our union, for they saw that in spirit we were already one. It had been agreed upon between ourselves, and many fond day-dreams did we indulge in, how, when I had obtained my diploma, we should have a year's roving together on the continent, and then return again, when I should wait, with but her and my books for my companions, till a practice should spring up around me.

About two months before the time I particularly allude to, she had gone with her mother to reside temporarily at a country place in the south of England. From time to time I had letters from her. Heaven knows they were my only comforts in my daily increasing distress. At length one came telling me that she had been for some time ill—that she had not hitherto liked to mention it, but now that she was confined to her room she thought it as well to write to me. The next was short, and apparently written under excitement. It stated that the complaint was styled aneurism, and that all she could learn with regard to it was, that it was a mysterious and fatal disorder. In a week I had another, long, and full of passionate tenderness. There was an expression in it, "if anything should happen to me," that struck coldness to my very heart. The next was from her mother—my angel was removed.

This was the consummation. The weight was now indeed more than my strength could bear, and, shutting myself up for several days, I resigned myself to the flood of my misery. In my adversity I had often before experienced great relief in mind from wandering out at nights and walking alone about the country for several miles round the city. On the third night after receipt of this information, when my anguish was at its height, I resolved to try for similar relief—at all events a change of place.

Though the streets must have been very considerably peopled, for it was little past ten at night, I have no recollection of seeing any one, nor of the course I pursued, till I found myself in a lonely street on the south side of the river, just opening on the country, and inhabited by persons of a superior station in the world.

It was very lonely, with tall, dark houses on one side, and an open park on the other, and not a being did I see—not a watchman nor any moving thing along the extended way, while the few and unfrequent gas-lamps twinkled feebly amid the darkness.

As I walked slowly up the pavement, strange and incoherent ideas filled my brain. Despair, like a black and heavy curtain, seemed to encompass me, till its voluminous folds were all but palpable to my senses. There was a lifting in my mind as if some mighty force from beneath were about to upheave the foundations of my reason and lay the temple, a broken ruin, in the dust.

Presently, as I moved, my ears were filled by a sweet strain of music. It was some time before it found its way from the ear to the mind, in such a tumult of excitement was the latter, and then it was some time before I could satisfy myself it was not a delusion. At length my notice was at

tracted, and I stood still. The sound came from a house in front of which I was. I listened attentively—it was that beautiful hymn called “Ronsseau’s Dream,” and was sung with a piano and horn accompaniment.

The performance was very good, and the rich harmony descended like a medicated balm upon my bruised and weltering spirit. I had a strange feeling as if something within me was about to give way. I grew faint, and sat down upon the stone steps of the house-door. Presently the music ceased, and I could hear clear, cheerful voices talking and laughing, and apparently complimenting the performers. From this, as from the light shining through the crevices of the door and windows, I concluded there was an evening party of some sort assembled.

In a minute, another, a very beautiful voice began to sing, accompanied by the horn only. The song proved to be “Kathleen O’More,” and it was sung with much feeling. I could hear each syllable of the words and every note of the music. The same train of thoughts continued in my mind, and, as the strain went on, every other motion faded, and gave place to overwhelming sorrow, till at the words—

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest,
For it seems to watch Kathleen—hops lightly o’er Kathleen,
My Kathleen O’More !—

at these words and the heart-touching pathos of the music, the chord within me gave way, a flood of tears gushed to my eyes, and I fell forward with my face upon my knees as I sat, and wept and sobbed most bitterly and loudly.

This must have continued for some time—how long I do not know. I was aroused by hearing voices round me, and, looking up, perceived the door open, and three or four well-dressed persons, with lights in their hands, regarding me with surprise, wondering probably to see a muscular and not very refined-looking young man display so much emotion.

I got up, moved away, and shortly heard the shutting of the house-door ring through the solitude of the street ; and once more sorrow and I were left alone together.

Slowly moving along, I emerged from the end of the street into a lonely road. It was one that had been made to shorten the way to a small country town, the old road to which came from a remote corner of the city, and, after crossing the river by an ancient bridge of its own, some two miles off, joined this at a point above double that distance away. By the old way I might return, thus fetching a circuit.

The road I travelled was nearly straight. A high stone wall fenced each side, over which the trees behind sent their sombre branches, nearly meeting in the midst, so that its melancholy character accorded well with the mood I was in. There were not visible either moon or stars, yet a kind of vague, impalpable luminousness was shed through the clouds, by which I could just indistinctly make out my way. Not one living thing did I see or hear from the time that house-door was closed. I was in perfect *solitude, silence*, and darkness, and frequently as I moved I stopped, and, *leaning against the wall, gave scope to my gloomy emotions.*

At length I came to the point where the roads joined, and, turning into the other one, went slowly back toward the city. It must now have been some time after midnight; the same darkness visible continued, but from the trees being less frequent I could see about me much more clearly. But that was of little consequence, for I knew every step of the way, and could have walked it blindfold, for this had been the route of many a joyous ramble in the days of my boyhood and since. Presently I reached the bridge. It was very narrow and lofty, with arches of great height and span, for the river was liable at certain periods to floods which would have carried away any less elevated structure. Walking along, I paused at the highest point over the key-stone of the central arch, and, leaning over the parapet, looked down upon the black waters gliding sullenly along in depth and darkness many a fathom beneath me. I could dimly distinguish their flow, with an indistinct sparkle in the gloom now and then, while an indefinite increase of shadow, far away to either side, denoted the banks. I heard, too, the ripple of the current, round the massive piers, with its echo up the hollow arch, so stillly was the windless night.

As I continued thus motionless craning over the ledge, at once the idea *SUICIDE* sprang living up before my mind, divested of its terrors, and wearing rather an inviting aspect.

There was a refuge and relief from all my torture, flowing far below, ready to receive me into its bosom. I began deliberately and philosophically to consider the arguments for and against self-murder, especially those I could bring to bear upon my own case. They were numerous and conflicting. You will find them in Hamlet's soliloquy. But there was one which is not there—"Might not this act be the portal through which to find my way to *her* once more?"

This ended the debate: I was resolved; and, summoning all my fortitude, and murmuring a hurried prayer to Him to be with me in mercy, I raised my knee upon the parapet. My prayer was answered. Upon the instant I heard a step approaching, and this arrested me.

"I shall wait," thought I, "till he passes, and then—"

The step appeared to be upon the road, about fifty yards from the end of the bridge by which I had approached. It was a distinct, firm, steady tread, as of a heavy muscular man, coming up at an ordinary pace. With the exception of the rippling water underneath, there was no other sound, and I could hear plain y and count every pace. Nearer and nearer it came; presently it advanced upon the bridge. I declare to you I marked clearly the difference of sound as it left the macadamized roadway and came upon the hard greenstone pavement.

It is some laborer, thought I, going to his happy home after his weary spell in the mine: and I fancied him for a moment with grimed face and clothes, and twinkling little lamp dangling in front of his cap, as I had often seen them.

But as the footstep came near there was a change in the time and weight of the tramp. The walker seemed to have seen me, and to be regarding me with some interest and caution as he came on. I was still in the same position on the wall in which I had been arrested by the first

sound. When it had approached to about the distance of twenty feet from me I thought I would turn round and greet the passenger as he went by, to divert his suspicions from my intentions; but ere I had time to move a muscle, or even to will the action, the tread was suddenly and extremely increased in rapidity and weight, as if the being, whoever he was, had made a desperate rush up to my very side, to fling me headlong from the bridge.

I almost deemed I felt his touch upon my person, and on the moment sprang back into the middle of the roadway with a wild scream of frantic fear, and, while the cold sweat bathed my skin, and my body quivered with terror and amazement, raised my stick aloft to strike down in defence.

But there was *no one there*. No living thing was to be seen on either side along the bridge. There was light enough to see dimly but distinctly to each end, and I could mark every one of the stones raised to protect the parapet-walls from wheels.

I was in a panic of alarm and anxiety. I looked around, into the air, over the walls, but I was perfectly alone.

"It must have been a delusion," said I; "it was the wind."

But there was no wind.

"It was the sound of the river."

But all the while I had heard the tread and the ripple of the water quite separate, and well marked.

"It was the skirt of my pea-jacket flapping against the wall."

But on trying to repeat it I could produce scarcely any sound at all, and that widely differing from the regular, decided tramp of the footstep.

Then I came with awe to the conclusion that in my extremity I had in very truth been visited by HIM WHO WALKS UNSEEN.

There was a more complete revulsion in my feelings—the instinct of self-preservation had been roused into powerful action, and, along with strong supernatural dread, had taken complete possession of my mind, to the quashing or extirpation of my former train of ideas. I had now no thought for my calamities, so great were my wonder, awe, and fear, and my gratitude that I had been so strangely preserved from mortal danger. I felt that I had but a moment before been in the actual presence of some superior being, of whose nature, or sphere, or way of existence, my finite mind could form no conception, and was actuated by an urgent desire to flee to the city, and, by mingling among the abodes of men, rid my mind of the effect of these unnatural circumstances.

From the idea of self destruction I now recoiled with horror, appalled and amazed that I could ever for a moment have entertained it, and in my own bosom I fervently implored from heaven forgiveness for my meditated crime in contempt of Providence.

I hurried with my utmost speed along the road, and met no living creature till I entered the city.

A humbled and much-altered young man, I applied myself once more to my pursuits. Shortly my circumstances brightened, and in a few months I was better off, to use a common expression, than I had ever been before. New prospects dawned upon me, new friends I had, but never a new love. The memory of her loss never leaves me, but it is now divested of its

acuteness, and has subsided into a sad yet pleasing feeling, which at times I would not be without.

The stranger, during this narrative, had been regarding my friend with an appearance of surprise and much interest. When it was concluded, after thanking him for the pleasure with which he had heard it, he began to offer some suggestions to account for the phenomenon from natural causes. Bob, like all others who imagine they have been distinguished by a supernatural visitation, refused to be convinced.

Since then, however, I may say he has stated to me his belief that the whole might have been the product of an over-excited imagination.

It was now time for us to set out on our return to the city, and Bob, expressing a regret that the charm of the stranger's society should have led us to linger so long, proposed an immediate departure. The latter, looking at his watch, remarked with a smile, that he had had no idea how rapidly the time was passing, and, starting up, we went out together, my chum taking the opportunity to give a sly pinch and a kind word to the pretty waitress, as she received from him her own share of the reckoning. A gig was in waiting at the door, a servant in charge of which, touching his hat to our companion, addressed him by the title of "My Lord."

Bidding us farewell with an appearance of some feeling, he drove off, and, staying till he was out of sight, we made inquiry about the inn as to who he was. We were told that he was some great parliament lord, but as to his particular title we could obtain no information.

"Well, at all events," said Bob, "lord or no lord, he is a deuced clever man—one of Nature's nobility, I'll be bound."

We now hurried along towards the little town, or rather village, talking little, and certainly feeling the weight, he of his box, and I of my tin case, both of which were charged with specimens of rock fossils and ores.

We had not gone far, when a pedlar, emerging from a cottage, joined us. He was an uncommonly shrewd, sagacious-looking individual, with a ludicrously-hypocritical twitching about the corners of the eyes and mouth, and appeared the very fellow that could sell you a bargain in any sense of the term.

"Good evening, my old commercial traveller," said Bob. "Warm weather, isn't it?"

"Stormy, awee," quoth he, drily; and he eyed our burdens askance. "Y' are in the merchant line, too, are ye? Hech, that's a heavy pack ye carry! Ye'll hae hardware in that, haena ye?"

"Oh, deuce hard, I assure you, and the carrying it is the hardest of all."

"Ye'll hae jewellery, too, nae doubt?"

"Well, I should hope there are some precious stones in my box."

"And ye sell cheap, too, I wadna wunner?"

"Yes, but we lads of the pack, you know, are apt to spell our cheap with a 't.'"

"Guid forgive us," said the pedlar, with a deep sigh, and an upturning of the whites of his eyes, indicative of a sanctified and deprecatory ac-

quiescence. "Weel," he continued, "I have been aboon a dozen year on this beat mysel, and I cannot say I've seen either o' ye between the een afore."

"No, this is our first trip."

"And div ye like the beat?"

"Why, yes, we've been rather lucky, I think."

"Pick'd up some tin?"

"Yes, and a little copper (pyrites)."

"Phew!"

Here the old chap began to whistle a tune. He had not piped many notes, however, before we got so marvellously tickled at the whimsicality of the strain, that with one accord we commenced the accompaniment of a chaste and beautifully pitched "guffaw" for two voices. A most racy and original requiem it was, upon the whole, appearing to consist of a strange and ingenious amalgamation of the more sublime passages of "Yankee Doodle," "Jenny dang the Weaver," and "Drops of Brandy," all blended harmoniously into one rich and relishing ditty—a delicious sort of musical tria junta in uno, of which pathos was certainly not the most prominent characteristic.

"Hillo!" cried Bob, "where did you pick up that melody, may I ask? Just whistle it over again—I'd give anything to learn it."

The pedler repeated the air till he could whistle it with considerable accuracy.

"Weel," quoth the latter, "that's gay and gude, but I 'se be bail ye 'll forget it again before you come to the cross o' Drittenbrook."

"I'll bet you a bottle of ale I don't."

"I'll bet you a bottle of the very best Edinburgh ale, that ye'll no stand at the cross and whistle the same tune."

"Done!" cried Bob.

"I agree wi' you there; ye're *done* if ye do."

This was spoken aside by the vagabond, not so much so, however, but that I heard him, and doubted much and feared, as I heard.

And now we were marching into the town, and, as there is a fearful catastrophe coming, the which I am anxious to protract, as much as possible, I will, with your permission, picture a Scotch village scene shortly after sunset.

We had passed frequent groups of children playing about the wayside, with generally a flower-dressed infant in their midst. Once or twice, too, we met a tall, stalwart young man idling along by the side of a slim, sly girl, who, as we passed, persevered in looking over the hedge—he chewing a twig, and she affecting to be knitting a stocking—or haply, if in a more lonely place, she looking blushful to the ground, and he, with his hand upon her shoulder, and his eye gleaming upon her's like the sun's reflection from a piece of glass, pouring into her ear hurried and half-whispered sentences, whilst the massive head of the fellow, and his harsh but most intellectual features, told it was from such a peasantry that Burns, and Watt, and Telford sprang.

Approaching nearer, we overtook a family of beggars, lounging back to their quarters at the village from their day's excursion among the farm

houses, laden with "scran-bags," and seeming not to be unhappy in their degradation. The cottager's cow, too, we noticed quietly cropping the tufts of grass by the wayside, while the herds of the more wealthy denizens moved lowing homewards from the fields with milk-distended udders. Of laborers returning from work we passed several, and also the wives of the younger going out to meet them.

Then the one long wide street of the village opened upon us, with its small, thatched, white houses, the owners sitting on stone seats outside the doors, enjoying the balmy evening, smoking and chatting together, and playing with their children. In one part were collected a group of boys at some noisy sport, in another a party of young girls danced merrily round and round, singing and chanting at that curious dramatic game—that acted courtship—which is peculiar to them, while a knot of half-boys, half-youths, watched their graceful and most coquettish amusement from a corner.

Oh, well do I remember the times of summer evening, but of life's joyous morning, when I have sat on the grass, the centre of a cheerful circle, whilst those mad girls danced and sang in rings around me, and my boy companions stood by laughing, and pointing at me, and calling me "lassie!"

But what recked I of their mirth or their taunts, when I looked, little yellow-frock, at thy yellower curls, as thou sattest, finger in mouth, beside me, and I stole often a bashful peep into thy dear blue eyes, turned askance to me in childish affection? Reader, bear with my silliness—these scenes are now, in very truth, far distant. Many a year of time, and many a league of ocean divide them from me; and if in fancy I can wing my way back over the storms of either, grudge me not, I pray you, the single sentence in which I snatch the transient pleasure.

But the prime assemblage was at the stone cross. Here the young men were met to put the stone, pitch the bar, sling the hammer, and perform other rustic feats, whilst the big-wigs of the place stood by spectators, arguing now on points of the game, and now on points of politics as intricate and important, a thin, wavery vapor of tobacco-smoke hovering above the groups. The public-house, too, was hard by, and from the open windows of the tap-room leant, idly lounging and occasionally putting in a word or a joke from a distance, several sturdy tradesmen, taking their evening relaxation after their labors.

All the while we had been marching along, I had heard Bob whistling away at the marvellous aria, evidently anxious to prevent its escaping his memory, and to secure the pedler's bottle of ale, which, from the warm and dusty travelling, was become now rather a desirable object of speculation.

Hurriedly did he wend his way among the honest folks till he reached the stone cross, placing his back against which he began to pipe his whistle, loud, clear, and richly toned as throstle's melody, while the upper part of his visage, with his two funfraught eyes, beamed a smile of triumph and delight—to appearance taking no thought but of the pedler's discomfiture. But the latter had popped himself quietly into the public-house, and now from the open windows stood regarding his proceedings with a gloating

grin of satisfaction that was anything but to be looked for on the face of a man who saw himself "let in" for a bottle of the best ale.

Right slapdash into the tune did Bob launch, entering with his whole heart into its spirit, nodding with his head to the time, and drumming with his cudgel upon the end of his box. The effect was instantaneous, and most miraculous. It acted like a talisman. The whole doings around came at once to a stop, and every eye was bent upon him with an expression of astonishment and indignation, while every ear was erected at his extraordinary warbling. For half a minute this lasted, and then the charm was broken. The Vulcan of the place, a fellow like a bronze colossus, had just been in the act of slinging his ponderous sledge-hammer, when the sound arrested him. He stood motionless like the rest at first, till satisfied he heard aright. Swinging the tremendous weapon thrice round his shoulder, he hurled it, with a horrible imprecation after it, by way of feather to guide its course, right at the audacious whistler's head.

The latter saw the fearful missile coming, and had but time to duck his crown when over him it flew, and, hurtling through the air, went crash like a thunderbolt through the roof of a neighboring pigsty, the hideous screeching that immediately arose from the inmate of which told that, if Bob's timely stoop had saved his bacon, it was at the expense of other people's.

Thereupon arose from every lip loud cries of—

"Down with him!"

"Kill him!"

"Murder him!"

"Fell him!"

With oaths, curses and denunciations of divers strength and quality, all mingled into one confused roar of a most valor-quelling description. Then I could see folks rushing from every door, eagerly inquiring the cause of the affray, and immediately swelling the hostile multitude that was advancing, a wrathful and most formidable phalanx, upon the daring but now devoted Bob.

For him,—when he saw this strange and most unaccountable effect of his music, his gleeful whistle sank, through a quaver of astonishment and apprehension, into a positive shake of consternation. Nonetheless, albeit well perceiving the desperate nature of his case, he nerved himself for the coming conflict, and seemed prepared to make a resolute running fight of it. But the butcher of the parish, a blood-thirsty blade, eager to have the first blow at the yet unbruised victim, rushed forward before the rest, with double fists aiming at the nose. Him he saluted with a tap on the scone from his Jacobin club, whereupon procumbent in the road he bit the dust inglorious. But his dame, a ferocious termagant, seeing him thus evil treated, snatched in eager haste a bullock's heart, and with dire shriek discharged it at his vanquisher, but, her physical not being equally praiseworthy with her moral aim, the gory missile flew squash into the faces of the advancing crowd, giving Bob a moment's opportunity to make a forlorn manœuvre in his own favor. This he did by lending the *exciseman* (one of his most vigorous assailants) a left-handed compliment

on the jaw that laid him on his face across the prostrate man of blood and then kicked that part of his frame which thus, by the revolution of events, was fated to be uppermost for once. A burly grocer next, intent on earning high renown by tripping up his heels, received a remonstrative thwack across the stomach that bent him double, while from his grinning lips a howl flew up to heaven, at the sound of which the butcher's dog scampered away with his tail between his legs, and a cadger's donkey at the other end of the street brayed a responsive "hee-haw!"

But here, alas! the fortunes of the day were changed, for Victory, in the shape of a powerful sow (that appeared to have escaped maimed from the ruined sty, and not to know whither to flee in the tumult), made directly between Bob's legs, and, whipping him neatly off his feet, capsized him in the road. As he fell, his box was dashed with him against the ground, and, what with the force of the blow and the weight of its contents, was shattered to fragments, and there rolled among the dust geological and mineralogical specimens, the sight of which would have made the very bowels of Buckland yearn within him.

Alas, poor Bob! Would that I could draw a veil over the remaining events of that disastrous evening—that I could skip at once to thy rich revenge! But no; that candor, that regard to truth, which thou didst labor continually to instil into my youthful mind, compels me to detail with equal perspicuity thy defeat as thy many triumphs.

No sooner was the single-handed hero thus by unclean beast laid low, than the whole infuriated crew rushed at once upon him. One hobnailed giant hopped up and down his ribs, with limbs like paviers' rammers; the butcher recovered his legs but to kick the fallen enemy; whilst the grocer and gauger, as he strove to rise, pummelled him about the head with amazing pith and activity. But this was not all—insult was heaped upon injury, and those geologic specimens which it had been his pride to collect, were used as rocks of offence against himself. Then did he fully ascertain the nature of Gneiss-wack, whilst transition rocks made rapid transitions from the hands of his assailants to his own jaws, and his skull was battered by fragments that, from their effect upon his brains, deserved well their name, "conglomerate."

Oh! scientific reader, does it not touch you to the heart to think that a geologist, after a long day's search for a specimen of trap, should at last meet with such a one as this, and at the hands, too, of a rascally pedler?

But let it not be supposed that all this while I was only wasting my wind in unavailing apostrophes, such as the above. No; with all the enthusiasm of boyish friendship, and that for such a friend as he, I was straining every muscle to effect a feeble diversion in his favor. With the nicety of an experienced football-player I insinuated my feet among the ever-shifting ankles of his clumsy assailants, and not a few of them did I by this time precipitate on their noses, though, I grieve to say, at the expense of a copious largess of blows and kicks, garnished with maledictions, to myself.

But at length he recovered his feet, and, wresting the Jacobin from the hands of one who struggled to win it as a *spolium opimum*, made a sweeping blow at the shins of half-a-dozen of them—a proceeding which

immediately opened a breach in the circle. Through this he sprang, and, grasping me by the collar to help me along, bounded away down the road, with the whole pack at our heels, shrieking, cursing, hurling stones and sticks, and sending after us entreaties, more earnest than persuasive, to come back and be murdered.

But they pursued in vain, for he was one of the fleetest runners that ever chased a football in the park of Soandso, and, although a little burdened with my unequal steps, yet soon made the fact manifest. As the last of them, however, a long-legged tailor, gave up the chase, he picked up a pebble from the road, and sent it after us by way of a tangible token of his regard. It struck me on the leg, rendering the limb useless to me for the time; I should have dropped to the ground but for the hold my friend maintained of my collar. When the latter was made aware of this, with a hearty anathema at the donor of the favor (for which fairest of all lady readers I know you have already forgiven him,) he swung me across his shoulders, and scampered along, with undiminished speed.

As soon as we were safe from all the chance of pursuit, he set me down, and proceeded to examine the nature of my hurt with as much gentleness as if my very mother fondled me. It was not serious, but quite incapacitated me from walking, and gave an additional gloom to the long journey before us.

We were now upon the moor we had crossed so joyously in the morning, and, looking back, saw the little village sleeping below us in the soft gray twilight, that was now fast "gloaming" into night. Whereupon Bob, kneeling upon one knee, howled back his curse, like Mazeppa, upon the little town and its whole population, but chiefly on the heads of the blacksmith, butcher, grocer, tailor and exciseman; vowing at the same time that, if his wits stood him in good stead, he would have revenge as consummate as it should be absurd. Then he insisted upon taking me up and carrying me along once more. It was in vain that I essayed to move unaided. My hurt was now exceedingly painful, and I saw I must either be carried or lie down for the night on the open moorland. I felt myself now a burden to my friend in every sense of the word, and could not help frequently expressing my concern at the circumstance. Nevertheless, onward the noble fellow trudged, assuring me he hardly felt my weight, and only hoped my pain was less.

Judge of the gratitude I felt when I reflected that he had already travelled that day many a mile—and that he fought two desperate fights, and once been thoroughly thrashed—that every bone in his body must be aching and every muscle clogged in its action.

Our progress was slow, very slow indeed; but the night was beautiful, and his exhaustless fancy continually kept alive my flagging spirits. In the course of this we speculated much upon the remarkable effect of his whistling, at which, after all our misfortunes, we could not help laughing loudly and long. We came ultimately to a conclusion which, on after inquiry, we ascertained to be perfectly correct, viz., that this tune was the air of a song made long ago in ridicule of the Dribbenbrookians by some wandering bard who had met with rough courtesy at their hands.

The richness of the music as well as of the words to which it was

wedded, made it a bitter bolus to its object, and as much a favorite with the denizens of the neighboring places ; so that to whistle, play, or sing it in the hearing of one or more of the former became, among the latter, to be proverbially considered the height of daring. When we had convinced ourselves of this we began to see through the duplicity of the scheming packman, and to lament that we should have been, even with so much art, betrayed into such a piece of verdure, (*i. e. greenness.*)

It was past midnight before we reached the labyrinth of cross-roads where the footpath across the moor emerged into the highway ; and as my friend was excessively worn out with fatigue, I positively refused to go farther, and proposed that we should pass the night at a little roadside alehouse which we were now near.

Just as I made this suggestion a sound struck our ears, which, heard as we heard it at midnight on a lonely road, would be apt to raise a certain queerness of feeling in the minds of the most sceptical. It was a hollow, churchyard rumbling, accompanied by a trampling of horses, and presently the object causing it broke into view in the shape of a huge hearse, with a grove of towering black plumes nodding and waving above it in the darkness of night. It was drawn by six horses, all hosed to the heels in inky drapery, with lofty clusters of feathers of a similar complexion tossing on their heads.

As it came nearer, a noise of strange unearthly talking and laughter seemed to play around it. My own hair now began to arch, and presently Bob's knees began to knock together, and he dropped me from his shoulders. This phenomenon he afterwards accounted for on the plea of exhaustion.

But our terrors were changed to rejoicing when we saw the dread vehicle draw up abruptly at the ale-house-door, that stood open, and two positions and a driver, every one of a more spectral exterior than his neighbor, jump from their seats and make a mirthful *entrée*, calling loudly for a pot of strong beer, hot.

In we went, along with them, and presently we were all laughing, singing, and roystering together over a can of ale. Never did I see a jollier set of dogs than these same "ushers of the black road," as they called themselves ; and the heartiness wherewith they acceded to our request for a ride to Soandso in their sepulchral drag was as gratifying as it was timely.

They were returning, they told us, from having conveyed the body of a gentleman deceased, from the city to his family burying-place in the country.

As soon as we had snatched a hastily prepared supper of eggs and bacon—

"Come now, comrades," quoth the sombre charioteer ; "don't you think we had better proceed to *rehearsal*, as the players say ?"

"Good again !" cried Bob ; "just wait one moment till my friend and I light our cheroots, and then on to Soandso as fast as you like. The sooner this poor fellow gets home the better, so rattle along like winking. You have carried the dead long enough ; there can be but little harm in carrying the quick for once in your lives."

Soon we had taken our seats within the gloomy conveyance, the two doors of which we kept open for air, and away we were whirled, while the singing, roaring, and laughing were kept up at even a brisker rate than before; and we, between the puffs of smoke, joined chorus amain with all the strength of our lungs. A most startling apparition we must have presented to the frequent nocturnal travellers we met or overtook as half an hour's hard galloping brought us into the immediate vicinity of the city, some of whom we saw dropping on their knees, others scampering across the fields, as we swept past in all our terrors of sight and sound—of which the red glowing spark and the smoke of our cheroots, seen from behind, formed, perhaps, not the most insignificant portion.

But what was their fear to the consternation of my excellent landlady, as, awakened in the darkness of the night by the hideous rumble resounding through the quiet street, and the thundering at her door, the worthy woman flew to the window, and saw dimly, without her spectacles, the ghostly vehicle drawn up, and her favorite boy borne from its recesses?

In a paroxysm of horror she swooned away—nor was she recovered until, effecting an entrance by one of the windows, Bob Whyte restored her to consciousness by puffing tobacco-smoke into her nostrils, for want of hartshorn.

Some three or four days after this I found myself once more beside my friend in the apparatus-room of the Soandsonian University. I was now all right; nor did he give much token of what he had undergone, beyond a big piece of plaster across his forehead, a beautiful areola of divers colors round his left eye, and a habit he appeared to have contracted of clapping his hand to his ribs suddenly whenever he happened to cough or breathe deeply.

We then concocted together a scheme, the working out of which forms the third part, or end, of this my epic reminiscences.

It had been the opinion of the wise and philanthropic founders of the Soandsonian University that knowledge should be afforded to all classes and ranks, and not only that they should have it if they liked, but that it should be offered—nay pressed upon, their acceptance.

In consequence—besides numerous popular courses from which thousands drank the nectar of instruction—it was the custom of the professors to volunteer lectures, explaining, in a simple and untechnical form, different branches of science, in the churches of various parishes around the city. For this the people were always eminently grateful—a fact which they testified in various ways, equally satisfactory to the governing committee of the institution and the lecturers themselves.

Now, one Thursday—when, as usual on that day, a quorum of this committee were assembled in the library of the college, for the dispatch of academical business—it was represented to them in proper form by Mr. Whyte that the parish of Drittenbrook had not up to that time been made the scene of any of those crusades against the Paynim ignorance. The scheme worked admirably. A note was immediately made of the fact. The clergyman of the parish was written to, and an anxious acquiescence was received by return of post.

It was next Sunday announced in the church, between services, that

on the ensuing Saturday evening, a popular lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments, on the subjects of electricity, galvanism and magnetism, would be delivered by Professor ———, of the Soandsonian University, assisted by Mr. Robert Whyte, B.A. The minister, moreover, took occasion earnestly to recommend the attendance of the members of his flock, especially the more youthful, assuring them that he considered it not only folly but actual sin in any one to let pass unturned to account the smallest opportunity of adding to his knowledge.

On the important Saturday, big with the fate of Bob Whyte and of Drittenbrook, behold us embarked in a capacious hackney-carriage—the Professor, his assistant, and myself. In the bottom of the vehicle, on its roof, and secured behind and before it, were numerous boxes containing the apparatus and materials wherewith were to be effected the experiments that were to make science lovely in the eyes of the wondering natives, while the discourse that was to pour instruction over their minds slumbered in the old gentleman's coat-pocket.

Bob was now attired in a dress suited to a philosophic character; myself even sported a long-tailed garment of sacerdotal hue; my long locks too I had shorn, and he had shaved his whiskers, so that it would have been a wonder if in us the worthies had identified the forlorn victims they had so unmercifully served out.

An excellent dinner we found prepared for us at the parsonage, the clergyman presiding; and to our infinite satisfaction, there we beheld the magnates of the village, viz—the blacksmith, butcher, grocer and excise-man, each attired in a well-brushed black coat, and looking as sedate as became elders of the parish and chief citizens of Drittenbrook.

And here let me digress for one moment to inform you, reader, who may have been born under a more southerly parallel, that every Scotchman has a *black coat*. This garment he and his good wife cherish with most parental assiduity, it being only used for the more solemn religious ceremonies and for funerals, on which occasions it is brought forth from its drawer, and, after undergoing a thorough process of rubbing down, is donned with a singular feeling of pride and independence. The possession of this important piece of raiment confers respectability, and no man is so degraded as the Caledonian who, however poor, is destitute of a decent black coat wherein to follow his kinsman to the grave. But to nobody is it more absolutely a *sine qua non* than to one holding the high ecclesiastical dignity of an elder in the church. Who could reverence an elder in a blue dress-coat, with Brummagem buttons?

Our worthy professor soon became quite at home with his companions, and with uncommon spirit discussed at once dinner, politics, the crops, trade, and questions of doctrinal dispute. As for his two followers, we made an early retreat, and proceeded to the church to put in order our machinery for the evening lecture.

A couple of large tables had been raised in front of the pulpit, on which we set in order an imposing array of electrical, voltaic, and magnetic apparatus, glittering in all its mystic splendor of crystal and brass. Around the font we suspended several striking diagrams gorgeous with cabala-

tic lines and figures of crimson, blue, and yellow, while we had in readiness a big bottle of sulphuric acid, wherewith to set in action our galvanic battery whenever it might be required.

Our preparations had hardly been completed when the audience began to assemble, and in another hour the church was crowded: a most motley assemblage it appeared certainly, but all very quiet and decorous.

Then the magnates who had formed themselves into what they styled a committee, entered, and we rejoiced to see among them the whole of our assailants. These were accommodated with elevated seats around the tables, where they sat, looking as demure as any owls, the admiration of the good folks below seeming to be divided between them and the mysterious display on the tables.

At length the lecture began, and for a full hour and a half it lasted. The professor was in excellent spirits, and harangued in beautiful style. We, again, were as alert as cats, and went through the experiments (the manual performance of which was our especial duty) with unexampled effect. The applause was unbounded, and our satisfaction proportionate. At length the speaker's wind and matter were both exhausted, and he brought his discourse to a conclusion.

The audience now began slowly to make their way to the doors, while our friends round the table, rising to their feet, began, with faces of the utmost sagacity, to handle, examine, and remark upon the various pieces of apparatus wherewith they had seen such astonishing feats performed.

My companion now was all activity and attention; from one to another he went, and explained with the utmost courtesy the uses and mode of action of the different implements, whilst they listened, quite charmed with his manner, and their interest intensely excited by the strange phenomena he was bringing before their minds.

A slight shock from the Leyden jar he first afforded them; from that he led their attention to the voltaic pile, putting to their tongues the wires from the two poles, to let them experience the remarkable taste produced in the mouth by the passage of the fluid. Then he set before them the novel and striking electro-magnetic machine, and at length prevailed upon them to submit to its influence.

Now, reader, who perhaps may not have minute and critical knowledge of the properties of this engine, let me inform you that the sensation produced by it is at first rather a pleasurable thrill in the arms of the person under its action. But an essential part of the affair, at least in the form we had it, is a small bit of crooked wire, like a staple, which, being inserted into two cups of mercury, by establishing a communication between them and producing a new channel for the mysterious fluid, instantly changes the above gentle thrill into an excruciating tugging and wrenching at the nerves, to which the most violent shock from a common nine-jar electric battery is little more than as a playful fillip from your lady's fan. In fact, it seems as if your arms were about to be torn from their sockets, and your backbone split into two.

And the best of the fun is that the luckless wight who is undergoing *the agony* cannot rid himself of its cause, but, in spite of himself, with

frantic clutch, grasps convulsively the metallic cylinders through which the current passes into his hands, all that he has the power to do being to gasp out spasmodically, "Murder!"

I may state that the whole proceeding, if properly conducted, is quite harmless, the pain ceasing the moment the machine is stopped.

Mr. Whyte, therefore, when he had them all nicely arranged about the instrument, at the handle of which I was officiating, and when they had for some moments, with faces expressive of satisfaction, remarked upon the strange and peculiar sensation they were experiencing, on a sudden made with his off eyelid a signal which I was immediately on the alert to obey. At once I slipped the crooked wire into the two cups, and whirled the wheel with my whole strength and activity.

Thereupon, the unfortunate victims began to cut the most surprising and original capers, flinging their limbs out at an amazing rate, and twisting their frames about into all sorts of contortions. The group of Laocoon gives but a faint idea of their attitudes or their distress. They struggled and plunged about as if seven devils possessed them; threw out their arms and legs; puffed and panted, and made convulsive attempts to cry out for help or mercy, which came to the ear only as inarticulate, gasping roars. The water gushed into their starting eyes, the sweat poured over their faces, but, with an enduring remembrance of our own bruises, I turned the crank with only increased vigor and good will.

But all this time my companion was anything but idle. He got hold of a cloth, which he made dripping wet with the acid I have alluded to; then, going round behind them whilst they were unconscious of anything save the rocking of their joints, thoroughly damped all their black coats with the color-changing liquid. Then, flying to me with an appearance of the utmost anxiety and concern, he stopped my operations just as the burly grocer fainted away from exhaustion. He was profuse in his apologies for the untoward circumstance, laying the whole blame upon the little bit of wire, which he assured them had completely deranged the machine. He could not sufficiently express his regret at the accident; and severely chide me for my carelessness, while I stood by with aspect contrite, as became one corrected.

As for the poor creatures, they dropped into the nearest seats, and began to wipe the perspiration from their faces and hands. But he, with the most attentive politeness, immediately directed them to a basin hard by, which might be supplied from a jug beside it, containing a clear liquid quite like water. This was a strong solution of nitrate of silver (the substance which constitutes marking-ink,) and the result was, that four of them washed their faces, and all of them their hands, in the jet-producing compound.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from the stunning effects of their experiment, they got up, took their hats, and, wishing us a humble "Good night," went hastily away, with gait marvellously dejected, remarking that we and our machines (which might the devil confound) were anything but "canny" for honest folks to have to deal with, taking in with heedless ears our repeatedly urged apologies and expressions of regret.

No sooner were they out of the building than Bob and I, with wonderful despatch, began to pack away our apparatus in the readiest way we could; for the thoughts of the vengeful nature of the Dribbenbrookians filled our minds, and sympathetic aches began to rise in the bones of our memory.

In a quarter of an hour they were all stowed away (with some damage certainly) and secured about the carriage which stood close by the gate. Into this vehicle he forthwith hurried the professor, who was solacing himself with a glass of wine with the parson in the vestry, and, himself mounting the box, took the reins, and urged the two backs to their extremest speed, never relaxing the pace till we reached the roadside ale-house I have alluded to.

But the fun was not yet over.

On the following Monday we were again in the apparatus-room. The professor was with us, arranging some lenses for an optical instrument, part of which was likewise under the hands of my chum, whilst I stood by, in respectful silence looking on. On hearing a carriage draw up in front of the building, the professor, who was near a window, looked out, and suddenly started up, crying—

"Red coats! Bless me, Mr. Whyte, I'm mistaken if this is not Colonel Queerfiz and his officers come to view the University! Run and receive them—show them to the museum first, while I snatch a moment to make myself decent. No! it can't be; they have round hats: it must be sportsmen—foxhunters, I'll be bound, come to present us with some rare specimen in their peculiar line—an extraordinary fox, or a cub with a head in place of a tail—"

"(A cubec equation," whispered Bob, attempting the pun mathematical.)

"—Or something of that sort—but it's all the same: run out and show them this way."

But he was anticipated, for presently, marshalled along the passages by the gatekeeper of the institution, they approached the room where we were, and, the door being opened, in they came.

And now a spectacle presented itself which set the old professor's wits altogether abroad, utterly confounding his ideas for a space, during which he stood with his hands behind his back, gazing blankly at the strangers, with features expressive of amazement, strong curiosity, and complete "nonplussation"—(somebody coined this word, not I)—apparently unwitting what to say, or how to say it, to creatures of so remarkable an exterior.

Never in my life was I witness to a scene so absurd!

Six individuals stood before us, every one to appearance in greater mental tribulation than his neighbor, and all evidently as much at a loss how to begin the palaver as the professor himself. Four of them had faces as black as the Prince of Pandemonium's waistcoat, and their red lips and white eyes appeared to grin a smile at their own ludicrous aspect, which, in spite of a misery their sable features also testified, they could not for their lives suppress. The other two had countenances of a piebald complexion, but were in all other respects in similar plight with *their fellows*.

Every one sported, beneath his diabolic physiognomy, a snowy-white neckcloth, and had the upper part of his frame enveloped in a roomy, broadskirted coat of the brightest crimson hue, the rest of the apparel consisting of various articles of more or less rustic description.

They stood sliding and shifting about, winking and whispering, and knocking each other's elbows, seemingly at a loss who should be spokesman—now forlornly grimacing, with a mixture of mirth and dismay, as they looked at each other, anon giving a hurried and horrified glance at what they could perceive of their own exteriors.

I could not believe my eyes at first, and acknowledged that for a moment I shared in the doubt and amazement of the professor—I could hardly conceive that our scheme could have been carried to such ludicrous perfection; but when I became cognizant of the full truth, I own that the perspiration came out on my brow, and I felt dizzy with attempts to keep down the shout of laughter that was springing to my mouth. But I had to give way and out it came, to the scandalization of the professor's gravity, who joined with complete abandonment in the "guffaw," being seconded by Bob, and at length by the objects themselves, till the roof echoed again, and the glass apparatus everywhere about quivered and rang to burst after burst of rattling merriment.

The tears ran from our eyes, and holding our sides, we fell against the walls and pillars of the room, till the worthy proff, after many attempts, succeeding in a frown, came out with—

"This is too absurd! My good people, who are you—why do you come here—what do you want with me?"

"Oh, sir?" cried one, now that the ice was broken, "it's the electricity—the shocks—ye ken, that hae done this to us. Isn't it a dreadful sight? We're no the same men. Think on our wives—they're distracted; our weans are terrified, and rin frae us to hide themselves; our neighbors are mad wi' daffin, and hae lost a' respect for us. Look at this noo."

Here he glanced with piteous ogle over his shoulder, at the same time turning half round to bring the gloomy red of his back full into the light, when the strong contrast it presented to his sooty physiognomy was richly perceptible.

"But who are you? that's what I want to know."

"We are the governors of the Drittenbrook Literary and Scientific Institute."

"Oh, the deuce you are! And what do you want coming here in this ridiculous masquerade?"

"We want you to change us again—to take your cantrip off us. We have been to the minister for a word o' prayer, but deil a bit the better are we. Oh, sir! for guid sake, take your apparawtus and mak' us as we were before."

"My good friends, I am altogether at a loss to understand what you would be at. Mr. Whyte, can you explain this strange phenomenon?"

Bob Whyte thus called upon for an explanation, took his Jacobin club from a nail where it hung, and, catching up an old box from a corner, marched up to the metamorphosed heroes of Drittenbrook. Then staring

them full in the face, and drumming upon the bottom of the box, he commenced whistling, with ear-piercing loudness and amazing glee, the identical tune that had erewhile drawn down upon him their direct hostility, while the professor looked on in astonishment at this unaccountable prank of his assistant, which he was as much at a loss to understand as he had been to see through the other events of the day.

But their conduct was no less remarkable. They started—looked at one another—then at once the recollection and identification of my chum and myself seemed to come upon all their minds with a simultaneous stroke. The sound of his whistling entered like iron into their souls, and, as more loudly and more clearly still he poured the absurd melody upon their ears, they turned with crest-fallen and humiliated demeanor, and, woefully sighing, marched in Indian file one after the other out of the room, unconsciously keeping time to the cadence. As they went along the passage, we sent after them a farewell peal of laughter that must have sounded in their ears like the hiss of old Drury in those of an author whose farce is damned.

Then running to the window, we saw them enter the old rickety post-waggon in which they had come, amid the admiration and entertainment of a group of passers-by who halted around them, unable to make out for dear life who or what such strange looking creatures could be.

"Mr. Whyte," said the professor, turning to us with more anger than I ever else beheld upon his countenance, "I am afraid this is some practical joke of yours. You have been amusing yourself at the expense of these poor people. I trust that, the next thing of the kind you play off, you will have better taste than to involve in it *me* of all the people in the world. As the thing is, if it come to the knowledge of the Committee of Managers, I would not guarantee your continuing to hold your situation in the university."

But a few days after, when he came down quietly to the workshop to enjoy his pipe, Bob explained to him the whole circumstance, from beginning to end, when he laughed heartily, and averred that the only thing that excited his wonder was, how luck had seemed in everything so much to coincide with our wishes.

As for the sufferers, I never saw them again. I have been informed, however, that the citizens of Drittenbrook since then have become remarkable for civility to strangers, and that the tune and song alluded to have ceased to possess the power of exciting their wrath, but rather seem to have acquired a tendency quite the contrary way.

Reader, forgive the digressive and unconnected nature of this paper. It is like the excursion, and describes a production of youth—vague, extravagant, without rule, and hardly with reason. Yet I cannot consider, that, if chastened under a regular plan, it would have been equally pleasing to you in perusal—I know it would not have been to me in its composition. Its style is as our wanderings were—now wild in its fun, again *melting in its sorrow*, anon incredible in its absurdity—at one time erring

from the strait path to sketch tree or tower, at another halting to list the tales of others, with which haply, itself has no connexion.

Does it not recall to your memory the recollection of your own early days? and is not the recollection sweet to your mind among the cares of mature life, as is the breath of a hay or clover field to one whirled along the cuts and tunnels of a railway? If I can persuade myself it has this effect upon you, the delight it has afforded to me will be increased tenfold, albeit, whilst the polar star shines upon the scenery of which it is descriptive, the rays of the southern cross fall upon the paper as I write.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAH MERIEL.

SOMETHING about half a century ago, the inhabitants of "The Thorn," a village on the borders of Wales, remarked the appearance among them of a mendicant, who had never before been observed to frequent that neighborhood. She was a woman, and bore with her a child, whose extreme squalor and unhealthiness of aspect attracted compassion to mingle with the disgust excited by her own filthy and debauched character and appearance. She was tall, thin, and pale. Her clothes were tattered and dirty to an extreme degree, and she was continually in a state of semi-intoxication. Her language, too, and general deportment, were of a most abandoned description,—indeed, such as would have ensured her being stoned out of any orderly place, instead of obtaining charity. But it was the child that was her bread-winner: the poor little thing was so tiny and delicate, so dirty, naked and skinny, and appeared by its looks to feel so acutely the wretchedness of its case, that pieces of copper money were plentifully thrown to them as they sat by the hedge-side—for the road through the village was much used, the Thorn inn being the first stage from a pretty large country town.

The mother used to sit, mechanically repeating over, if she were sober enough, a whining petition for charity, while the little girl crouched to her side, and looked up in the faces of the passengers, her large gray eyes having such a pleading expression that words of pity were copiously bestowed upon her from those who could not afford more substantial indication of their benevolence. She was about four or five years old, and appeared so thin, debilitated, and continually shivering and shrinking, that one wondered now she could stand or walk. It was a most disagreeable sight to look at the sickly, fleshless child, dirty and cold, and the tall, slouching and more filthy and disgusting parent, with her lack-lustre, drunken eye, as they staggered along—the latter frequently stopping to beat the poor unoffending little thing, and she again, taking it all with an

air of patient resignation, uttering no complaint, hardly even shedding a tear. In fact, the creature was so wasted, that one could scarcely guess where tears in her could have a source. I have said that coppers were liberally bestowed upon them;—all went for liquor, to satisfy the cravings of the mother; nor this alone—whatever she could lay her hands on, and exchange for money or drink, she recklessly appropriated, stealing utensils even from the outhouses where charitable people were prevailed upon to allow her shelter.

At that time public charity was hardly so strictly managed as now, and this woman was allowed to beg publicly, and even to take possession of two rooms of a dilapidated building about a quarter of a mile distant from the village. In a short time indolence and drunkenness confined her to this place, and her daughter was sent out daily, alone, to beg for their support. The disgust of the woman's presence being removed, people began to question the child. They found her remarkably intelligent and sagacious, and very grateful for such little kindnesses as housewives were disposed to grant her. Her name was Leah, she said, Leah Meriel; her father had been a soldier, but she had no recollection, save of being carried about to beg.

This child displayed a singular desire for instruction, collecting together all sorts of ballads, printed notices, and such things, and being mightily pleased when any one would take the trouble to name to her the letters, and show her how to join them into words. The gift of an old book, torn and boardless, delighted her; if it contained pictures, she was in ecstasies; and things like these she hoarded up in a corner of the old building, where, when the weary travail of the day was over, and her brutal mother sunk in drunken senselessness, they served her for companions and playmates.

A year passed, and she became better known about the district. She was now more warmly clad, and a little taller, but still exceedingly thin, wan, and unhealthy, with a look of care on her sickly, childish features, most unnatural and unpleasant to see. She never affected the society of children of her own age, or mingled, or would have been allowed to mingle in their play. They were her enemies; by them the poor, frail beggar-child was hunted and stoned. She more desired the company of grown-up women, and would hold lengthy and serious conversations with them at times, not a little to their amusement. From such traits, as well as from her loathsome appearance, she began to be called, by most in thoughtlessness, but by some in earnest, a fairy changeling, and the name Fairy Leah attached itself to her thenceforward.

But there was one place to which, in her daily round of bitterness, she drew near with a feeling of something that surely was pleasure. It was a large house, inhabited by the paper-manufactory of Whitestream, from which most of the inhabitants of the Thorn derived their bread. Here she was always sure of copper coin, haply some cast-off clothing, or cold dainties of the table; but the chief charm was, that the young master, a quiet, studious boy, would come to the drawing-room window, and amuse himself by holding long discussions with her. To him she was indebted for explanation of the mystery of old English and German letters, and for

the first hint of writing, by the simple process of copying from italic type. Odd volumes and pamphlets innumerable she owed to him ; and frequently, as she was leaving, he would bid her go to the parterre and pull herself a flower, the prettiest she could find. Was not this a reason why the poor little ill-looking, despised, hopeless, and helpless outcast should feel the load of her cares and sorrows sit lighter on her childish heart as she crept along the avenue of Whitestream Lodge ?

A few years more and she obtained employment at the paper factory, or mill, as it was called ; the wages she earned weekly, and a larger allowance from the parish to the old woman, serving amply for their maintenance. She was now much taller, but still a perfect skeleton, and still she showed the same cowering, solitary disposition, the same eagerness to lay hands on old books and stray newspapers, but certainly much greater cleanliness and tidiness of person. Still was she insulted and neglected, or treated as an amusing inferior, by her fellow-workpeople. The latter, however, was a character she now appeared desirous to avoid, and daily might she be seen wending her companionless way between the paper-mill and the old dwelling where she had her abode.

The country around the Thorn presented the usual slight undulations, cultivated almost to a square foot, and dotted with frequent timber, which is everywhere characteristic of the garden of England. The first risings of the Welsh hills formed a barrier to the sight on one side, while in the opposite direction the dimpled plain stretched away, itself becoming as a blue line in the far distance. About a quarter of a mile or more from the village, you observed what you would at first take to be a long, narrow wood, or plantation, dividing, perhaps, two estates. Haply, as you looked, a distant rushing sound would reach your ears, which might be the breeze among the foliage,—but it was the dash of water. What appeared a lengthened slip of copse was the hollow, dingy course of the Whitestream, which, descending here, found its way, by a scooped channel, to join one of the large rivers of that part of the country.

The sides of the little valley were rocky, if not precipitous, and covered with a plentiful clothing of dwarf oak, birch, and other trees, which, confused together to the distant eye, completely concealed the romantic hollow. On account of the chrysal purity of the water, a quality which had obtained for it the name of Whitestream, this place had been long used as a site for the paper-manufactory before alluded to. The channel, after being close and narrow for a mile or two, suddenly enlarged into a little oval green dale, the stream winding round under the rocks to one side, embracing in the bend a rounded bank of rich alluvial soil, covered with most vivid sward, whereon two horses, employed about the place, usually grazed. At the bottom of this meadow, which might have been a couple of gun-shots in length, stood an extensive collection of low buildings, partly of stone and partly of brick, the sound of machinery from which indicated the mill. At the upper end of it, again, was a broad deep dam, which supplied the factory below with power. Close to the edge of this stood a broken-down house, its roof partly fallen in, and the foundation of one corner washed completely bare by the water, a great rent indicating the insecurity of the whole fabric. In this place Leah's mother was per-

mitted to reside, no other return being exacted from her than the custody of the heavy iron winches and other implements whereby the ponderous sluices were raised or lowered, as the supply of water, or the demand for power, increased or diminished.

This building had formerly been the residence of the proprietors of the factory. Afterwards, on their leaving for Whitestream Lodge, it was occupied by the foreman and his family; but, from the increased respectability of this functionary as the works grew in extent and importance, as well as the loneliness and manifest danger of its position, it became finally deserted, and the materials, not being worth the expense of removal, were allowed to remain.

A little room, in its upper story, was chosen by Leah for her chamber, partly because the steep and ruinous state of the stair prevented her mother from having access to it. And this separation was the cause of the improvement so visible, first in her dress, afterwards in her spirits, and finally in her person.

Here passed her girlhood. Fifteen years had she lived,—years of cold and hunger, sickness, sorrow, and scorn; but now this was over: her steadiness, attention, and neatness of hand, as well as her increased age, procured her advancement in the factory, with an enlargement of the poor pittance that rewarded her labor. Bodily strength, too, she began to gain wherewith to defend herself against her inhuman mother.

But at this age a change seemed to come over her existence. Health appeared now to have visited her. She became erect, though lithe and slender as a reed. Her skin changed the pallid clammy hue for a clear lustrous white; and while her wrists and ankles and small hands and feet remained the same, the rest of her limbs expanded, assuming a rounded fulness of shape, yet still light and airy to a degree. Her waist continued slight as ever, but her chest swelled, her shoulders became full and obtuse, her gentle bosom budded forth into early womanhood, and her sunken cheeks plumped out into a perfect oval. It was then discovered that her features were exactly regular. But when her lips, no longer colorless, pouted like a double cherry, and a glow settled on each cheek, at first flitting and changing, but at length fixed in sunny permanence—when her gray eyes sparkled with cheerfulness, beneath her high cold forehead, clouded by the simple braids of her flaxen hair—and when a small timid dimple ventured upon her little round chin, then it was she stood confessed the Beauty of the Mill, the Thorn, the parish, the district of country.

She was somewhat under the middle height of women, and possessed of a delicacy of feature, complexion, and shape, that excited in all wonder and admiration. She appeared so slender and fragile, yet still so symmetrical and so graceful in every motion that the term "Fairy Leah," which had been given on account of her deformity, became now the sobriquet,—oh, how much more appropriate!—of her sudden loveliness.

And now you fancy I am about to treat you to the old story of gentle or haply even noble blood, long crushed and concealed, but at length bursting into light, and rising to its own proper place, like water to its level.

But Leah was, in very truth, the daughter of a beggar,—in metaphor, the child of care, disease, and toil.

How many that, erewhile made the poor little medicant a subject of injury or insult, now envied, hated, or madly loved her! Yes! many of those young men who had laughed a year or two before, as they stoned her from their father's doors, or sent their dogs barking and tearing after her, would now have been proud to do her the most menial service, to obtain one kind look, one gladdening smile. What errands they invented merely to have the rapture of speaking to her for a moment, even about ordinary matters, and hearing the sweet, low tones of her dulcet voice in reply! But, still timorous and bashful, Leah shunned all advances, avoided all companionship, even of her own sex, and might be seen tripping lightly away to the ruined building as soon as the bell at the mill announced that work for the day was over.

Her labor was of a light description, and pretty well remunerated. It consisted in inspecting the finished writing-paper, and with an instrument of peculiar shape scraping away any blemishes, specks for instance, which, floating about in the solution of size into which the sheets are dipped, in order to prevent the ink from spreading,—in fact, to convert them from blotting-paper,—might have adhered to them. This required great nicety of touch, and was a clean and rather superior department of the manufacture; consequently, both in dress and person, she required to be of a very different aspect from the girls who labored in other parts of the work. The paper made at Whitestream was of the finest quality, and for the London market; and certainly, no hand, however highborn, that wrote upon, could outvie in shape, hue, or delicacy, that gentle one, which, moving lightly, as over the keys of a musical instrument, put the finishing touch to its fabric.

About half a mile from the factory lay some fields which, forming the subject of litigation between two proprietors, were then, and continued to be for some years longer in grass. No road or lane lay in that quarter near enough to command a view of these; on the other hand, the prospect from them was very extensive, varied, and beautiful. They ran along the southern skirts of the narrow wood that concealed the course of the Whitestream. On the balmy summer evenings Leah began now to be seen, by the few whom chance led in that direction, loitering about these fields in company with a young man in dark clothes, who wore his hat slouched far over his forehead. When looked at, it was remarked they used to retire among the trees and down into the dell; desirous, apparently, not so much of eluding observation as of avoiding intrusion. Some, too, who had gone up the copsewood at night to snare the game that abounded there, or to set or lift fishing-lines in the stream, had seen two persons sitting together on the bank, beside a wild rosebush that grew hard by the old building, and by the summer moonlight were able to recognize Fairy Leah and her dusky, spectral lover.

Two years passed over, the while this strange dalliance lasted,—dalliance which was as Paradise to poor Leah Meriel, for a passion possessed her, fervent, single, unchangeable; a love the effect of youth, solitude, and an ardent imagination. If ever there was perfect bliss enjoyed by

creature of clay, it was by her in this hidden intercourse. All the thoughts and feelings that in ordinary people are divided among relations, friends, wealth and every other object that excites emotion, were in her lovely bosom bent in one passion—upon one object, that returned it with an equal intensity. She had never known what it was to be loved, until by him. Kindness unalloyed with contempt she had received from no other—he and happiness to her were one idea. Bred in solitude, squalor, and affliction, she never could have imagined the existence of such a thing as *love*. She had seen the word in her books, it is true, but she passed it as she would have done any other syllable to which her simple mind could attach no idea: and now, to plunge at once into all the delirious joy of the novel and exquisite emotion! It was even as one who, born deaf, by aid of noble surgery has the sense of hearing awakened in him. With the same rapture wherewith such a person would first listen to a strain of distant music—with the same wild delight did she revel in the new-discovered feeling the same! nay, greater, more potent, a thousand fold; for the first is a matter of sense, the second, of soul! It was in very sooth an intoxicating cup, but there was deep sin mingled in the draught, and bitter, bitter, proved to be the dregs.

But a new character here entered upon the scene,—George Basil, Esq., the proprietor of the Whitestream factory. This was a man of wealth, possessed of land to the amount a thousand pounds annually, and drawing many times that amount from his business as a manufacturer. He was an aged libertine. If there be any circumstances in which vice may be looked upon with leniency, it is in youth, that season of burning thoughts and gushing pulses. But with what eyes can we contemplate a hoary sinner, who after spending a life of wickedness, now, when his blood winds cold and sluggish through his veins, publicly and shamelessly employs the experience of age, and the temptations of hoarded wealth, for the accomplishment of evil? I may state that he had been the father of a family.

Observing Leah's extreme delicacy of form and face, he began towards her a course of offensive attention that ultimately drove her from the factory. She remained away, shut up in the old dilapidated building. Late one night shortly after her leaving work, Basil found his way to this place.

Leah's mother sat alone in a low brick-paved apartment, that had formerly been the kitchen of the house. She was crouching, half naked and horribly filthy, in a corner of the great old chimney, over a fire of sticks, which her daughter had provided and kindled. Beside her lay a bottle, which had contained liquor, but it was now empty, as was a small tin pannikan she used to drink from. She was smoking a short pipe, perfectly black from long use, and was in her usual state of dozing half-drunkenness.

He lifted the latch, and pushed open the door. Albeit used to scenes of the most revolting description, he had hardly prepared for such an incarnation of disgust as he now beheld. He hesitated, but at length entered and addressed her.

Turning her head and looking up, she beheld a stout, large man, with

his coat buttoned across his chest. He was gray-haired, with a bald crown. His features were heavy, and of a tallowy complexion. His lips, thick at the angles, bloodless in color, and continually wet, along with his cold gray eye, leered a hideous, unnatural smile. They had known each other of old, and she recognised him immediately, surmising with accuracy the purpose of his visit.

She motioned him to a heavy stool, the only seat in the place, she herself sitting on a stone; and a whispered conversation commenced between them, eked out by winks, nods and significant grins. Can you imagine a mother making traffic of the virtue of her child—for a few coins, selling her daughter to sin and misery here, and, haply, endless ruin hereafter?

"No!" you cry, "human nature can never be so depraved, so utterly dead to all, even animal feeling!"

Alas! alas! a medical man sees more of frail human nature in one year, than the professed student of mankind during a lifetime of travel! What would you think of a mother selling her offspring for dissection?

He put several pieces of gold into her hand. She took them, passed them between her finger and thumb, and slipped them into the bosom of her dress, while he looked on in silence. At that moment he thought he heard, in a distant quarter of the ruinous building, a foot moving upon a wooden floor.

"Surely," thought he, "that cannot be her footstep, so heavy and decided?"

Presently the sound as of voices speaking together, and a quiet, happy laugh, reached his ear. He began to entertain doubts.

"I say, Sarah," he commenced, "I hope it's all right—eh?" and he added a series of signs to the speech.

"Right! I should think so."

"Well, at least let me have a light; it's the right-hand door, at the end of the passage you say?"

"Yes, mind; the right-hand door; if you take the left you will fall through the floor down into the cellar, which is full of water from the dam."

"That would be a consummation hardly to be wished, Sal, so just let me have a stick from your fire; and he lighted a small bull's-eye lantern. "I find this sort of thing very useful, at times, of an evening."

He went out: she crept to the door after him and listened.

She heard him scrambling up the ruinous staircase, then treading along the passage. Then a door opened, there was sound of rapid talking, loud screams from a female, then a sudden noise of struggling, and a hoarse and wild cry of "Murder!"

"By Heaven, that's the master!" cried a voice beside her. It was Basil's confidential servant, who had been left at the mill with their horses, but, attracted by curiosity, had come to listen and watch. "Give me a light," he continued: "there's the deuce to pay up there:" and, catching a flaming stick from the fire, he sprang up the stair. It was some time before he could find his way; at length, seeing a light through the chinks of a door, he pushed it open and entered.

It was a small apartment, exceedingly clean and tidy: a cheerful

little fire was burning right before him, and a table stood near it with candles, books, papers and some sewing-work. On a small bed, in a corner, was laid back, insensible, the slight frame of Fairy Leah Meriel. Her dress was torn, her hair loose, and a look of wild terror was stamped upon her features. Her right hand grasped firmly a knife; her left was clenched, but empty. On the floor, prone on his face, lay the master. He went forward to raise him, but, as he did so, found that his feet stuck to the boards. They were covered with blood. The poor fellow was horrified; how much more when, raising the body, he perceived the features twitching with the faint spasms of departing life, while from a hideous gash in the forehead blood was welling like water. For a moment he was irresolute what to do, and the idea struck him—might not he himself be implicated with the crime? Laying the body on the floor, he ran from the house down to the factory, where rousing the people who were living in various parts of it, he brought them in a crowd to behold the deed that had been done.

They gathered round the old ruinous house, ventured in; one by one; They were amazed, and knew not whom to accuse, what to do, or what to think. Some busied themselves in restoring to animation the senseless body of the girl, others in raising and examining that of the squire, as he was called. As soon as Leah recovered consciousness, she sat up on the bed, and looked around her at the wondering assemblage. Then she lifted the hand that still clutched the knife, looked at it, and laid it down on a shelf close by. Presently observing the body of Basil, she shuddered, and, turning away, fell down once more at length. They thought she had fainted again, but she was only overpowered by excess of thought.

One of them spoke to her.

"What is this you have done now, Leah?"

"I did not do it," she replied, "God is my witness!"

"Who did it then?"

"Oh, most dreadful!" she murmured, and was silent for a while;—then "Do with me what you please," said she; "I will answer no more questions."

They took her away to the Thorn inn, carrying with them the knife she had held in her hand; but they remarked there was no spot upon it, it was perfectly bright, cold, and clear. Besides, it was plain to all that this weapon could never have inflicted the fearful wound upon Basil's brow.

It was altogether a most mysterious affair. Many of the superstitions of Wales had found their way thus far into the lower country, and strange things were whispered with regard to Fairy Leah and her shadowy lover. Old stories began to be told of a sombre spirit that had in times bygone haunted the dell; and it was hinted that not for nothing had the old house been deserted, first by the Basils themselves, and then by the foreman of the mill. Leah's startling change of aspect was itself palpable proof of some dark communion with superior powers. Nay, the very blow was not such as was ere inflicted by hand of clay—the forehead, *seemed to be so completely stove in*, to use the expression of the people.

But in the meanwhile a coroner's inquest was held on the body at the Thorn inn, and their verdict was "Conspiracy and murder against Sarah Meriel, Leah Meriel, and some other person or persons unknown." The evidence of Basil's servant was the chief in bringing about this conclusion.

Poor Fairy Leah!—her summer dream of delight proved to be brief as it was exquisite, and her season of sorrow once more set in with tenfold bitterness. She was committed to prison. Warrants were issued for the apprehension of her mother as a partner in the crime. They searched the ruined house, and all about the mill and the dell it stood in, but without success. At last she was found in an obscure part of the county town, lying lifeless in a kennel, dead of drunkenness, wrapped in a rag; and, hid in the bosom of her dress were found nine guineas of ten she had received from Basil: with the tenth she had purchased her destruction.

In the mean time, Mr. Basil junior, who was at London, a law-student, arrived at the county-town; he did not come to the factory or to White-stream Lodge, but sent for the manager to come to him. This person he admitted to a share in the concern, as acting partner, himself not having the intention of interfering with the business. This completed, he left again for the metropolis.

But as poor little Leah, it was several months till the assizes that were to decide her fate, and that time she had to languish in a gaol. But do not sink, gentle Leah: there is one who, albeit himself fearfully, namelessly criminal, knows your innocence, and will stir heaven and earth to make it avail you.

Does not the whistle of that wild Welsh air, coming nightly to your ear through the iron lattice that to you fetters the light of Heaven, breathe to your heart confidence and hope? They offer you pardon to be crown evidence! Alas! they do not know of the living bond by which you are bound for his security.

One evening, close before the day appointed for her trial, a gentleman sat in a lonely apartment in one of the sombre streets, on the outskirts of the county-town already alluded to. He was alone, busy writing, and that with the air of one to whom composition is a matter not only of habitual occupation, but also of great pleasure. As it was very late, indeed within an hour of midnight, he had resigned himself completely to his intellectual labor. His neckerchief was removed; every button whose tightness could for a moment draw his attention was unloosed; his slippered feet rested on a stool within the fender; and a well-inked dressing-gown enveloped his figure. A lamp with a paper shade, perched on the top of a pile of books, lighted the table, leaving the further parts of the room in obscurity. He continued to ply his pen with careless rapidity, frequently pausing and raising his head, his eyes looking vacantly into the darkness around, anon bending him to his task, the scratching of the point over the paper, and the occasional sound of a cinder falling upon the hearth, being all that interrupted the stillness of the chamber.

So absorbed was he that he did not remark a knock at the house-door, the sound of its opening, or a quick step ascending the stairs and entering the room.

It was a tall, spare, dark complexioned young man, with a strangely bright eye. He placed a broad brimmed hat on the table, and, drawing off his black leather gloves, laid them across its lip. He then, leaning his hand beside it, continued to gaze at the busy penman, with a look in which a student of nature might detect and separate respect, envy, self-accusation, anxiety, and embarrassment. At length, as the latter raised his eyes, they encountered those of the new comer.

He regarded him with a bewildered look.

"Well," said the other, smiling, "surely you don't take me for my own ghost. How are you? How progresses the *Independent*? Interest advancing in the country—eh?"

"What—well—really, my dear fellow, excuse me, I took it for some illusion. But where have you been all this while?—how have you been disposing of yourself?—Studying hard?—or—bless me! you have been ill, John—you are as thin as a lath! and, as I live, your hair is turned grey, or I have bedeviled my eyes somehow!"

"——— What is this you are about?" said the other, as if to break the course of the conversation, and drive off, for a moment longer, some disagreeable subject: "a heavy-hitting leader for the old journal, eh?"

"Ay, you may say that; small help have we had from you lately. I had feared that crack article exhausted you."

"What article?"

"The analysis, you recollect! of the character and policy of Mirabeau."

"Ah, yes; that was the thing Sir Something Somebody pirated from in the House of Commons."

"Ay, I suppose, since you have been writing for the London periodicals, you have quite forgotten your connexion with an obscure country newspaper and its obscure editor."

"No, Will, believe me, I have not written a sentence since I wrote in this room. No; I have got wrought up with a fearful piece of business—God help me!

And he threw himself abruptly into a chair, a still blacker shade passing over his dark features, like a cloud-shadow over a nocturnal landscape; while his eyes, which seemed usually possessed of almost an unnatural light, shot forth a glance, as if a flame had glared up suddenly, and sunk again within his head.

"Put away your papers, Will, and attend to me; I have something to tell you that will put politics out of your head for the night."

"What, a duel, eh?"

"Folly! I am about to put the strength of our friendship to a severe test; and, first, give me your word of honor that what passes between us shall never reach the ears of any other being."

"Nay, I will make no rash promises, but you may rely on my friendship, John; I trust our intimacy has subsisted too long for you to feel any scruples about imparting a secret to me."

"I will trust you—I can do no better; and now, William, I am laying my life into your hands. That girl, Meriel, that is to be tried on Monday —"

"Well!"

"—is altogether innocent of the crime imputed to her."

"Then, I suppose, that will come out in the evidence."

"Possibly not; that is the reason I have come here to-night. You must save her."

"I!—how, pray?"

"You are foreman of the jury, and will have absolute influence over them. The people of the town have the utmost confidence in your judgment and your virtue—most justly, I allow. I am convinced that if any one, of what party soever, were asked who was the most talented man in the place, the answer would be, the editor of the *Independent*. In fact they hold you little less than an inspired person. I do not say this in silly flattery, Will, but to show you how you are to fulfil my request. I know that in that jury your opinion will lead every other, and, in fact, form the verdict. Now you are to know beforehand that the dear girl is as guiltless of the crime as you are."

"But how am I to know anything of the kind?"

"My word, William; did it ever fail you? I swear to you, as I shall answer to that Being whose eye alone saw the deed, that she is absolutely pure of it, whatever the evidence may appear to prove to you! Will you, for my sake, use your utmost efforts to lead the jury to a verdict of acquittal?"

"This is really absurd, John."

"Then, I see, I must tell you the whole story."

He rose, opened the door, looked out, secured it, returned, and commenced, in a low half-whisper, a narrative that speedily arrested and absorbed the attention of his hearer.

When he had done, the latter heaved a deep sigh, as if relieved from a weight. The expression of feature with which he looked at him, too, was altogether changed from that with which he had regarded him at his first entrance.

"And now," said the stranger, are you convinced of her innocence?"

"I am—I am."

"And you will endeavor to procure her acquittal?"

"I will; I consider it a duty; and did I not believe that your motive was not what the world would judge it, I would consider it a duty to—"

"Betray me, Will?"

"Give you up to public justice; but I could not do it. Alas! we have been friends from childhood! Your crime has been great and unnatural—but you have trusted to my affection. I will use all just measures to bring off your unhappy victim; your own punishment I will leave in the hands of Him who alone can inflict a penalty adequate to such a deed."

"Yes—you see it *here*," and he snatched a quantity of hair from his head with his fingers, and held it out.

It was iron-grey in color, and came away with ease, as if the roots had been withered, and yet his features were those of a very young man—in-deed, little beyond boyhood.

"Would you know the mark of Cain?" he continued; "look in my

face. But what was Cain to me? He only slew his brother. Great God, what will become of me?"

"And now," said the other, after a pause, "I pray you will leave this house, and never again come near me. It is no lessening of my personal friendship for you, but that crime, that dogs you like a hideous Doppelgänger—we can never again be companions—I cannot associate with a—"

"The dreadful syllables stick in your throat, Will. Good bye!"

"Farewell, indeed, John; better fortune attend you, and may your sins and sorrows lie light upon your breast! Before you go, I would recommend you to get young B—— to plead for her."

"He is already retained."

"Farewell! God be with you!"

"Farewell!—Farewell!"

The trial was a long one, and ended in her acquittal. This was owing as much to the turn given to the evidence by repeated questions from the foreman of the jury, as to the masterly pleading of Mr. B——.

The history of Leah—her personal delicacy and weakness—the fact of her clothes, as well as the weapon she had grasped, apparently in her defence, being altogether unstained with blood—the nature of Basil's wound—his atrocious private character, were all particularly dwelt upon—and the result was that she was sent free from the bar, the crime being wrapped in as much obscurity as ever.

About a month after this, a young surgeon sat alone, very disconsolate, in a shop he had opened as an apothecary and general practitioner, in a remote corner of the liberties of Westminster. He was cursed with that bane to success in practice,—a juvenile face and appearance;—and he was bitterly reflecting how long it would be ere time would bless his features with a wrinkle, when a young man entered to purchase some drugs.

It was the same darkly-dressed individual I have just described. The materials he bought were of a chemical nature, and he stated his intention of using them for certain experiments. He made this a means of drawing the young surgeon into a lengthened conversation, with the view of sounding the extent of his skill.

Day after day he returned, purchasing continually various ingredients, and daily taking the opportunity to discourse upon medical subjects. At length he stated his desire that he should leave his business, and go with him to attend a case at a distant part of the country. The other objected, stating his determination that, if his practice did not succeed, it should be from no want of attention or perseverance on his part.

The stranger urged that his was a portion of that very business he was so anxious to advance—indeed, his earliest important case. This, and other representations, backed by a twenty-pound note laid on the table, immediately resolved him what course to adopt. Leaving his surgery in charge of a former fellow-student, he started next day for a professional excursion, he knew not whither. They left in a travelling carriage, went westward from London, and journeyed for two days.

I may state that the stranger had before informed him of the nature of

the case, and he was prepared to treat a female patient. He found her living in a little place, half town, half village, in a secluded district of country, to which he was unable then to give a name. He was struck by her exceeding beauty, by her unusually melancholy and despondent feelings, and her extreme meekness of deportment.—It was Leah Meriel.

His employer continued in daily attendance upon her, and they spent long periods of time in conversation together. Their demeanor towards each other was marked by a most dove-like tenderness—unaltering on her part—on his, broken by wild outbursts of frantic passion. Often he would sit by her for hours, while they talked earnestly together; then, on a sudden, he would drop on his knees by her bedside, and, burying his face among the clothes or curtains, groan aloud. At other times, he started up, pressed his clenched hands against his temples, and rushed across and across the room.

Such fits Leah allowed to go on for a little, when usually her mild, pensive "John, love!" would bring him to her side calm in spirit, even though his frame was trembling and sinking from the overpowering emotion that had recently been racking it. His room was over the surgeon's, and all night long he could be heard pacing about, talking to himself, and sometimes giving way to long fits of loud lamentation.

At length this gentleman was informed that his immediate aid was required. It was in the night, and the next morning his patient lay, buried in a deep sleep, with her first-born nestling in her bosom.

That morning he sat by the window, apparently much embarrassed and disquieted. He had a trying task before him—one for which his youth and inexperience scarcely fitted him.

The infant was malformed, and it is a hard thing to tell a father that his first—his long wished and hoped-for son—is—*monstrous*—a world's wonder—a thing to pity and be ashamed of. Pray Heaven you may never have to make such a communication, and, much more, that such a communication may never have to be made to you.

The deformity in this case was of a most striking and mysterious description: it was a deficiency of the frontal bone or plate of the forehead, the middle part of which was entirely wanting, allowing the pulsations of the brain to be both felt and seen through the soft skin. But this was not all: the skin was disfigured with a large deep *red blotch*, of that description called, by the common people, *wine-mark*, or *blood-mark*. A *blood-mark*, in this case, it was indeed! This stain covered the whole brow above the eyes. In other respects the child was healthy and well formed.

At length he rose. He appeared to have nerved himself to the proper pitch, and, going cautiously to the door, he went out and sought another apartment. Here he found his employer, who had been asleep all night. The usual questions as to the health of the two objects of his care were put to him with much earnestness and anxiety. At length he began—

"But there is one fact which I think it is as well to inform you of at once, as probably it might be the cause of a very painful scene, if you found it out yourself hereafter without being forewarned."

The other grew pale, and rose slowly to his feet.

"The child is slightly malformed."

His dark visage became actually yellow, while the peculiar glaring lustre filled his eyes, and he moved slightly, as if dizzy.

"The forehead is blotched with a *blood-mark*, and the bone there is *wanting*."

The last syllable had hardly left his lips, when his bearer sprang at his throat, seized his collar with both hands, and shook him violently, screaming through his fixed teeth,—

"Scoundrel—villain—miserable hound!—do you think by such a wretched trick to make me with my own lips betray myself, like one of your hospial idiots!"

The surgeon was taken unawares, but, having learned a few things more than medicine in his student-life, and being withal a well-made, muscular young man, he at once grappled with his opponent, and, after a short struggle, forcibly thrust him down into a chair.

"Sir," said he, "I am surprised—astonished, that you should so egregiously commit yourself!"

"Excuse me, doctor," said the other, letting go his collar, while a deep blush covered his face, changing quickly to a livid shade. "Pardon me—I was not quite myself—I am all right now. Forgive me, my dear sir."

Here he poured himself out a glass of wine from a decanter that stood on a side-table.

"Go on; I am prepared for whatever you have to tell. I regret, exceedingly, I should have got so excited."

The surgeon proceeded to detail the particulars of the case more at length, in terms which he was well aware, from his former interviews with him, he understood.

When he had done, a conversation ensued, in which he was asked if he had thought of anything that could have caused this deformity. He replied, that it appeared to him to be an arrest of development of the bone, and explained the usual process of formation. He added that the cause of it could not be divined. After this he was about to withdraw, when his employer detained him to inquire at what time he thought Leah would have strength to hear some very disagreeable news. He replied, that, taking into consideration her extreme delicacy of constitution, it would be advisable to put off for a couple of weeks or so all such communication.

"Then, doctor, till that period you will stay here, I have no doubt; and, let me assure you, a proper value will be put on your time."

It was several days before Leah discovered the deformity of her infant. The surgeon had caused the nurse to bind a fillet of cloth over its brow, and it was an easy thing to persuade the simple, girlish mother that such a proceeding was necessary in all cases. She was sitting up in bed, nursing and fondling the child, her beautiful face giving evidence once more of an almost perfect happiness, when, with a sudden gambol, it dislodged the cloth, and the hideous pulsating blotch became apparent.

Leah shrieked aloud and fell back upon the couch. The doctor immediately flew to her side: in a hurried manner he explained to her that there was in the case no immediate danger to life, all the evil lying in

the deformity. She heard this, but made no reply, only pressing the infant closer to her bosom. After a while—

"Alas, doctor!" said she; you do not know what I know. It will be a sore sight for him."

"He is already aware of it," said her attendant.

"And how did he bear it?"

"Why, well enough: he was a little moyed; but such is to be expected."

"Poor, poor John!" and she gave way to a long fit of silent weeping.

But this discovery seemed only to have fixed her affections more firmly to her child: a more devoted mother could not exist. It seemed as if they were still but parts of the same being. She never lost sight of it for one instant, and when the little darling smiled upon her, a glow settled on her features of perfect joy, not the less intense, that sighs followed and sorrow seemed interwoven with it.

At length, the surgeon having informed his employer that she was now in a state of health to bear, without danger, any communication he might have in view, he was dismissed as he had been brought, while the liberality of his remuneration heightened the feelings of curiosity and suspicion wherewith he had regarded the whole proceedings.

The afternoon of that day Fairy Leah sat at the window of her room, caressing her child, and singing and talking to it. The young man she called John entered and took his seat beside her. He seemed laboring under the weight of some tidings he did not know how to break, appeared moody and embarrassed, and his dark features were knit as if every muscle were strung. She looked at him with an expression of fondness, anxiety, and fear.

"Leah," said he, "you love your child."

She made no reply, but pressed it to her heart as she held it, continuing to regard him with a more intense degree of the same expression.

"You must *part with it*, dearest," he went on. "Listen to me, Leah: that child is destined to murder me, and will do it, sooner or later. Look at that hideous mark on its brow: could you live with such a damning memorandum continually before your eyes? Yes, so certain as it exists will that boy put me to death. I know this by a strange instinct that has taken possession of me, which I cannot explain to you or understand myself. But nothing is to be despaired of. I will take every measure to protract—if possible, to prevent it;—not on my own account, Heaven knows! but on account of him. I would not have him suffer what I do—I would not have him bear that death-agony of soul with life of body—remorse—"

"John, John," cried she, her eyes filling with tears, "your afflictions have unsettled your mind."

"No, my mind is not like other people's, or I should have long ago sunk into an idiot, or have given myself up, to rid me honestly of this torment! No, its power of feeling misery is unimpaired—my mind is unchanged! You must part with the child. I have found a decent person, who, with her husband, is about to emigrate to the woods of Ame-

rica. She has lost a child of nearly the same age, and will take yours and rear it up where it will never hear of its hapless parents."

"No," she cried, springing to her feet, "I will go with it myself to America, or where you please, and rear it as you wish; but no power shall ever separate me from my child!"

"I will separate you! You must go with me, and think no more of that miserable offspring of crime and sorrow. Dearest, dearest Leah, I cannot part with you. You are as it were the soul to my body,—to part with you were death indeed! We will seek together an unknown spot in some remote part of the world, where I may haply elude the steps of that young avenger of blood."

"No, no, no, John! I cannot do it. I love you dearly; but where my child goes, there I go also;—is it not part of my own being?"

"Nay, you judge erroneously, Leah; your affection for your child is a mere animal instinct: our love is a passion of our minds. It must be as I say; I have considered it deeply and dispassionately, and it is the only measure which promises aught like safety. It will be hard for you, I own; but, one pang, and it is over,—much happiness, at least alleviation of misery may yet be before us."

Leah tried every argument, every endearment, and every appeal, to alter this determination, but without avail. It was indeed an affecting sight to see the youthful mother, kneeling in an agony of supplication that her offspring might not be exiled from her bosom. But he was inexorable, and assured her that next day was the last he could spare it to her.

She begged he would leave her alone till the latest moment she could be with it. He acquiesced, and rose to leave her. She called him to her as he was going, and kissed him warmly. He was surprised at this, especially after what had just passed between them, but turned and left the room.

Next day, toward the afternoon, he again entered that apartment, to tell her the people were come who were to bear away from her her child. She was not there. He tapped at the door of the inner chamber—no answer! He pushed it open and went in. It, too, was empty. She had escaped away—was gone!

He stood for a while motionless in body—but oh! the fierce tumult that was whirling and eddying in his mind! After he had remained thus for a little, with a loud groan he threw himself upon the bed, and gave way to a torrent of self-reproaches and curses. At length, starting up, he called for his horse, and rode away furiously along the roads, in the hope of overtaking the fugitive. This plan he pursued for several days, going out and riding all over the neighborhood, carefully examining every passenger. But it was without success, and he gave up the endeavor. He immediately left the place, and never more was seen in that part of the country.

About thirty years after the last detailed events, the acting partner in the firm of Basil and Company, paper manufacturers, died suddenly. He left no son to inherit his share in the concern, and, moreover, the business was at his death involved in some intricacy.

In consequence of this, the solicitors of Mr. Basil, who had been almost all his life abroad, in communicating to him the state of his affairs, recommended him immediately to return to England, and himself take the management, or engage with another competent partner.

Their answer was his appearance at their place of business, about six months after their letter was despatched. He appeared to be a man between fifty and sixty years of age, much bent, with staid, care-worn, pensive features, and a circlet of gray, or rather white hair, round the bald crown. His manners were quiet and unobtrusive; his look absent and reflective; his whole aspect that of a rather intellectual person.

He now assumed the management of the factory where his youth had been passed, and appeared desirous of devoting his whole attention to it. He found many alterations in the works, and himself proceeded to make many more.

The old house by the reservoir, now a complete ruin, he caused to be removed, and in its place, and with its materials partly, he had constructed a school for the children of his operatives. He did not take up his abode at Whitestream Lodge; in fact that house had been let to a tenant, a merchant of Bristol, and his lease would not expire for some years to come.

He set about building a cottage, and selected for its site a spot on the south side of the wood that inclosed the dell of Whitestream, the very fields which I have early in the tale alluded to. Having furnished this place, and provided it with a library and scientific apparatus, he settled here, devoting himself to the study of mechanics, especially as relating to his own peculiar branch of manufacture. His whole time was yielded up to this study, and the result was, that several curious pieces of mechanism were put on trial, and finally into continual use, at Whitestream. The consequence of this was, that the greater part of the work, formerly performed by labor of hand, was now executed in half the time, and in an infinitely superior manner, by machinery of iron and wood, and three-fourths of the workmen were thrown out of employment.

A powerful and bitter resentment was raised against Mr. Basil on this account in the minds of the laborers; but, persuaded in his own mind of the ultimate benefit to mankind of the substitution of machinery for manual labor, he not only disregarded this, but, having first patented his inventions, endeavored to spread them as widely as possible.

In a certain district in the North of England, in the neighborhood of a great manufacturing town, there are several extensive paper-works. The proprietors of these, having been induced to try Mr. Basil's patent, were so well pleased with its working as to invite him to a public dinner before his leaving the place, after seeing his machines put in motion. He had received many threatening letters from those whom his invention had for the time deprived of their living, and he was given to understand that a combination for his destruction was afoot among them.

This, however, did not in any degree effect him, and, without taking the slightest notice of it, or even making any precaution, he went to the party, amid the hootings of an immense crowd of laboring people of every description, that beset the neighborhood.

The hall in which it was held was the ball-room of one of the principal

hotels in the place. It had two large windows opening to the street, and two into a wide grassy space in its rear. These latter were thrown open to admit the air. About forty gentlemen dined, and the evening had passed in toasts and complimentary speeches. Mr. Basil was remarked to preserve throughout a calm and habitually melancholy expression, though not at all such as to depress the general hilarity. How much then were the company surprised when, on a sudden, they saw him start into a listening posture, while his face assumed a look of surprise, anxiety and deep attention. Presently his feelings appeared roused to a pitch of extreme excitement, and, while every eye was fixed upon him in silent wonder, he apologised to the chairman, stating that, under the open windows, he heard a voice speak and a name mentioned which brought to his memory scenes long since passed, and raised in his mind a curiosity of which he could not resist the gratification.

Thereupon, rising, he went quickly to the window, and, bending forward, looked out. The next instant he staggered rapidly back, and, uttering a scream so strangely loud and thrilling that the glasses on the table quivered and rang, fell senseless on the floor.

All immediately sprang up and flew to his assistance. They found his face covered with what appeared to them a quantity of mud, especially his eyes were completely filled with it. Those parts of the features not reached were of a burning scarlet hue, and his black neckerchief and the collar of his coat were sprinkled with vivid red stains.

They could not divine what this was, till one, attempting to wipe it away, had his fingers burnt. It was a large quantity of the strongest *oil of vitriol, mixed with sand*. A cry of horror arose in that hall, so recently ringing with shouts of conviviality, and at once all was confusion, uproar, indecision, wonder, fear.

Some cried out to fix and barricade the door; others, to send to the barracks and call out a guard of soldiers. Some crowded round the prostrate gentleman; others ran hither and thither about the great apartment, unknowing what to do or where to fly.

At length a gentleman present, who had been exerting himself to produce something like order, succeeded in pressing, as it were, two terrified waiters to bring cold water, wherewith to dilute and wash away the acid. He was a surgeon, and the leading person of that profession in the place.

He had him then removed upstairs to one of the bed-rooms of the hotel, and renewed his sanative endeavors. But it was plainly of no avail—the hellish scheme had been too well concocted and too adroitly executed. The sand had found its way into the eyes and deep into the nostrils. Part of the face was already a black, burnt, lifeless mass, and it was plain that sloughing or mortification must spread to a fearful extent.

The eyes!—they were already *burnt out*—there was no hope for them. Was there hope for life?—the surgeon shook his head.

Shortly the unfortunate sufferer recovered consciousness: the agony he now endured must have been dreadful; and though he appeared a man who had great control over his feelings, yet his groans were so harrowing that several people living at the hotel immediately left it for other *establishments*.

For twenty-four hours this continued; then the pain ceased—for why?—the nerves were dead. The flesh of his face was now a burnt, lifeless mass, and was fast beginning to separate from the bone.

But now he commenced to talk in a strange way. His attendants took it for delirium, but the surgeon, as he listened, heard names and circumstances mentioned with which he recollected himself being involved in early youth, which had been graven, as it were, with an iron pen in his memory. His attention was aroused, and soon he became convinced that his patient was the same by whom, half a lifetime before, he had been so mysteriously employed in London. He spoke to him, and endeavored to recall himself to his recollection. From that instant the delirium ceased—the poor sufferer spoke no longer of old things—no further did he rave of remorse or vengeance—no more did he murmur the gentle name of Leah Meriel.

“Has the man been taken, doctor?” at length he asked.

“No, it would seem the conspiracy has been so darkly wrought up that there is no lighting upon the actual perpetrator. They only wait for a description of his person from you, to trace him out and have him brought to punishment.”

“I can give no description!”

“A very large reward has been offered for his apprehension, but hitherto without success; and, as most of the men out of employ are emigrating, it is possible he may find his way out of the country before suspicion fairly lights upon him.”

“God grant it!”

In a clean though scantily-furnished apartment of a one-story house, on the outside of the town, sat an elderly woman, alone. A table was beside her, with a large old Bible upon it, and a pair of spectacles laid in the fold of the leaves. A lamp hung by a wire from a hook in the ceiling above it, and a small fire was glowing in the chimney. It was past midnight.

She sat in a musing posture, her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the fire. The fender, part of the ring of an old carriage-wheel, supported a couple of small feet, which, from their elegance of shape, along with the little hand, now marked with prominent blue veins, that rested on her knees, could have belonged only to Fairy Leah. It was she.

As she sat, she uttered, apparently without being conscious of it, her thoughts aloud.

“Alas! will he never reform?—will he never become what he was? Not a night that he comes home to me but he is mad with liquor! No change—no amendment—no hope! Woe is my heart—my child is become worse to me than ever my mother was! How shall I soothe him, and get him peaceably to bed?”

Here she heard the door opened—a foot hurried stealthily along the passage, and she rose to her feet to be on her guard as her son entered the room.

He was a tall, besotted-looking young man, with a heavy fur cap drawn

down over his eyes. He stood for a moment, and then slipped down on a chest close to the wall, his features wearing a look of extreme excitement, which, to her eyes, was palpably more than that of drunkenness. She stood looking at him, uncertain what to think or do, overpowered with anxiety and apprehension.

"Mother!" said he, in a low, hoarse voice, while he trembled exceedingly, "*I have killed a man!*"

The agitation of the poor woman was extreme. She attempted to speak, but could not, while she clutched the back of the chair she had risen from, to prevent her from falling to the ground.

"They made me do it," he continued. "The card turned up, 'John Meriel,' and we had all sworn. Oh, my God! how different it looks now when it is done, from what it did before! Mother, I am in mortal fear!" and he gave way to a flood of weeping, while she stood gazing at him, struck to the very heart.

"What is it you have done, John?" at length she uttered.

"That man that set up the machines at the mills, that have made us beggars:—the man from some place in ———shire,—Basil is his name,"

"Mercy!" she screamed, putting one hand suddenly to her head.

"I have done for him!"

She fell to the floor as if she had been shot.

He sat still for a few minutes, looking at her with a stupid stare. Then rising, he lifted her up and laid her on the bed in a corner of the place, and resumed his seat on the chest.

The second day after the commission of this crime, a quiet, poor, genteel-looking woman presented herself at the hotel where Basil lay. She inquired if he were yet living. The porter replied that he was still alive and sensible.

"Tell him that a woman is here who very much desires to see him.—Her name is Leah Meriel, of ———shire."

The man went directly, not to him, but to the surgeon. On hearing the name mentioned, a strange chain of recollections and surmises arose in his mind, which, combined with what he had gathered from the murmurings of his patient, produced a mass of the most unpleasant suspicions, fears and doubts. He immediately gave instructions to admit her. And yet he repented of this shortly.

"Such an interview is certain, if all be as I think, to hurry his dissolution. But again, there is no hope, and how am I to know whether this matter is not something it may ease his dying moments to have settled?"

He accordingly introduced her, having first mentioned to him the fact of her presence.

She found him laid on his bed, the whole of his face covered with dressings and bandages, his mouth only being free, to allow of his breathing.

"Is it you, Leah?" said he, much moved.

"It is, John," she replied, and sank upon a chair by the bedside, taking hold of his hand with both of hers.

The surgeon withdrew,—the hired nurse at the time happened to be absent.

"Leah," said he, "I thought you had been long ago laid in your grave. Have you not forgotten me—now? I am sure there was little of good in me to be loved so much."

"Forgot you, John! Heaven knows I never loved any human being save you and my miserable son!"

"And, after thirty years' separation, now, when you find me an aged, mangled, dying wretch, do you talk to me in this way?"

"Yes, John, if an eternity were to pass away, could I do aught but still love you, and your child, though he has been to me as anything but yours. Alas! from first to last, what a life I have led!"

"Comfort yourself, Leah. You have lived sinlessly, and endured your trials with meekness. There is rest for you in futurity—though not for one so fearfully stained as I am."

He paused—he was very weak.

"Is it not an awful thing, Leah, to be dying with such thoughts as these?"

She gave way to a gush of weeping.

"What a fearful account I have to render!" he continued. "Did I not, when I had the rearing of your young mind, teach you evil and not good?"

"Alas! John, you taught me to love you—the rest was all my own."

"And that crime the most heinous erring man can commit! Did I not slaughter him—send him to judgment unwarned—and he the *father that begot me*? Has not the great Father dreadfully punished the deed? Did not his finger write on my boy's brow the command 'Avenge'—and see how he has fulfilled it. Yes, Leah, ere his hand did this to me, I could see, in the moonlight, the curse graven on his forehead!"

There was a long pause.

At length he said, in a calmer tone—

"Leah, there is something yet to be done."

At that moment, the surgeon entered the room. He was about to take leave for the time, and stated he would look in again in the evening.

"Doctor," said the patient, "is Mr. ——— still in the house? I have changed my mind, and have something to bequeath."

"I will send for him immediately;" and, after looking to the dressings, he withdrew.

The lawyer arrived shortly after, and with his aid he settled upon Leah a certain annuity, the rest of his large property going to a distant relation, a manufacturer of Manchester. When this was done, he was much exhausted. After some minutes, when the gentleman was gone, he desired the waiting-woman to leave the room till she was rung for, and once more these two strange beings were left alone together.

Leah, who had now had time to recover from the feelings that at first overpowered her, endeavored to fill his mind with thoughts and hopes suitable for one in his situation. May we trust she was successful!

"You were, what the world calls, the ruin of my youth," said she;—but, if I, a frail, erring creature of clay, have forgiven and loved you

so sincerely, how greatly more will He pardon who is himself Mercy and Love?" In this strain did her quiet, sweet voice pour balm into the wounds of his spirit. Grant it, Heaven! May my death-bed have such a comforter!

All this while he was rapidly sinking. At length he said, in a voice so low and weak as scarcely to be heard even by her wakeful ears, "Yes, I begin to think there may be yet mercy for me, and that He has sent you, an angel of goodness and love, to tell me of it, and to throw a halo of hope around my deathbed. I am dying. Do not call any one. I should wish to die as I desired to live, in your presence only, Leah. But don't be alarmed. It is so easy! I feel just as if I was awakening from a dream, only the process of change is slower."

"God grant you may awaken from the short, fevered dream of this world to a bright, everlasting reality!"

"Amen, Leah!—but it is a hard thing to part from you again, when I had found you after so long a separation."

This was uttered slowly, and almost by syllables.

In a paroxysm of unsuppressible emotion, she threw herself on the bed. When the fit was over, and allowed her to observe, she saw he breathed no longer. He was dead. And such was the death-bed of a FARRICIDE!

His body was conveyed to Whitestream, and laid in a little Gothic tomb he had himself caused to be constructed, in the churchyard of the parish.

Leah, by the help of the annuity he had left her, followed to that place. She did not long linger behind him. Within a year, she too had sunk. It was her latest request that she should be buried in the same grave with him; but this, from the prejudices of his friends, could not be complied with. The country people, however, made her grave close on the outside of the wall of the tomb; and there she lies, without stone or inscription, or even a flower to record her existence. Whether these things are of consequence to her now, however, I leave, reader, to your quiet thoughts.

As for her son, his fate is unknown to me. Three persons were taken for the crime, but he was not one of them. Two, to whom the connexion with the conspiracy could be partly brought home, were imprisoned for six months each—the third was set free. It is to be believed, either that some accident befel him, or that he escaped from the country with the emigrants.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARIANNE ESTERLING.

THE first scene of our story is laid in a chamber in a large old house in the quietest street of an ancient, populous, and wealthy city. This street has a singularly retired, even deserted look. The pavement is unmarked by footsteps, and looks clean and bleached—unsoiled since the last rain. About the kerbstones spring up tufts of long grass of a vivid green, which also rise abundantly from between the white rounded blocks of the causeway. One end opens through an iron railing, by a wide gate, usually kept unlocked, upon the large public park, whilst the other is shut out by a similar fence and gate, with a porter's lodge attached, from a crowded and busy thoroughfare, one of the chief streets of the city.

The houses are all large, heavy, sombre, old-fashioned edifices, with gardens in the rear. They were formerly inhabited by the chief merchants and professional men, but these have migrated now to quite the other end of the town. Their tenants have become the two and three hundred a-year people—retired tradesmen, merchants who have failed and live on the wreck of their fortunes, ministers of limited dissenting congregations, and the like, and many professional lodging-house-keepers, who make a comfortable business, as the peaceful, and secluded aspect of the place, with the fresh breezes from the park and country beyond, as well as its immediate vicinity to the principal marts of traffic, render it a desirable residence for the numerous unsettled individuals who abound in a mercantile community.

The principal chamber in one of these houses—that nearest the park—is our immediate scene. It is a large and lofty-ceiled apartment, with heavy cornices and elaborate ornamental plaster-work. The wall on one whole side is taken up by book-shelves, from as high as the arm can reach down to the floor, crowded with volumes, nearly all of them in richly-gilded bindings of deep green, dark red, or purple leather. A second side is hung with pictures—one, a plate of Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble in the character of *Hamlet*; another, of Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Macbeth*; the third, a full-length portrait of Lord Byron. Beneath, there runs a line of small drawings of scenery, minutely and very beautifully executed in colors. The opposite wall presents a large fire-place, of massive black marble. A heavily cut fender protects the rug, but in place of grate you observe a curious arrangement of bricks, and plates and bars of iron: this is a small chemical furnace, constructed under the direction of the tenant of the place. On the mantle-shelf stand a number of specimens of minerals, a small brass model of a marine steam-engine, and a globular crystal cover, containing some rare and beautiful preserved birds—tiny things, of lustrous and many-tinted plumage—the treasures of the African and American woods. The carpet, which has a yielding feel to the feet, as if there

were another beneath it, is littered with books of an equal richness of exterior with those on the shelves, along with newspapers, numbers of works in course of publication, and of scientific and literary periodicals, among which the vivid colors of dear old blue-and-yellow are conspicuous. Large sheets of paper, probably maps or plans, lie here and there among them, rolled up and bound with silken tape. A pair of globes stand hard by, and in a corner a large cylindrical electric machine. One or two busts are placed about the room, and on a small table between the two windows stands a beautiful bronze figure of Niobe and her child, with a silver-keyed flute of ebony beside it, and a champagne-glass, containing in water a few pretty little early wild flowers, the produce of last evening's botanizing ramble.

There are two tables—one close to a window; on it are some drawing materials of the costliest description, and a large portfolio of brown morocco, profusely gilded, and ornamented with pieces of leather of the brightest colors, inlaid into the dark boards. Another table is drawn close to the sparkling fire. It bears a number of books huddled together, to support in a sloping position two large folios, open. One is a huge, ancient, mustily-smelling volume, with thick dark boards and bright red edges—a Leyden edition of Plato, nearly two centuries old, and evidently from the library of the university; the other, gilt-edged and morocco-bound, is a Greek lexicon. Two smaller volumes are Xenophon's "Memorabilia Nephelæ." Close to these is placed a writing-stand of some rare purple wood inlaid with gold, and in a watch-stand of similar materials beside it lies a valuable repeater, with a thick heavy black ribbon attached. Various scientific utensils meet the eye everywhere around. Here lies an electric discharger, with a handle of agate; there a number of retorts and Berlin basins and tubes; yonder you see a microscope, and near it a delicate pair of scales under a glass case. A superb library-chair of dark mahogany, with a deep-red leather covering, cushioned, and contrived, by metallic springs and pivots, to meet and yield to every motion of the frame, stands between the table and fire-place, and in it is seated the inhabitant of this curiously-furnished apartment.

He is a young man, about nineteen years of age, very slight, and wearing a peculiarity of aspect, like that produced by dissipation, but in him arising from causes very widely different. His features are not at all regular, would rather appear positively harsh and disagreeable, were it not for the dreamy expression of vivid but fitful fancy, of careless intelligence, aimless talent, that animates them. Indeed, they do appear forbidding to a mere commonplace observer, and the knowledge of this was one of the great causes that induced upon Mr. Basil May, the individual in question, his remarkable points of character. His slipped feet rest on a footstool by the fender; a waistcoat and trousers of plain black cloth form his attire; and his coat—for he has got into a habit of throwing it off to study—is laid upon a sofa; while a fine young cat, of a light grey color, striped with black, like a small tiger, and wearing a leather collar, gilded uniformly with the binding of the volumes that meet the eye everywhere around, nestles in its folds, purring away in drowsy satisfaction.

The heavy curtains are pinned back altogether from the windows, to

allow free ingress to every ray of light, for the sight of the occupant has been somewhat dulled by years of constant study—constant, because pursued for no other result than the mere delight it yields. He sits motionless for a while, and then a curious yet pleasing smile flits over his wan, absent-looking face. He has this morning been occupied with contemplating the character of Socrates, as portrayed by Plato and Xenophon, his disciples, and the vivid contrast as hit off by the caustic pencil of the great comic poet and satirist. He was led to this investigation yesterday, having commenced translating into English verse one of those beautiful lyric effusions, with which, as choruses, Aristophanes delights to vary the fun and ribaldry of his scenes. He is at a loss which to give implicit credence to, and has just come to the conclusion that the comic author could hardly have ventured to present the philosopher in such colors in an Athenian theatre, if he had not *some* foundation, and that, too, with which most of his audience were acquainted. The thought that even Homer sometimes sleeps, and even Socrates sometimes plays the fool, occasioned the smile upon his face.

Whilst he is thus entertained, we shall take the opportunity to lay open a little of his history. His father was a dissenting clergyman in one of the great manufacturing towns in the north of England. From the fact of many wealthy traders being among his flock, as well as from a small fortune he had acquired with his wife, he was enabled to live in comfort and elegance, and even to cultivate the expensive tastes of educated leisure. His wife was taken from him within a year or two after the birth of an only son, and to him who was always of delicate health, he devoted the whole of his affection, making his instruction the complete occupation of those hours not immediately demanded by his duties as a pastor.

As the boy grew up, he gave continual evidence of a most sensitive temperament—a singularly strong respect and love for his father, to whom he seemed more of a companion and friend than of a child—a vivid sense of honor—an aptitude to form attachments to peculiar places—an admiration of poetry and music—a love of flowers—and a tendency to make pets of all sorts of objects—singing-birds, cats, dogs, mice, even of particular volumes. He was of precocious talent—at least from the conversation of his father, and from the books of which he was continually occupied in the perusal, he was so far in advance of boys of his own age that he could find no pleasure in associating with them. No more did he like the conversation of grown-up men, the mere gentlemen of ordinary life; for all his ideas were so different from theirs, and his book-knowledge so much fresher—moreover, the sneaking dislike which an ignorant man advanced in life feels and shows to a well-informed child was so disagreeable to him—that when not with his father he chose solitary reading and solitary rambling in preference to any society. He was never put to school. His father taught him everything he did not acquire of himself, for he loved the boy so much as to be unable to live without his company, and trembled at the demoralization, the hardening, the prostration of all the affections, which are the effect of a large public school on the youthful mind.

The result of all this may be inferred. Basil grew up a delicate, ro-

served, eccentric youth, who did not by any graces of person compensate for the awkwardness of his manners ; avoided by society as much as he avoided it, ridiculed by the foolish, and all but pitied by the merely compassionate.

When he had reached his sixteenth year, his father fell sick and died, leaving him a permanent income of £500 a-year, along with a large sum of money uninvested. Although he was a minor, the testator had perfect confidence, as much in his sense to prevent him being duped by others, as in his morality and religion to prevent his duping himself, and took measures to ensure to him the unrestricted command of this property.

The death of his father was an event that made a deep and vivid impression upon him. He mourned not more the bereavement of an affectionate, devoted, and dearly-beloved parent, than the loss of a talented, a constant, and confidential friend, and the effect told woefully upon his health. The fact, however, of his being able to shift for himself brought him more in contact with the world than heretofore, although still retirement was his choice. But as all his ideas of employment or pleasure were connected with the acquirement of knowledge, he found the only solace he knew of in study, and in the companionship of his books ; giving the time spared from them to wandering from place to place alone, swiftly or lingeringly, as his whim suggested, viewing spots which derived their charm to him from literary or historical associations, such as the birthplace of Shakespeare, Stonehenge, Runnymede, Newstead Abbey, or the like.

When about seventeen, he bethought him of entering some university, not with any view to academical honors, or even to the acquirement of a profession, for he had no ambition of any kind, and his income was abundantly sufficient at once to cover all his wants, and to leave ample overplus for charity, which he practised in ways as quiet and unobtrusive, as original and eccentric, as all his other habits and pursuits. Moreover, he saw it was of such a nature as to be permanently adequate to all his limited desires.

He never thought of study as a labor, or the way to knowledge as an up-hill path ; and anything that seemed to threaten such a change in idea he would avoid as likely to convert into a pain the greatest and only perfect delight he was cognizant of. The idea of a mental effort, of tasking the intellect, of compelling the thoughts to any subject that did not yield them perfect pleasure, was abhorrent to him. Every pursuit that can delight the mind he followed without rule or method, or caring whether in it he was thoroughly successful, or moderately, or only a little. The moment it ceased to gratify, he dismissed it. Painting, poetry, music, sculpture, languages, philosophy, sciences, the drama, history, to each did he more or less devote himself, according to the pleasure it yielded. He was, to sum up his character, an intellectual epicure.

But on thinking over such a proceeding as studying at a university, he reflected that, according to the law of England, a few peculiarities in his mode of practising the worship of our common religion prevented him from learning logic, mathematics, and the like, at the public educational institutions of his country—that, in consequence, the only resource left

him was to go over the borders to where, on a less enlightened principle, they consider learning a marketable commodity, and let any one have it who is willing to pay for it, and where, as a result to be expected from free competition in the article, it is to be had both at the cheapest rate and of the best quality.

Warmly congratulating himself on this lucky alternative, Basil bade adieu to his happy and mind-illuminated native land, and, betaking himself to the benighted North, entered his name as a student at one of those tag-rag and bob-tail institutions, the Scotch universities ;—nay, after a time, he was not ashamed even to give a small sum for that ridiculous distinction, a Scotch degree—a thing for which all southern scholars show a becoming contempt by tacking to their B. A., A. M., or M. D., the distinguished and sounding syllables “OXON,” or “CANTAB” as much to evince the superior profundity of their acquirements, and to intimate to the admiring public that they were lawfully qualified to imbibe the same by conscientiously breaking their eggs at the big end, and by other observances equally important and meritorious, as to let it be known that they rank a little higher than the mere Adam Smiths, and Watts, and Hunters, and Broughams, of the North, with their simple sneaking “LL. D.’s.” They would flatter themselves that they are a step or two above that !

It may be stated that in Scotland students do not reside within the university they attend, but are at liberty to find their dinners, their rooms, or their society, when they can, how they can, and where they can, as a soldier says his prayers ; food for the mind being all the nourishment the colleges bargain to supply. In consequence, Basil, in his wanderings about the city, having been struck with the breezy, sequestered quiet of the street alluded to, resolved to establish himself here, and, having had his favorite books transmitted from England, conveyed them to the house of a widow, by name Mrs. Esterling, from whom he had hired apartments.

Here he went on as before, giving all his hours to study and the pursuits of taste. The classes he attended as his fancy suggested, sometimes far overstretched the tasks there prescribed, sometimes neglecting them altogether, as a more pleasurable mental occupation, haply, presented itself. His abundant income he laid out on his best friends, his books, and on costly furniture and *materiel* for study, or the exercise of taste. But even these, profuse as was his expenditure upon them, left a considerable surplus, which found its way from his pocket here, at the university, in a manner analogous to what had been usual about his home. Many a poor but talented student struggling to rise in life by the steep and thorny path of intellectual acquirement (and it is a comforting thing to think there is a country where learning’s road from poverty to independence and distinction, however difficult and exhausting it be of itself, as God knows it is, still it is not blocked by any face-work of man’s construction !) —many a one in these circumstances, whose heart yearned for an additional class for which his time was ample, but his funds, miserably as he stinted them, inadequate, would be surprised some day to receive, in a blank envelope, authenticated papers constituting him a member of that class, nor in his joyous confusion could for a moment imagine they came

from that cold, distant English lad, who sat always alone, and seemed so uninterested in anything.

He courted no society among the students, was always civil and kind when spoken to, but appeared to shun any companionship. He strove for no premiums, sought no distinction, nor did he appear to feel either admiration or envy for those leading spirits whose rival displays of talent drew forth daily encomiums from the teachers, and bursts of noisy applause from their assembled fellow-pupils. All these, as well as the factions, cliques, and intrigues, political, academical, and of other descriptions, that surrounded him, he viewed with a calm, absent indifference.

At college he remained during the winter session. In the spring, when most of the students return to their homes, to prepare themselves by solitary study for the labors of the more advanced classes of next winter, he still continued in the same quarters, his residence been varied by a month's midsummer tour in the mountainous parts of the country. Why he did not return to England, the country he had left but a few months before, and that with so many pangs of sorrow, and why he had resolved to make for some years this new residence his home, will be accounted for presently.

Let us now return to him as we left him, in the midst of his books, at his solitary studies. Suddenly the sound of distant military music arrests him; he hears it with attention and surprise, never before having known the quiet of that unfrequented street so broken. It becomes louder and and richer, and appears to be the notes of a fine martial air from the instruments of a numerous and well-appointed band. He pauses to listen. A moment, and a new sound comes upon his ear, and a faint flush crosses his pale features, and a glow of delight lightens up his eye. That sound has more music to his heart than the softest cadences or proudest bursts of melody the band could accomplish. It is the fall of a light, quick foot-step in the passage, and a low, eager knock at the door of his study. Giving a half-regretful look at Plato and his hard-named companions on the table, he rises, draws on his coat, and opens the door, when in bounds a most graceful girl, her pretty face all animation.

"My good Mr. May," she exclaims, "do let me look out at your window; here are the soldiers coming down our street to the park, to review—how they got through the gates I don't know, but here they are. Oh, how sweet is that music; it makes one feel quite brave and daring!"

Before she had time to say this she had drawn down one of the curtains, and stands half behind it, looking out upon the glittering display that is approaching. May takes his place beside her, a little back from the glass, regarding the spectacle with the same look that is habitual to him, of caring for none of these things; all that interests him, besides the beautiful girl near him, being the music, which, however, he could hear as well in his chair.

"How fine and manly they look! how happy they must be all in their bright red clothes and glancing accoutrements!"

"Yes Miss Esterling, and the drum-major must be the happiest; he is the finest-looking and gaudiest you see."

"Ah, you always talk so against every thing that is not in books."

A long pause.

"But does not the band sound sweetly now, far away down among the trees?"

"Yes, it is indeed beautiful—very beautiful!"

"Hark how touching and sad! I could almost cry now."

"Pooh, nonsense, Miss Esterling!"

A lively smile drives the pensive expression from her face, like a light cloud-shadow from a summer field, as, turning from the window, she looks around her.

"Well, Mr. May, you are a strange creature. You have no taste. How careless you are! how you do toss all your pretty books about, and yet are so fond of them! Why don't you put them away, and all these other things properly and carefully?"

"The reason is simply this; the pleasure I could feel in putting them all in order is great, but is not equal to that which in the same space of time I could derive from reading, drawing, or other pursuits. So whenever my table gets cumbered I put the books out of the way, anywhere that is readiest at the time. Besides, I think, as there is no one to trample over them, they repose as well and look as well on the chairs or carpets as they would in the cases."

"Oh, you know I can't argue with you. It is no longer ago than yesterday I sent Mima into the room when you were out, to put your things to rights, and she made everything quite tidy."

"And only spoilt a process of chemical analysis, lost the marks out of half my books, and tumbled all my papers together. Ah, I see how it is; you are all in a conspiracy against me. But I'll pay you off. I'll get that Machine there into action, and arrange the wires so that the moment the girl puts her foot inside the door, off she goes into fits."

"For pity's sake, Mr. May don't dream of such a thing; poor Jemima is already persuaded that you are 'no canny.' But tell me all about this great book. What are these strange cramped figures—Hebrew?"

"No, this is Greek—this is Plato—you have heard the name?"

"Oh, yes—platonic—love. Is that what it is about?"

"Yes there is all about it over here in a treatise which he calls 'The Symposium or Banquet.'"

"Well, shut up your books now. I want you to come and walk with me down in the park to look at the review."

"But what has that to do with Platonic love?"

"Nothing; but Mr. Houldsworth, the other lodger, wanted to drive me round in his gig."

Basil's eyes dropped to the ground as she mentioned the name, and his pale features grew darkly paler. After a moment, "Well, Miss Esterling," said he, "I think riding is the best plan, and I will stay at home and finish the group of flowers for you before the originals become faded."

"Oh, I can finish the picture myself at any time. But you will come with me now? It is to be a very grand review—such a display, Mr. Houldsworth says!"

He remained without a word, looking to the floor, as if in a trance.

After a pause during which her lovely blue eyes were bent upon him with an expression of archness, kindness, and a little anxiety, she laid her small, fair hand lightly on his arm, as if to call back his attention, and continued.—

"You are looking very pale and unwell to day; come and have a ramble over the park with me; these books will ruin your health. It is a beautifully warm day, and the sun shines so brightly; we'll have a walk over the fresh grass by the river. I do love to walk with you, Mr. May; you know so much, and can tell me about so many things. You will be quite in spirits; everything is so sunny and gay."

With a slight involuntary sigh, recalling his thoughts, he answers in acquiescence. "I shan't detain you five minutes," she says, as she hurries away to dress. Basil, too, calls his footboy, and retires to draw on his shoes and gaiters, and get his hat, gloves, and cane.

When he enters the room again he sees her shawled, bonnetted, and gloved, standing turning over the leaves of that old mystic volume, as lovely a creature as ever by the light of her presence cheered the loneliness of a student's chamber.

A joyous day that must have been to these two youthful beings, each loving the other with a jealous though unavowed fondness—both lonely—little mingling with the world—with minds delicately sensible—emotions that thrilled even to a passing thought. Joyous it must have been indeed, as they wandered together at the bright noon of a day in spring through the glades of that extensive park, without one near to mar their enjoyment of their own earnestly sought society. Every tree appeared fresh, green, and young, like themselves; the river by which they chose their path was clear as crystal, and the fish seemed to leap from its bosom for very joy; the grass and wild daisies shed a faint perfume that was caught up by the light airs from the west, and wafted to their senses along with the distant hum of business from the crowded city, or the softened music of the soldiers, whose moving files, lessened by distance, could be seen bright and glancing far away beneath the trees.

At the time when this occurred, Basil had been about a year and a half resident with Mrs. Esterling. Marianne and he were now on terms of playful intimacy. At this state they had arrived by gradual progression, their approaches toward it being at first vague and scarcely perceptible, but their coldness and distance diminishing, and their familiarity increasing, "according to the square of the time," as he mathematically expressed it.

For the first month or so his heart was so oppressed with the death of his father, and absence from all those scenes that had been dear to him, that he was little disposed to give more than an uninterested glance at the graceful and lively girl he saw moving about the house and garden, and who often met him in his walks about the park. After a time he began to regard her, but as a beautiful object of taste, and was wont to sketch her off with his pencil when the whim seized him, as he would a pretty flower or a picturesque scene. By-and-bye, as he saw traits of her lively and affectionate disposition, his feelings with regard to her began *to lose the qualities* of mere cold admiration, though still he could have

left the house and her without a regret, nor did one thought of her interrupt his studies, unless when her form met his eye, or the music of her voice reached his ear.

For her mother he had always great esteem. She was a quiet, staid, elderly woman, yet her activity, and a something in the lines of her countenance, seemed to plead that sorrow more than time had contributed to induce upon her the marks of age. A strict justice and liberality in all her dealings with him, together with unvarying and unobtrusive kindness, were the first things that drew his regard, while his interest was excited by the subdued, patient, unsmiling peculiarities of her demeanor. To the casual observer she seemed like one afflicted with some slow, continually painful ailment, and bearing it with resignation, seeking for neither sympathy nor relief: another might have judged that something lay heavy on her mind, or that she suffered from melancholy as a disease. His impression was that this took its rise from excited religious notions; an opinion, however, which more intimate acquaintance led him to think incompatible with the calm, unaffected piety, the mildness, the strict morality, the charity, in every sense of that word of many meanings, which she constantly displayed. Moreover, she had from the first had a perfect view of his character, and humored his eccentricities, and watched over his welfare with a sort of maternal solicitude that was more than gratifying to him. She was of the same persuasion in religion as himself; and a frequent visitor at the house, in discharge of devotional duties, was the pastor of the parish, a gentleman who had been well known to his father, and had once stayed with him for some weeks, and assisted to perform divine service at his chapel.

The Rev. Dr. ——— then was the only individual in the city with whom Basil had any acquaintance. With him he sometimes passed an evening, and in this way was introduced to his sister, who kept house for him; a good-looking, intelligent lady, in conversation with whom he took some pleasure. She possessed the art (a somewhat difficult one) of setting the student entirely at his ease, when the accumulated treasures of his wayward mind gushed forth in a flow of natural eloquence that amply rewarded her tact.

One morning, when he had concluded a religious visit (occasions on which Basil considered it a duty to be always present, along with his landlady and her daughter,) on taking his leave he invited the young people to come to tea with him that evening. He was not aware that up to that time these young people, whom he regarded as little more than children, had scarcely exchanged a word. As for dreaming of any likelihood of affection between them, it certainly never gave him a moment's thought, his ideas generally running on very different things. He merely desired to let his sister become acquainted with a youthful member of his congregation, so pretty and good as Miss Esterling, and thought Basil a suitable companion to her by the way.

It was with a great effort of moral courage, indeed, that the latter undertook the office; and though, when he felt the light arm of the shy but gleeful girl passed through his, and touching his side, a feeling of novelty and pleasure mingled with his embarrassment, yet as they walked along

he was altogether at a loss how or on what topics to address her. Of the nonsense—the spoken silliness, garnished with smiles, and interspersed with little flatteries, wherewith fine gentlemen entertain the fair sex (often to the great delight of the latter, at least in appearance,) and which approaches nearer to the language mutually understood by babies and nursery-maids than to any other discourse we wot of—he was as ignorant as he despised it, and those accomplished in its idioms. Consequently, for the greater part of their walk scarcely a word was interchanged between them. At length, happening to pass a print-seller's window, a large plate of one of Martin's paintings arrested their movements. In a moment he was fixed, and stood absorbed, till, recollecting himself, and turning his head, he saw her gazing at the picture, with her finger on her underlip, and her eyes beaming a delighted wonder. His tongue was loosened, and, drawing her attention to different points of the subject, he descanted enthusiastically on their merits. In a low, murmuring voice, whilst yet her eyes were fixed upon it, she replied in acquiescence, expressing her admiration of the multitudinous crowds, the stupendous buildings heaped pile upon pile, and stretching, through most correct perspective, far into the distance, the graceful and striking figures in the foreground, and the strange air of grandeur, antiquity, and mystery, that pervaded the whole composition.

As they walked on, this formed the topic of an animated discourse, and he was gratified to find her possessed of a very fine natural taste, along with an earnest and sensible way of expressing the just opinions she appeared to form. In the course of that evening, the conversation at the clergyman's table chanced to turn upon literary subjects, especially the Waverley novels. As it ran on, Basil was led to remark very strongly on what he called the incorrect and most ungenerous picture presented by their author, of the founders of his country's religion—representing them as bloodthirsty ruffians, canting, ambitious knaves, raving fanatics, and empty-headed coxcombs; and depicting their inveterate persecutor, one of the most cold-blooded and unprincipled partisans that ever was cast up by the ferment of a civil war, as a mirror of honor and refinement—holding up a man whose memory had never hitherto been alluded to by his countrymen, but with execration, as a very paragon of chivalry.

"Would it not have been right," continued he, "considering the thing but in the light of a matter of taste, for a man who had (with what motives I presume not to judge) abjured the principles taught him by honest and worthy parents, to have at least maintained a decent silence with regard to them, and not, renegade-like, turned round, and with the weapon of anonymous fiction misrepresented and mocked his father's faith, and those whose blood, shed like water, made it the established religion of his native land?"

The reader will here observe that we are stating at present our hero's opinions, and not our own—the better to prevent any misconception with regard to which, we shall detail no further the bitter tirade he indulged in, getting more earnest and excited as he proceeded.

It would have been amusing to watch Marianne's face as he spoke.

Now she hung on his words with a look of admiration and delight, as if she listened to some superior being—then, with an expression of sorrow, of envy, almost of hatred, did she regard the clergyman's worthy sister, to whom all his conversation was directed, and to whom he seemed to pay so much respect and regard. At last, even a tear stole gently into her eye, but it was unperceived by any but herself. She learned then that a fine person, fine clothing, and a ready address were not all the charms a man might possess to be loved withal, and wondered that a youth who had erewhile seemed so awkward and uninviting, should so suddenly change into one so gifted and loveable.

As they returned home that evening, they found the gate into their street obstructed by a crowd, and that consequently they would require to go round by the park. They went; and if they did prolong their walk down one of the moonlit glades, the night was certainly very beautiful, and the air was so fresh and pure after the closeness of the town.

After that, they met each other frequently in the garden and about the house, and books began to be borrowed and lent. Oh, what admirable make-believes are book-borrowing visits among the young! Then there was the procuring of flower-seeds, and planting them in the garden—the daily joyous visits to watch the young blades of green shooting above the soil. Besides, were there not shopping excursions, walks in the park, and frequent sketching expeditions?

All this ended in vehement, o'ermastering love. Each of their hearts was well prepared by virtuous education—by loneliness—by previous absence of all ardent emotions, to become completely possessed with that powerful spirit, the passion which "never loves but one," and each willingly yielded to its rapturous invasion. Loving came to be the sole business of their thoughts—pleasing each other the one motive of their actions. Their joy was to be near each other—their pain, to be away—their hope, that they would never part—their fear, that the affection of the loved one might grow less. Love such as this is happiness. We may be pleased with fame, proud of rank, gratified with friendship, overjoyed in the acquisition of wealth, elated by the possession of power, but we are never blessed till we know we are beloved. So well and universally recognised is this truth, that all tribes who believe in a future state of reward make their heaven a region of love.

But our felicity is decreed to be brief and dashed with trouble. The rose must have its thorn, and the thorns of love's blossoms are many. But that which wounded poor Basil's heart with the most catkering sting, was jealousy. He could not hear her mention a name but a pang shot through him, or allude to any quality he did not possess, without feeling his heart sink.

Mr. Houldsworth, who occupied the remaining apartments besides his own, was a stylish young fellow, the junior partner of a rising firm of cotton-brokers in Liverpool, and their traveller and general agent. He considered it but a piece of pastime to make love to his landlady's daughter, who, he deemed, should have felt herself honored by such attention. But while she took care to avoid all intimacy with him beyond what the fact of their living under the same roof required, yet even that was worm-

wood to the student. He felt in misery to hear words of cheerful greeting pass between them in the hall, or to see him come out to her to the garden to ask a flower for his button-hole, and obtain it from her hands, after a long choosing for a pretty one; and when he beheld the showy young man, bewhiskered and curled, dressed after the latest fashion, and glittering with jewellery, jump into his dashing gig, and make the quick step of his blood mare rattle through the echoing street, he could not help exclaiming,—

“Can such things be—that a woman in her senses can be influenced by attractions which any fool can provide himself with for a few sovereigns in the next street? Can Marianne be such a woman?”

It is possible she might have felt a capricious pleasure in making him believe she was pleased with this person; for what delight is equal to the perception that one we love much is jealous of our affections wandering away? Besides, it was useful to have something wherewithal to keep up the balance of independence, when Basil, sorely to her mortification, would persist in visiting a Dr. ——’s, and in extolling the good qualities of his sister. Alas! many a solitary salt tear did these praises cost her, for she knew he was not feigning when he expressed such opinions, and that the esteem he felt for the lady was sincere.

Many were the little coolnesses that from such causes as those arose between them, which, however, were always in a few days forgotten. Oh, the rapture of a reconciliation with one we dearly love when we are young, from whom we have been estranged but by a little unfounded jealousy! But all these annoyances faded into nothing before a master-passion that now usurped his mind—a new jealousy, that by its certainty and overwhelming nature made his former doubts and surmises disappear, and caused him with bitterness to wish that once more he had nothing but them to disquiet him.

When he became first on terms of intimacy with her he remarked several calls at the house by a gentleman, whom he knew to be one of the leading manufacturers of his native town, and to be also at the head of a flourishing trading house in the city of his present sojourn. His name was Warkworth; he was a married man, but childless. He was of questionable character—indeed, bore the name of a libertine. The first time Basil saw this individual about the house, which was when he had been about a year lodging there, and was beginning to take notice of those who came to it, he concluded he must be mistaken in the person. A few months and he observed him again. He now thought he might have called upon Mr. Houldsworth on some commercial business. But when more than two years had passed, and his passion was now in its full tide—when he began to be frequently about that quarter of the house where his landlady immediately dwelt—he made the alarming discovery that this stranger’s visits were altogether to the latter and to her daughter. Moreover, he observed that there was on all sides a desire to conceal the visits, especially from him, and that when the parties were surprised together there was an ominous confusion observable on every countenance: *Warkworth* looked like one that suffers a petty annoyance; Mrs. Ester-

ling was pale as death, and appeared to feel an exacerbation of her malady ; Marianne blushed scarlet, and remained without a word.

There was a mystery about all this that, deeply interested as he was in the welfare of the fair girl, put his mind completely on the rack, and filled it with conflicting doubts, surmises, fears, and hopes. He found a difficulty now in study, and would sit for hours looking away from his open books, in reverie. For the first time he felt it necessary to exert a mental effort to fix his attention to them, not for the pleasure they yielded as heretofore, but as a relief from painful thoughts.

But at length this wore off. Love, which cannot think aught ill of its object, threw a roseate veil over the whole circumstances, and he was fain to believe that all his suspicions were but the foolish offspring of his own over-anxious affection—nay, he was shortly convinced of it, and that the dear girl was altogether pure, true, and his own.

Subsequently they became, if possible, still more attached to each other. Many of her evenings she passed in his study ; she would bring her work with her, and sit quietly by him as a sister, plying her needle, or reading by the bright light of his Argand lamp, and ever and anon raising her eyes to bend a fond, admiring look on the happy student, as, absorbed, he pored upon his books. Or here they held long, quiet conversations for hours, or she would sing to him, or listen to his flute.

Everything of interest that happened to him about the university or elsewhere—every new opinion he heard, or was lead to form, with regard to anything he could comprehend—every feeling of his mind, each joy and sorrow, each hope and intention he unfolded to her. His history, and recollections of his childhood, and of his father and his home, he freely imparted to her.

A similar confidence he met with from her, save upon one point—her connexion with Warkworth. To this she never once alluded ; she always spake with delicacy and reserve about her own descent. Her father had been a manufacturer in the city, but was not a strictly good man ; he had separated from her mother, and afterwards left her, with but their house and furniture whereby to earn a living.

But in the midst of this an occurrence took place which brought affairs between them to a crisis. Basil had gone to be present at a sale of books, pictures, &c., of an eccentric single gentleman, lately deceased. The house was about a dozen miles from the city, and he would require to be for the whole day away from home. As he went, however, to hire a carriage to convey him to the sale, he discovered, from the posted advertisement, that he was a week too early, having mistaken one Monday for another. This was nothing remarkable to one of his absent, inattentive habits, and, turning, he went slowly back toward his lodgings. He lingered by the way, however, at libraries and booksellers' shops for several hours.

As he drew near home, and was sauntering leisurely along in the sunny warmth of the day, his eyes were attracted by the singular elegance of figure of a young lady who walked a few paces in advance of him, hanging on the arm of a tall, manly-looking, middle-aged gentleman. As he looked, the train of thought that had previously occupied him faded away,

and a new conception gradually took form in his mind. He was certain that graceful form was a familiar ideal of his thoughts. And then that stray lock of flaxen hair peeping out from under the bonnet! It must be—his heart beat quick—the blood leaped to his head—a thousand dread doubts overwhelmed him at once. Trembling with excitement, he hurried up, passed them, and turning, beheld his love smiling on the detested Warkworth.

The moment she saw him she stood still, and clung with both hands to the arm of her companion. Her eyes seemed fixed in her head, and a deadly pallor overspread her countenance. The next instant, a deep blush supplanted it, and she almost convulsively drew down her veil, to hide the gush of tears that fell sparkling upon her dress. Warkworth looked in wonder round him to find out the cause of her agitation, and, seeing May, he too exhibited some confusion, and hastily drew her from the path, and hurried into a side street.

It would require one having more knowledge of the human mind than we possess, to describe the feelings that wrought in poor Basil's bosom as he wandered away through the busy streets. His whole fabric of love, hope, and happiness was thunder-stricken and scattered around him, an utter wreck; a tumultuous whirl of lacerating thoughts flew through his heart, each, as it passed, inflicting a new and deeper pang; and he could have cursed the numerous passengers among whom he staggered on his way, for that they seemed all so light-hearted and unconcerned. The very beggar who beset his path appeared to him a happy and enviable being.

At length he reached the house, rushed into his study, locked the door, and, falling on a sofa, gave himself up to the full tide of his misery.

In an hour or two he heard the outer door open with a pass-key, and a quick, light footfall hasten across the hall; he thought, too, he heard a faint sob, but it might have been fancy. He remained alone in this way till the evening, when he rose, took his hat, and went out, to wander alone in the park. He had now become more calm, and could reflect upon the matter. He was convinced that he had been duped—miserably made a tool of—by an unprincipled creature with art beyond her years. Oh, is there any thought more galling than that we have been deceived by one in whom we have put our dearest confidence—that our own warm feelings have been made the means to effect the deceit? It is like a dagger-stab; and the belief that always follows, that our betrayer feels contempt for us, is the poison thrown into the wound.

But his jealousy of her was as nothing to the intense detestation in which he held her favorite—this latter was the ruling passion. To whom is it you bear the most virulent hatred? Is it not to him who is loved by her you love—the man who basks in the smiles you would give your very soul to buy, but cannot? You envy him, and yet you hate him—you see no merit in him—he appears to you everything that is despicable, and yet how gladly would you change conditions with him! Anon, let the valued fair one leave him for another, as she left you for him, and your hatred ceases—he is now a fellow-sufferer—your ill-will becomes pity, sympathy, fellow-feeling; and you could all but swear with him a perpetual friend-ship.

It was with such feelings as these that Basil now called to mind the antipathy he had formerly entertained to Houldsworth, the very sight of whom he used to shun as an annoyance. How differently now did he think of him!

"Poor young fellow! He too, with his gewgaws and frippery, had been taken in. We have both been fooled. I wonder what he thinks now? for he must long have known it. But I see how it is—money is their object; she has been fluctuating between our hundreds a-year, and now this fellow's thousands have turned the balance; she has been keeping me as a kind of reserve to fall back upon when others have done with her. And that ancient hypocrite, the mother! how well she abets—nay, she must be the instigator of the schemes: and Warkworth, too—what a look of love did this Delilah of seventeen bend upon him! but he is handsome and free of his money; yet he is a married man—they can have no designs upon him in that way; can they in any other? is she a thing so vile? Oh, agony! What am I to do? I must not let them know my mind. I see my course—I shall stay here for a month or so, and go about as usual, but never another thought of mine shall be given to her, nor shall a word pass between us. I shall then quietly go off to England—at least leave this place for ever."

He sought his home with this resolution, and for some weeks he kept it, at least as far as silence went, and avoiding her in every way. But could he keep her from his thoughts? He knew he could not—he could not even try. No! every process of his mind involved her: she was his memory—he could only recollect scenes in which she was mingled; she was his imagination—for alone, and every minute, with new associations did the idea of her rise in his mind; she was his judgment—for the thought of her determined all his actions; she was his fear, his hope, and, oh, how much his love! She had been his joy, and was now his misery. Happy would he have been could he have ceased to think of her, but the very mental act of willing to think of her no longer, was still a thought regarding her. Thus he remained for some days, his mind a vortex of passions, plans, and resolves, which changed with every hour. He was unable to sleep for thinking of her, and, when exhausted nature yielded, she rose in every dream.

He could not help seeing her once or twice during this period. She appeared pale and careworn, as if she too suffered acutely in her mind. When her eye met his, a feeling of shame was evident through her countenance, but he felt instinctively it was not the shame of guilt, but that of misfortune. It seemed impossible for the most prejudiced spectator to see evil in that face, on which fair-fronted innocence palpably sat, albeit in the midst of sorrows. At length a reaction began in his thoughts.

It cannot be—I was wrong to judge so harshly—besides, I took no account of motives. Again: have I not known her since from a child she changed to a woman? and did I ever know a word or act of hers that could in the remotest degree indicate such conclusions as my passions have led me to form, much less could justify them? No angel's face ever had an expression of more purity, or beamed a sweeter smile; and I have condemned her unheard! But then, how she smiled upon him? But she is so

young—she cannot be far gone in the course of evil—she is still to be reclaimed. But again, the concealment—the duplicity! The whole matter is inscrutable. I must have an explanation from her; and, if I find her really what I surmised, I can be no worse than I am—my heart can be no more than broken.”

Thereupon he sent her servant to her with a note, asking if he might see her, who shortly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

He found her alone; she was seated on a sofa, with her hands folded upon her lap, and appeared to be lost in a train of thought of a mournful cast. As he entered she raised her head, and a trace of her former glad smile of welcome rose on her face; but, as her eye met his, this disappeared, and she grew pale, and her lip trembled. For a moment or two no word was spoken; at length he said—

“Miss Esterling, we have been strangers for a long time”—— She made no reply. “I am going back to England, and my opinion is, that, after what has passed between us, it would be right to part in good will, if we cannot do so in friendship—to use no warmer word.”

A pause.

“You are aware of the reason of our estrangement?”

“I am: I know well what are your thoughts of me; but I assure you they are without foundation. You are altogether mistaken; but I blame no one; it could not be otherwise.”

“I should be overjoyed to believe this. Are you aware that Warkworth is a married man?”

“I believe he is.”

“I really did not think, from what I knew of you, that I could ever detect you guilty of even deceit to me, much less that I would find you artfully setting out your charms to make a conquest (for what end I will not judge) of this husband of another woman—this man of notorious character.”

She sprang up, her face red with anger, and stamped her foot on the floor, while her eyes glared upon him with pride, indignation, and scorn; but, seeing him continue to regard her unmoved, she fell back into her seat, and, covering her face with her fingers, gave way to a fit of hysterical weeping and sobbing. For a little he forbore to speak, then, drawing nearer to her, he said—

“If I have given you pain by my words, think what an agony of mind your conduct has caused me. You have often given me reason to believe you entertained a very strong regard for me; latterly I have been led to think this was not real. If it is, you can prove it by giving me an explanation of your connexion with this man Warkworth. I know that any third person might think I have no right to ask this; but you, when you consider the terms on which we used to be, will, I am sure, acknowledge I have a right.”

“Warkworth’s calls here are altogether on business. He was intimately wrought up in my father’s affairs, and still continues to be. He was a party to the unhappy separation of my parents. Why will you *urge me to talk of these things?*—you will kill me.” (A new light began to open before Basil’s mind.) “More explanation than this I cannot, I

will not give—not for my own sake, but because it would involve the dearest fame of others.”

“And you do not love him then?”

“How can you ask me such a question? I give you my honor to all I have said; I can give no further proof; if that is not satisfactory, leave me at once and for ever. More on the subject I will not utter.”

How short is the step between extremes, in hearts where love is master! There was a long silence, during which he sat unable to frame a sentence, his mind filled with conflicting gladness and regret; at length he spoke:—

“My dearest Marianne, I have been misled, but I could not help it. I have been very harsh and rude, but your own heart, I am sure, will tell you I have not been wrong. Can you forgive me, my own good, noble girl? I have every confidence in your truth and honor, and will never doubt you more. I know your gentleness, your patience, and generosity, and that you will forgive. I have vexed you much, but your own candor must allow that it all arose from my vehement devotion to you, which is the one passion of my existence.”

It was hard for her to resist his pleading, to withhold forgiveness from him on whom her heart doted. She tried to do it, at least for some time, but could not hold out, and tearfully gave way, owing to his raptured questioning that he was the sole object of her love.

It would be needless for us to describe in words the conversation that ensued, for the fancy of our readers would anticipate the scene, and we and our details be overleaped and left far behind. It ended, after some hours, in a solemn engagement that they should be united in marriage on the earliest day that should be convenient to both, when she should be altogether and unalterably his own, and there should be no more doubt, fear, or jealousy.

Strange enough, this hardly appeared in the eyes of either of them an event of unusual weight or moment. They had both looked forward to it for years, during which they had lived together in daily familiar and confidential intercourse. There were no arrangements to be made; with the exception of her mother, no human being had control over either of them, or could direct or oppose their desires: there were no persons to be consulted, and a doubtful consent entreated from them; there was no one even to be informed of the fact. Not an obstacle stood in the way. He had long been his own master, and as to worldly matters was perfectly independent, and could abundantly afford to follow the bent of his wishes. She again was well convinced that her mother loved her too dearly to withhold from her anything that she earnestly desired.

But when he asked Mrs. Esterling's consent, the behavior of the latter appeared to him remarkable. She seemed to suffer a strange and sudden depression of health and spirits, and entreated him to allow her another day, when she would be prepared to give him an answer.

Next day, when he met her, her language and conduct seemed as extraordinary. At one time she told him she could not yet, for *private* reasons of her own, give her sanction to the marriage of her daughter, — *but, as she could stand in the way of nothing that could conduce to the*

happiness of either of them, they might be married without any opposition on her part,—if they were both willing to run all risks for good or evil,—only she desired to be altogether unconnected with the matter. She had no hesitation in intrusting to him the future welfare of her only child—yet she had many fears that the happiness they expected would prove an illusion, and, if ever it did, they should not reproach her with furthering this measure, which she called him to witness she had never encouraged, if she had not discountenanced it. Marianne, she continued, had many imperfections; she was lowly born, of the very humblest class; her parents had been (here she trembled) most unfortunate, if not criminal.—“She alludes to their bankruptcy,” thought he;—and, were one tithe of their evil fortunes known, a stigma would attach to her. No, it could not to her, but still the world was malignant, and apt to visit the sins of the parents on the children.

In this way she ran on, getting more confused and excited with every sentence, till Basil, positively in pain for her, withdrew, with a vague belief that he had obtained her acquiescence.

In a week or two Marianne and he were quietly and unostentatiously married, according to the short and simple ceremony of their church, by their friend and pastor, Dr. ——. The only remark he made regarded their youth, for she still wanted some months of eighteen, and he as many of twenty-one. Yet they seemed so loving and devoted, and he knew him to be so talented, so virtuous, and honorable, and she, amid her blushes, looked so beautiful, that, as he bade Heaven bless them, there was a warmth and kindness in his benignant smile, as if they had been his own children.

CHAPTER XV.

MARIANNE ESTERLING, CONTINUED.

ABOUT forty miles from the city of our tale, a strait divides a low and very beautiful isle from the mainland. In this isle is a wide bay, which is completely land-locked, and peaceful as a pond. Opposite to it, a tongue of land shoots out flat and level for about half a mile from the abrupt hilly range of coast. The usual shore road runs round close under the hills, so that this little peninsula is quite out of the way and untrodden. It is covered with furze, bramble, wild rose, and other bushes, with patches of open greensward here and there, and toward the outer point a small, steep, rocky hill rises, shaggy with dark oaks and other low trees. On the southern side of this, again, two large old oak-trees grow, and between them, but nearer to one than to the other, has been

erected a small Gothic villa, with a garden of about a couple of acres in extent attached. This was built by the owner of the land, as a speculation, and offered to be let at the rent of forty pounds a-year. Here Basil took up his residence with his bride, about the middle of spring. He had it furnished according to his own fancy, and had removed to it his books, instruments, and all his other moveable property. He earnestly entreated Mrs. Esterling that she would cease her occupation, and for the future make her home with them. He insisted much upon this, but she was inflexible—she would remain and live in her old way, in which she was sure to be the happiest, and never so long as she could earn her living honourably, would become dependent on any one. With this he was forced to remain contented for the time.

Than this home of their adoption no spot could be more beautiful or sequestered. With the exception of a couple of servants, no one but themselves came near the cottage, and days often would pass without any person being seen on the road that wound alongside under the land to the rear. At the bottom of the bay in the island opposite was a sunny little town—a thriving place for the coasting and fishing trade; and numerous sloops, and small vessels of other descriptions, were continually gliding about over the glassy waters of the strait.

And here they dwelt together in nearly perfect delight. They were continually with each other; one of them was never to be seen alone, and they were always cheerful and gladsome, happiness beaming in their countenances. Young as they were, they both possessed the peculiarity of appearing to the eye much younger. Marianne seemed a mere girl, while he might have been deemed a sedately-disposed lad of sixteen or thereabouts; and any one who met them, as they rode out joyously together along the neighboring roads, might have considered them brother and sister, the children of some gentleman in the vicinity.

But they did not confine themselves to this spot alone; all the neighboring places worthy of remark they visited, and made frequent trips together to the city (to which, from the little town opposite, there was a rapid steam-conveyance,) to purchase new books, view picture-exhibitions, or see some distinguished London actor, who might happily be down there on a summer starrng expedition.

And thus they passed the spring, summer, and autumn seasons which that year were unusually warm and pleasant. But as the days began to grow shorter, Marianne expressed a wish to spend the winter on the continent, and Basil forthwith left for England, to make arrangements for the transmission of money. This was the first time since their marriage that they had been separated more than a day, and though he was not to be beyond a week absent, their parting had in its tenderness something ominous. She accompanied him as far as the city, where at her mother's house, she proposed to stay till his return, for the cottage, she said, without him, would seem so desolate and homeless.

On his arrival at his native town, he hurried his business over, eager to return to her with whom he had left all his joy. This done, he posted back with the most anxious speed and arrived a couple of days sooner than he was expected. On dismounting from the coach, he immediately

hastened to her mother's house, picturing the warm delight that awaited his coming, and thinking in what manner he should pass with her the after part of the day.

As he entered the lonely street that held the scene of so much former happiness, he met Mrs. Esterling's servant-girl going upon some household errand. Stopping her with a number of eager questions to which she had no time to reply, he snatched from her hand the door-key, and sped along. Entering the house he went almost unconsciously, by the force of old habit, towards that apartment which had once been his study. Its door stood a little open, and his attention was immediately arrested by voices within, speaking in tones of deep and earnest feeling.

"And you are happy with him then—you have nothing further to wish for?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing!"

He knew the voice—it was hers. Gracious Providence! what is this?

"Well, then, I shall leave you to him for good. I believe he is all that he should be. Nay, don't give way so, dearest girl."

Basil pushed open the door—there before him stood Warkworth.—Clinging to this man, with her arms round his neck, and looking up into his face with eyes bathed in tears, was his Marianne, *his wife*! Warkworth held her face between his hands, and gazing into it with a look of much fondness, stooped over and kissed her lips once and again.

As Basil saw this, his breath, which for a moment had been stifled by excess of emotion, found vent in a short, inarticulate, bursting scream. Their attention was drawn on the instant. Warkworth started, and hastily planted his foot behind, as if he would have fallen back. She suddenly dashed her open palm upon her forehead.

"Basil—my own Basil—my husband!" she screamed, "hear me!—Merciful Heaven!"

He was gone—out of the house he sprang, and rushed along the street, hatless, dishevelled, white as a corpse. An hour after that he was miles from the city, unknowing and uncaring about the direction or destination of the vehicle in which he was borne along; his whole thought being to flee from the place where "a dagger of the mind" had been struck into him.

Late in the evening he arrived at Edinburgh, and, as he wandered alone through the moonlit streets and squares of that romantic city, the tumult of his thoughts subsided, and he was enabled to reflect calmly and methodically upon the series of events.

"What a fortune is mine!" said he. "I have given myself wholly to the pursuit of pleasure, and, though it was of the intellectual kind, does that detract from the folly? I have shunned society, and am as a stranger in the world. I have allowed myself to become the slave of a passion, whose power and predominance in my mind at this moment, in spite of all that might naturally tend to quench it, strikes me with wonder. I have made myself familiar with those who were first introduced to me as, in a manner, my servants. I have married beneath my station, and allied myself *to poverty*, (but that is nothing,) to duplicity, treachery, dishonor, crime, *infamy*. My object was happiness, and I have found misery—misery—

mental pain—agony of spirit. I formed ideas of such a thing once, in my imagination, for the purpose of poetical amusement. But now the experiment is made, and I know, though I never can express, the dread reality.

“My father was wrong to leave me master of myself, as he did, without any one to advise me possessed of sufficient experience of this wicked world. And I was surely infatuated, to act as I did. It is done, however, now, and my heart is withered; henceforth I shall be a man without feeling. I shall never love again, never feel joy or sorrow—the only thing that remains for me now is to die. It would be impious to seek death, but I shall await its finding me as I best can, and only hope it will not be long in coming.”

His first thoughts had been all of vengeance. He would call this hated Warkworth to account, and make him expiate with his blood the misery he had inflicted. From such ideas he now revolted—many were the reasons. In the first place, there was the fence of religion to be overleaped—that fence which he had hitherto walked with scrupulous fidelity; moreover, there was to be procured some friend sufficiently devoted to his interests to embroil himself on his account in proceedings of a mortal nature—and where was he to find such a one? Again, there were the negotiations and investigations that must precede and follow such a measure, and, most hateful of all, the publicity that would be ensured. His shame and dishonor were now known to not more than three individuals, the interest of all of whom it was to keep their secret.

His final determination was to leave England for ever—never to hold any communication with *her*, or allow the possibility of any from her reaching him—to be for all future time dead to her and to his home. But we should be wrong to say this was his unaltered resolution—we should, for still his undiminished love drew him towards her with a fascination that, but for its new antagonist emotion, pride, would have been irresistible; and there were times—as when he was alone in the silence of night—at which he could entertain the thought of returning to her the runaway slave of passion, and submitting to forgiving all his injuries, provided she would but make him happy with the heaven of her love. He could take her away, he thought, from all the scenes of her sin to some far country where no Warkworth could come near her to beguile her—where she must be good by necessity, as she was loveable by nature. Nay, he would build up in his mind visions of future happiness, and form long schemes and moral guidance and instruction, whereby to win her to the paths of penitence and virtue, and make her look back with horror to her errors, and bear new and grateful love to him whose constant affection, long sufferance, and piety, had reclaimed her.

But with reflection came again pride, and scorn of himself for having entertained, for a moment, such ignominious ideas; but aye love kept its ground, though assuming for that purpose the semblance of pity. Thus, while he had strength of mind, he daily increased his distance from her. Indeed, it was his intention to wander out the rest of his life in foreign countries, in order that they might be completely lost sight of by each other, and that he might lose the habit of pining after her presence.

But here the thought arose, "Should he leave her unprovided for?" And Love arose under the form of Pity again.

"What! shall I give that dearest, though false and lost one, cause to hate me—to wish she had never known me? I mean, shall I leave her penniless—a burden to him who had tempted her, perhaps a despised slave to him when she may have ceased her guilty love? Poor thing! what can she do to struggle with necessity? I bound myself to her for better or worse, and, though it has wofully turned out the latter, shall I break that faith to her now which it would have been no merit in me to have kept in the former alternative?" (Then Love took the form of Honor.) "But again, in such a case, might she not be persuaded to prosecute, and my whole agony be thus raked up before the public eye?"—(Love again, simulating Caution!) "Nay, I will make arrangements to settle on her for life half my income, such as it is; I can live with every comfort on the rest. I shall never more have need of it; and it is but charity to give so freely to one who has so deeply injured me"—not charity, but love!

And this course he did follow. Through his agent, a man in whom he could put every confidence, he managed to arrange the regular future transmission of sums, the receipt of which should be notified through advertisement in a newspaper. And this was totally to shut out from her any possibility of writing or finding her way to him.

Before he left England he wrote her a farewell letter. It was very long—for it formed the last opportunity he could have of holding communication with her. Yet it contained nothing of upbraiding, but much of sorrow, and much of earnest advice; while through it all fervid and passionate, though sorely crushed, affection shed its vivid tinting.

This done, he bade farewell to his country, and wandered abroad, companionless and spiritless, for years. His precise place of sojourn was known to no one save his agents.

At length, when he had been more than ten years an exile, and gray hairs began to mingle with the brown, he received from these men information that his property in England had become so deteriorated, that they could not undertake to transmit him his usual supplies. Moreover, that his fund of uninvested money was now nearly exhausted.

Upon receiving this information he immediately hurried home. On his arrival in England he found that a company of trading chemists had purchased ground close to his own, and established upon it a very extensive manufactory of acids, bleaching powder, &c., the vapours of which were not only injurious to vegetation, but so unpleasant, and even prejudicial to health, that the houses, from the annual rent of which his income was drawn, could with difficulty be let at half their former rental. He learned, too, that the receipt of that money he had set apart for her, continued from time to time to be acknowledged, and that no attempt to communicate with him, at least through his agents, had been made by her. She was, evidently, still living, and, unless he chose to re-assume the whole or part of this her allowance, he found he must fall upon some means of supporting himself in the world by his own exertions—further residence abroad being now out of the question.

This course he resolved to adopt, but found no little difficulty in discovering how to render his talents and multifarious, but vague and ill-assorted, knowledge, available to the end. It appeared to him, at length, that teaching—the imparting to others the information he himself had accumulated—was the readiest, indeed the only means.

It happened most opportunely that a situation of this description offered itself. A clergyman, of his own tenets of religious descent, had been for many years in the habit of entertaining youthful boarders, the sons of people of his sect, and educating them according to the principles of its peculiar doctrines. This gentleman was now getting much advanced in age, and, on being applied to by May's agent, who informed him of his family, education, and character, readily agreed to accept him as assistant in his educational pursuits. He had been well acquainted with his father, having studied with him in his youth, and was consequently disposed to receive and entertain Basil more on the footing of a friend than of a mere hired usher.

In this situation it was then the latter's intention to remain until he could obtain from the chemists, either by law proceedings or by amicable arrangement, compensation for the damage occasioned by them, or until he could fall upon some employment less harrassing or more congenial to his taste. What he chiefly desired was a situation of a literary nature, in connexion with a newspaper or periodical publication of some sort.

On waiting on the Rev. Mr. Elderley, who was for the future to be his employer, he was received with much affability. The house in which he was to take up his abode stood in the country, about two miles from a very large commercial town in the west of England, and was placed in an exceedingly fertile and beautiful rural district.

As they sat together after dinner on the day of his arrival, Mr. Elderley began to call up a number of recollections of his youth, when the elder Mr. May and he had been fellow-students together, and used to strive for honors. They had both been candidates, too, for the hand of that lady who afterwards became the mother of his present guest.

"After their marriage," continued he, "we became estranged, and I never afterwards heard from him; nor did I ever meet one of that name even till a few weeks ago, when a young pupil called May joined me. This set me thinking back, and I recollected your father had a brother."

"Yes," said Basil, "he had one who went out a missionary to South America. In the course, however, of the revolutionary struggles there, he ceased his calling, entered into trade, and, when we last heard of him, he had become wealthy and influential."

"Well," said the other, "would it not be strange now if this boy should turn out a son of this uncle of yours, who may have returned to England possessed of wealth sufficient to put you in the way of once more becoming independent?"

"I am afraid the idea is a very visionary one, sir. Besides, if it were the case, it would give me no pleasure to renew the relationship. I am a sort of solitary being, and an extensive connexion would be more painful to me than you could imagine. Moreover, to come before a relation whom I never saw, and who probably is ignorant of my existence—who,

in addition, may have connexions wide enough and troublesome enough of his own—to come to such a one in the character of a suppliant—a dependent—is a thing I could not do on any motive or consideration.”

“Well, I think you are right, Mr. May, for this boy has nothing of your family features; indeed, he is quite different, being an exceedingly good-looking little fellow—a perfect juvenile Antinous.”

Here Basil blushed scarlet as he heard his personal appearance alluded to, though evidently without intention; and when he saw his host's daughter, a very beautiful young lady, regard him attentively, he wished in his heart he had never sought his present situation. The worthy clergyman, however, seeing the effect of his observation, proceeded to pour balm into the wound he had made, and continued:—

“He is also quite different from both your father and yourself, in the fact that, though certainly a stirring boy at all sorts of games, he is, intellectually speaking, but a dunce, though it appears to depend more on obstinacy than lack of capacity—at all events, the cane can do little for him.”

“I am not a great believer,” said Basil, “in the efficacy of that instrument of instruction under any circumstances; I am inclined to put more faith in kindness, attention, and example. Conciliation, in my opinion, is, in most cases, preferable to coercion.”

“Well, I shall be overjoyed to see the good effect of your system. I believe there are great changes now in the views the public entertain on the matter and manner of education, and little Gerald is as good a subject as any for experiment.”

“Gerald! Is that his name?”

“Yes, Gerald Maye—they spell it with an ‘e’ final.”

“Oh, I see; he is one of the south-country Mayes. He comes from the south of England, does he not?”

“Yes; from some place in Hampshire I believe the letters with regard to him were dated.”

“Yes, there are, I have been told, a good many of the name in that quarter, and they all spell it in that way. They are quite a different race from ~~us~~ of the north, and are of French descent, I should surmise. We never put the ‘e’ to our May, which is of good Westmoreland Saxon.”

They then went on to talk of the other pupils, the master giving an account of their characters, in order that he might the better undertake their management.

It was by the above conversation that Basil's attention was drawn particularly to the boy in question, and more by the agreement of Mr. Elderley, that he was to be put entirely under his charge, and not punished with the rod, unless some flagrant offence should call for his own interference.

He found him to be of a character and disposition closely allied to his own—so nearly identical, that, if placed in circumstances the same as his own in early life, he felt convinced he would have followed a career exactly parallel. His whole mind seemed made up of emotions as nearly *approaching* the intensity of passions as they could in the heart of a *child*. He displayed the same strong feelings, the same ardent attach-

ment, the same dislike, even hatred ; the same excitability of temper ; the same liability to great elevation or depression of spirits, to extremes of gladness and sorrow ; the same high sense of honor, of moral right, of religion ; the same enthusiasm in dreaming of the future. Moreover, there were about his dress, his gait, his way of speaking, a neatness, taste and gracefulness ; and upon all his manners and habits was stamped the gentleman, as far as that character comes by nature, without the aid of art. He never appeared wilfully, by deed or by word, to give annoyance to any creature ; to the servants and others, his inferiors in rank, he was always kind and affable without familiarity. Mimicry was a thing he never practised in any circumstances. He took no pleasure in taunting or irritating his companions, or in vexing any defenceless being, or tormenting any animal. Of the house-dogs he was an especial patron, and the horses were all his friends. The emotions of pity and of gratitude were both eminently active in his mind, and continually moved him to tears ; while anything insulting roused him to the most violent rage, which again, by one expression of kindness or apology from its object, would be converted into a fit of crying, followed by an immediate readiness to make up friendship.

Add to these traits a figure of much boyish elegance, and features of perfect regularity, beaming with an expression at some times almost angelic in its sweetness, and also the innocence and simplicity of a home-reared child of eleven or twelve years of age, and you have before your mind the pet, the adopted boy of him you already know so well.

But it would be wrong to imagine we wish to paint him as a paragon, one without fault, such as could only exist in the pages of romance. Rousseau, in his "Confessions," detailing the character of his boyhood, says,—

"I had indeed the defects incident to this early period of life. I was a prattler, a glutton, and sometimes a liar. I made no scruple of pilfering fruit, sweetmeats, and eatables, but I never took pleasure in doing mischief, in accusing my playfellows, or in tormenting flies or any other animals."

And this character we must confess, in its bad points, was sometimes applicable, but in its good a hundred fold more often, to our hero's little favorite, who, the reader will perhaps surmise, is also our own, and, besides, is more than the mere fancied *beau ideal* of a bachelor's dream. He had many faults ; but, when told of them, and reproved with judgment, the extent and sincerity of his penitence and sorrow made reproof almost painful, while he seemed a child that no kindness or indulgence could render either "soft" or "spoiled."

The teaching such a pupil as this must have been, in very truth, to one with a mind constituted like May's, a delightful task, as Thomson sings in that passage which the universal sympathy and consent of readers has made the most hackneyed in our literature. It was indeed to him a pleasure, such as he had never known since that day he fled heart-stricken from his home.

From the first hour they met, Basil observed in this boy a strange attraction toward him, which, moreover, he was somewhat surprised to feel

reciprocated in his own mind. He could not account for the regard he thus so suddenly entertained for the youth. He was certainly the finest boy he had ever seen, and this, along with the fact of his being his namesake, and having been spoken of by the master, was all he could think of as causing the feeling. The emotion, too, of loving any object, was to him quite novel; for through a period of years he had not had any friend, and but very few acquaintances; whose society, besides, had been rather a burden to him than desirable.

In the course of a few weeks they had become inseparable companions, and seemed to feel much and mutual delight in each other's society. They walked and rode about the neighborhood together, and at home were always side by side. The effect was soon evident on little Gerald—he took to his books with more zeal and assiduity than any other boy in the school, and soon fully redeemed his character for talent. At the same time he lost much of his devotion to the playground, and would have neglected it altogether were it not that Basil used sometimes to applaud his dexterity at the various games. And the stimulus to all this was the approval of his friend. One word of praise could do more than twenty applications of the rod, while, if anything wrong was going on, a single serious look would make him cease on the instant, and go away to another corner of the room, where he would sit as quiet as a mouse till some word of kindness would draw him from his hiding-place.

Basil was his constant reference in all cases of doubt or difficulty—the mender of inkstands, books, and playthings—the surgeon of all cuts and bruises. He was made the confidant of all his thoughts and feelings—the injuries received from his playmates—his determinations not to submit to them—his dislike of some and good opinion of others—and, deepest and most delicate of all, his warm admiration of a pretty little girl of eight or ten years old, the daughter of a surgeon in the neighborhood, whose principal charms were a blue frock, red cheeks, and “such hair!”

As they rambled about together, the subjects of their conversation were sometimes curious—such as moral right and wrong, justice, honor, courage, beauty of scenery or of any object, taste, and the like. On such topics Basil used to listen with great pleasure to his little friend's ideas, treating him always as an equal, and allowing him his full half of the conversation; when his opinions were incorrect, mildly and playfully stating his own, and showing where the error lay. Frequently, too, he talked to him, but always with the air of a companion—one receiving as well as giving information—on matters of natural history, foreign countries, strange experiences of his own; or would tell him anecdotes of great men, or give him abstracts of the stories of plays and poems. And so happy did little Gerald feel in such circumstances, that he would often come to Basil, take him by the hand, and say, “Come and have a walk with me, and give me a lecture.”

One evening in summer, when they had had a long ramble together, gathering nuts and blackberries, Basil, tired out, sat down to rest by the sunny side of a rock crowned with an ancient tower. Little Gerald came and sat down by his side, and, after a long silence, bursting into tears, let *his head fall upon his shoulder, and sobbed out,—*

"My dear Mr. May, I don't know how it is, but I am never happy but when I am with you. Are you a philosopher?"

Such were the traits that made Basil's heart warm to this boy, towards whom he soon felt an affection that in its strength and peculiar character brought up to his mind that which he had borne long ago to his own father. It seemed the identical sort of feeling, equally intense and equally pleasurable. When Gerald was not near him he felt "a want," as the expression is, while his mind was full of anxiety lest some accident might happen to him; he could never apply his thoughts seriously to any subject unless he was under his eye, nor did he ever feel cheerful save when the clear voice and merry laugh of his little favorite were ringing in his ear.

The greatest punishment Basil could inflict upon Gerald was to withhold his countenance from him—not to speak to him for some days; and this the culprit felt most acutely. He was very miserable indeed, and the ways he took to get once more into his good graces were as amusing as they were endearing. Aware that Basil was always pleased with him for studiousness, he would get hold of some great volume, and, seating himself a little from him, would pour closely over it for hours, ever and anon lifting his eyes to see if he were noticing how diligent he was, or if the stern expression of his face were relaxing. To such a proceeding his obduracy was sure to yield, and they would speedily be friends again.

When Gerald was ill, as he was once dangerously, Basil's anxiety was increased to torture: he was hardly able to go through his avocations as a teacher, and at night could not sleep. He felt a constant impulse to go to him to see whether he was not better, and at last seated himself beside his bed, and took upon himself the office of nurse, although the disease was an infectious one, and he was certain he had never had it himself. Nor was it till he was pronounced convalescent that he recovered his peace of mind, or was fit for any exertion.

On another occasion Gerald, with some others, had been found guilty of some very heinous schoolboy offence, for which condign punishment was demanded. Basil pleaded much to get him off; but stern justice, in the shape of Mr. Elderley, was inexorable; and he had to look on, while every blow inflicted on his little favorite made his own nerves thrill with double the pain.

But this was prior to the illness. In the course of his recovery from the latter he was one evening expressing, with tears, his gratitude and affection to such a disinterested friend:—

"I like you very well, indeed," said he—"better than any one else."

"What, Gerald, better than your father and mother, and all at home?"

"You know it would not be right to love anybody better than them."

"But, after them, I am the best liked, I hope."

"Yes; but I like my grandfather very well, too."

"Is he very kind to you?"

"Oh, very kind; but not so kind nor so good as you are. I wish you were some relation to me."

"You know you are my little adopted son—my son Gerald."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but when I leave you and go home, you will soon forget all about me."

About a month after this, when he was again well and active, and running about as before, he was suddenly called home to his friends. This was a blow sufficiently severe to Basil, who had for several months felt all but happy in his society.

If you have a dog, an attached and beautiful animal, which is the companion of all your walks, eats from your hand, and sleeps by your feet—which has fondness for none but yourself, and bounds with joy at a word or a look from you—if this creature is suddenly lost, do you not mourn with a grief greater than you would like to confess, but which is shown by the magnitude of the reward you offer for its restoration, by your anxiety, and by your joy when it is brought back to you with all its gladness and affection? With how much more sorrow would not one, and especially one of that character we have endeavored to shadow forth under the name of Basil May, lament the loss of a fair child, a pure and noble being, whose love is the effect of bright reason, not of instinct, who possesses high mental beauty in addition to corporeal grace, whose thoughts and deeds are the result, not of the mere principle of animal life, but of an ever-living soul! It was indeed with much emotion they parted—and Basil, as he kissed his forehead and bade him farewell, felt there was taken from him the only one to whom his heart had ever warmed in friendship.

But the pang of parting lies not in saying adieu: it comes to its full strength some time afterwards; for the image of the object is so recent in your mind that you cannot at first completely feel its absence. But when a space has elapsed, and your thoughts have had time to settle—when the idea comes plainly before you that he or she, your friend or your love, is gone and will return no more—not till then do you feel yourself desolate, nor till then does the full tide of your sorrow gush upon your heart.

For some days Basil was so shaken in his mind as to be utterly unable to go through his work in the school, a fact which he stated to Mr. Elderley, who, thinking him unwell, for he was always nervous and delicate in health, recommended him to take exercise, and willingly relieved him from his duties, himself undertaking them.

He now gave his time to wandering about the neighborhood, lingering alone on the sunny days in those scenes where he had rambled, making himself a very boy, playing with his childish favorite and friend, and of evenings poring sadly over those books out of which he had instructed him.

This lasted for many days; at last it was broken up, and by an affair of business, a proposition from the company of chemists before alluded to. They stated that, as their works, which were daily increasing in extent, were beginning to be confined for want of space, they were desirous of adding to them his ground and the buildings upon it, and were willing to buy them at the rate of ten years' purchase according to the annual rental before the erection of their manufactory, or, if he preferred it, to admit him as a partner, with that amount of share in the concern.

He immediately called upon his agent, directing him to close with the former proposal, and take the money—intending to purchase with it a life annuity, one-half of which he should continue to pay to his wife.

He was now independent again, and his intention was to return to his former way of living, and become an idle wanderer in the world; for, now that Gerald was not by, his thoughts continually reverted to her in Scotland; and, while he was actuated by a strong curiosity with regard to what had become of her during his long absence, yet he felt as strong an impulse as ever to flee from her presence, and actually trembled lest the transaction of disposing of his property might give her a clue whereby to find out where he was, and, by letters or personal interviews, once more rake up all the agonies that were now subsided and calm, though unfathomable in his mind.

On his return to the school, to notify Mr. Elderley his future intentions, he found a letter from Gerald awaiting him. It stated that the occasion of his being so suddenly called away was the severe illness of his grandfather, which had terminated in death two days after his arrival at home. It was not the intention of his friends to send him again to school, it continued, but to engage for him a private tutor, who should reside in the house.

The moment May read this, an idea struck him. He was now altogether his own master once more—again without an aim in life. It mattered little where he went, or what he did, provided time glided away—might he not go and apply for this situation? Mr. Elderley would give him every recommendation; and it was surely as well to employ a year or two of his time in the instruction of this boy—an employment which had formerly yielded him so much pleasure—as in idly wandering from place to place. If he did obtain the situation, he would enjoy the society of the only one for whose society he had ever cared—he would have in his own hands the guidance, the rearing, of that child whose ultimate welfare was the object of his deepest interest, and could keep him out of the way of evil till he was old enough to hold that guard himself. If he did not obtain it, he could at least once more see one to whom he bore so strong an attachment, and gratify the curiosity he could not help feeling as to the characters and appearance of his friends and his home.

Gerald's letter contained his address, a villa on the south coast of England, opposite the Isle of Wight; and it was described in such plain terms that there was no chance of his being unable to find it out. With a letter of recommendation then from Mr. Elderley he took his way southwards, and on the morning of a day in summer found himself close to the villa.

His impression from its exterior aspect was that the inhabitants must be very wealthy; there was an air of comfort and substance about the house, garden, and offices, that betokened money retirement. With a heart palpitating from embarrassment he walked up the avenue and knocked at the door, which the next instant was pulled open by his own little favorite, who all but jumped into his arms. He had seen his approach from an upper window, and had flown to meet him. In eager haste he drew him past a sluggish-looking servant into a room where, with the

tears of joy starting in his eyes, he redoubled question on question—Why he had left the school?—had he come to see him only?—how long could he stay?

Basil told him he had received his letter, and had come to apply for the situation of tutor—that he never intended to go back to the school again.

At this information Gerald did all but scream for gladness, and bounded away upstairs to inform his mother that the usher who had been so good to him at Mr. Elderley's was come to be his tutor, with that gentleman's recommendation. In a minute he returned to lead him to her presence.

As they entered the room Basil perceived it was a very magnificently furnished apartment. One object that caught his eye was a large portrait in oil colors, in a very rich frame, which appeared to have been removed from the wall, and now stood on the floor, placed back against a kind of temporary easel. At a table near one of the windows sat a lady in a mourning dress, employed in drawing, apparently copying the picture.

He blushed, from his natural bashfulness, and advanced, looking at the floor. When he raised his eyes he saw the lady standing up, holding fast by the table, seemingly to preserve her balance, as one would do in a ship at sea, while several of the drawing materials lay upset on the carpet beside her. He was surprised at this, looked at her intently, and the next instant dropped into a chair from sudden powerlessness, whilst the blush of confusion upon his face changed to a fearful pallor.

They remained so for a space—at length, "Is it you?" she said, slowly, and in a voice low, thrilling, and strange, as if not she, but some third invisible being spoke.

"Have you found me?" was all he could articulate in reply.

Yes, it was she—his wife—it was Marianne! But what is it that brings that unnatural livid tinge to his lips and the space round his eyes—that makes him shake as if a cold wind had pierced him, and breathe gaspingly as if there was some constriction in his throat? It is the features of the abhorred Warkworth, staring upon him out of that portrait in all their manly beauty, and with the expression of haughty indifference that was habitual to them.

Little Gerald, who had stood by in wonder and perplexity at such a scene, at length came close to him, and said something which he could not comprehend.

"Who is that boy?" he asked, pointing to him with his finger.

"He is your son, Basil; your child, and my only offspring."

And she moved towards him as if she felt an impulse to cast herself upon his neck.

"Off, woman, off!" he screamed, motioning her violently away with one hand, while with the other, which shook spasmodically, he pointed to the portrait. "Who is that—who is that?"

"It is *my father*, Henry Warkworth!"

"Your father?"

"Yes, Basil, my father, and the betrayer of my unhappy mother. Yes, *it can harm no one now, they are all in the grave. There was a stain, Basil—a stain on my birth.*"

He sat for more than a minute, giving by movement or expression no

sign of life, but like one in a catalepsy; for the spirit was so busied in itself, so wholly occupied in *thinking*, as to have no energy to spare for muscular motion of tongue, eye, or feature. At last, somewhat recovering himself,—

"Is this the truth?" said he, in a voice clearly articulated, but as low in sound as a whisper.

"If it is not, may God judge me! You will not despise me for my birth—oh, I am sure you will not! And falling on her knees beside him as he sat, she flung her arms around his neck, and wept and sobbed with her face in his bosom. He did not push her away, but pressed her to his heart, and looked upward.

"I see it all now! Inscrutable Providence!—It must be so. My love for this boy has been the yearning of natural affection. Marianne, dearest, let me go." And he made an effort to rise.

"I will not let you go," she cried, amid the vehemence of her weeping: "you will leave me again, you will forsake me for ever—you will—Gerald, my child, keep him. It is your father!"

"No, love, I will come again. This is too much for me—if I stay here I shall die. Let me breathe the open air, and look upon the bright sky, and the trees and fields, and I will be all well again."

"Will you come back to me?"

"I will." And he tottered from the room, while she fell back upon a sofa near the door.

"Gerald," cried she, "go after him—go with him, for something will befall him. Go, Gerald, I cannot."

The boy flew to obey her, but was recalled by the sound of something falling. She had fainted away, and was now prone on the carpet.

With assistance from the servants she soon recovered, for, though gentle, delicate, and soft, she had always been healthy in body and mind. She would not be put to bed, but, drinking some wine to strengthen her, and bidding them open the window, she sat down to await the return of her husband.

For him, he wandered away for miles through the thick-hedged lanes and by-roads, and by the lonely shore, till, coming to a green bank, between a patch of copsewood and the sea, he sat down on the grass by himself, with no being nearer to him than some fishermen, whose boat was slowly gliding along, in the heat of the day, about half a mile distant. There he remained for some hours longer, gazing abroad on the fair face of nature, but not regarding it, there being a world of thoughts within himself.

At length his heart gave way, and he wept like a child for a space. It was the first time he had done so since the death of his father in his early youth, and he felt now, for the time, as if his strength of mind and frame were gone, and he were once more a weakly boy. But this fit passed over, and in another moment he rose and walked slowly back to the villa, his mind overflowed with joy, and his fancy busy at the novel work of building up dreams of future happiness.

That evening at sundown beheld them again seated side by side at one of the windows of the same room. They are both now calm and composed, and have been mutually explaining the past. He has told her of his

fervent love, his jealousy, and his long period of misery, and asks her to unfold to him the history of her birth, and the cause of so much mystery having been preserved. Her tale runs thus :—

“ My father began life, without birth, rank, or capital, in the humble situation of a merchant's clerk. My mother was the sister of a fellow-clerk, and besides this brother, had no living relation. My father's look and manner captivated her, and she became altogether devoted to him. He loved her, too, very fondly, though his passion was as nothing to hers. At length, on a considerable increase of his salary, which was owing to the partiality of his employer's lady, he proposed to my mother a private marriage—one of law, without any ceremony of religion. My mother was infatuated enough to consent, and they were married in this way. It was a compact in the presence of witnesses, between two single persons of mature years, to become man and wife, and was authenticated by a document signed by both, and by the witnesses as evidence of the transaction. This, you are aware, in Scotland, constitutes a marriage in the eye of the law, though not in that of the church.

“ The reason my father gave her for such a step was that, if he were known to be a married man, he was certain he would lose the favor of his mistress, and so have destroyed bright prospects he was led to believe probable.

Shortly after this marriage, my mother's brother went abroad as a commercial agent to the East Indies, and, immediately after, my father's employer died. A year did not elapse before my father coolly and publicly married his widow, a person of whom he used to speak to my mother as a doting old fool. This action was done in England, where he immediately took up his residence, having by it become possessed of a fortune of many thousand pounds, along with half a share in one of the most extensive and improvable businesses in the country, of the English portion of which he forthwith assumed the management.

“ When my mother knew this, she was distracted. He came to her and explained. He had married the woman, he said, solely as a business speculation—for fortune ; and offered to share with her the proceeds of his crime. She was very old, he said, and must soon die, when he should be free again, and possessed of vast wealth, all of which should be hers.

“ My mother spurned the proposal with abhorrence, and commanded him from her presence for ever. She would not prosecute him or appeal to the law for her right. She could not expose his criminality, for her own shame must also be laid open. She resolved to hide herself from the world, and brood over her misery alone for the rest of her life, which she was convinced could not be long—to resume her own family name, and go to some crowded place where no one could know her—there to give her hopes to another world than this. Whether she was right or wrong in these steps I cannot judge—I leave it to your own heart to form an opinion.

“ From the day her evil fortune was first made known to her, she never touched a farthing of his money, but, gathering as much as she could of her own, began that occupation in which you saw her in the town where you came to study. A month or two after her settlement there I was born. She became a heart-broken woman, seemed prematurely aged, and

never went out but to church. Yet she often appeared to me to enjoy a sort of unworldly happiness in the practice of religion, to which she devoted herself with a constancy and fervor that I often thought interfered with her fondness of me. I know she never so poured out all her heart on me in tenderness, or felt the same delight or consolation in me, as I did in my child, when I, too, was left by him I loved."

There was here an interruption in her narrative.

"When I got to be a year or two old, my father became dotingly fond of me—nothing could keep him from me. He would brave my mother's displeasure, her avoidance, even the bitter pain he saw his visits occasioned her, to have the delight of fondling his little daughter—for I was his only child. The most costly jewelled ornaments he used to bring me—of which I had a great treasure, though you never knew of it—and would submit to every hardship, to every loss from neglect of business, in travelling from England, but to see that I was well.

"When I grew up to be a girl and have a little discretion, he himself told me the whole tale (for I did not learn it from my mother's lips;) and with contrition, even with tears, would express to me his deep remorse and self-condemnation, his still-enduring admiration and love for my mother, and the misery he had entailed upon himself by his ambition for wealth and commercial distinction. He did every thing for me that money could effect, procured me the most expensive teachers in various accomplishments, gave me all things in the way of dress or ornament that I desired, made me completely, and I believe solely, his confidant, and to my ear alone made known the place of torment which he had made his home. He might have seemed to others haughty and contemptuous, even oppressive—a public sinner, and appearing to glory in sin; but to me he was always indulgent, affectionate, devoted, earnestly anxious for my welfare, strictly moral in every thought and expression—everything a father should be.

"I could not help loving him and pitying him—oh, how much!—for he had been all that was kind and loving to me from my earliest recollection. Yet my mother never stinted her disdain, her animosity towards him; and our interviews in her presence were so unpleasant, that he could only open his heart to me out of the house, and thus I was led to walk out with him frequently about the streets and the park.

It was he who encouraged my connexion with you, Basil, approved of and urged me to our marriage, and expressed his design of bestowing upon me and my offspring the vast wealth he had accumulated, as an attempt at atonement for the evil he had done my mother and myself. But when he saw the unhappy issue of the step, it preyed upon him more than tongue can tell. His health showed it, and still that demon of a wife, as he styled her, kept a tenacious hold of life, to make every hour of his existence wretched.

"I lived with my mother till her death, which took place about two years after you left me. He then removed me from Scotland to this place. Some time afterwards his wife died, leaving all the property she had possessed to her own relations; but the amount was not a fourth of what he had himself amassed in trade; retiring with which he came here to me, and

gradually declining, died, as if from old age, though under forty years. His whole property he has bequeathed to me and your son.

"While he lived here he became a changed man, and, thoroughly repentant, sought, by the devoted belief and practice of religion, to establish a hope for that happiness in another state of existence of which had so miserably deprived himself in this."

"Why did you not tell me of all this, Marianne? You should have had no secrets from your husband."

"Alas! Basil, I could not betray my father's secret: I knew not how you might receive it. Had it become known, he might have been publicly tried for his crime: how could I betray my father? Besides, I knew your feelings of honor, and feared to tell you of the stain on the legitimacy of your wife; it might at the least have made you love me less. My father, moreover, had bound me by the strongest injunctions never to disclose it during his life. I did, indeed, resolve once to tell you so much at least as would have set at rest your jealousy, but I knew not how to break it."

"Oh, Marianne! you must have had but a meagre idea of my character to dread that any fault of your parents, any conventional disgrace of birth, could ever have lowered my opinion, or lessened my love of you, so long as your own virtue was stainless."

Here they were interrupted—a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in, Gerald," said she.

"Gerald," said his father, "when did you change your name? how came you to spell it with an 'e' additional?"

"I don't spell it with an 'e'."

"Then what is this?" said Basil, drawing his letter from his pocket, and showing him the signature.

"Oh, that—that's only a flourish after the final 'y.'"

"Marianne, what has become of our cottage in the North?"

"I believe it is as we left it, with all your books and furniture. My father paid the rent, and had it kept in order."

"Then we shall go down there again, love—we shall break up this establishment, and hire other servants, who shall not know aught of our previous fortunes. Gerald shall not leave us till he is a man. We shall all be happy again. We have had our share of misery—may we hope that our trials are over! At all events jealousy shall never cause us more disquietude."

CHAPTER XVI.

A HALLUCINATION.

Of all the strange situations in which it has been the lot of my eventful youth to be placed, the most remarkable was the temporary care of a private asylum for the insane. In the course of my medical studies I had frequently been thrown into society with a young gentleman, nephew to the proprietor of an establishment of the kind in question, in which he acted as assistant or clerk. We soon formed an intimacy, and at length, when a necessity arose that he should visit some near relations in the north of Ireland, he requested me to favor him by performing his duty in the house for a week or two during his absence.

As it was not inconvenient to me at the time, and I was very desirous to see the mode of treatment practised by the proprietor, who though not by profession a medical man, had no indifferent reputation in his peculiar line, I was very glad to take advantage of the offer, and soon found myself at the establishment.

I was particular to make inquiry of my friend with regard to the nature of the cases to be under my care, and was informed that the house was unusually empty at the time, there not being more than fifteen patients in it, and that few of the cases were possessed of much interest, with the exception of one, whose peculiarities he forthwith proceeded to explain to me.

"The individual," said he, "is a young Pole, by name Loretan Maryanski, a person of very high talent; and his hallucination is, that, on the Pathogorean principle, his body is animated by no less a soul than that of the celebrated hero Kosciusko. So long as you avoid interference with this idea, you will find him a most intelligent and accomplished young fellow—a gentleman in every respect. He was a student of medicine in London for some years—in fact, he has not been many months with us—and, strange enough, he devoted, all along, very much attention to the study of mental disorders, upon which subject you will find his information nearly unimpeachable. He believes that he is at present, as a pupil, prosecuting his studies of that class of disease in our asylum, and devotes much attention to all the cases, whilst his care and humanity to the sufferers are unremitting.

"His father was a nobleman of one of the lesser grades in Lithuania, I believe, who, having taken an energetic part in the last insurrection, found it necessary to flee to England, and, along with others in similar circumstances, to become a pensioner on the bounty of our countrymen. By this means, and also from a tolerable income he could make by acting as foreign clerk to an extensive mercantile house, and by employing his spare hours in teaching German, and French, he has been enabled to rear a family in comfort, and also to educate his eldest son for the medical profession.

"Loretan was a good classical scholar before he was brought to England, and was also well acquainted with German, French, and English. The last he speaks with very little foreign accent, and is moreover familiar with almost all its idioms, a facility in acquiring which, as well as the accent, is, I am informed, a peculiar property of his countrymen, beyond the people of any other continental nation. As a student he was most devoted, giving his great talents completely to his tasks, nor ever allowing the usual temptations of youth to draw him for a moment from them. I have often thought that, when a man of active and original intellect has never been allowed—by constraint, whether of others, or self-imposed—to mingle with society, but has, from his earliest experience, associated with books, and not with men (if you will allow me the expression,)—when in addition he has the strong motives of emulation and knowledge of his own powers, or the stronger still of necessity, to force him to solitary studies—he creates around him a strange world—book-derived—which is quite different from that of ordinary life, and really constitutes a kind of insanity. The idea of madness from much learning would appear to have been a prevalent one from the days of the apostle Paul to our own; and when you reflect how many of the most noble minds of this age have sunk and extinguished in imbecility and mania, you will probably have a clearer view than otherwise, as well of my precise drift in the argument, as of the case of my poor friend Maryanski.

"His disorder had long been suspected of overstepping the bounds of eccentricity. He began to talk mysteriously of the possibility of holding intercourse with superior beings, to mention the old doctrine of Kosciucianism with approbation, and seriously express his belief in the theory of the transmigration of souls. At length his hallucination took form, and he coolly and frequently enough announced himself to be the dead hero revived. These ideas his fellow students received at first with ridicule, till at length it proved somewhat more than a joke to one. Several of them were together in a bookseller's shop, which they were in the habit of frequenting. He was among them, and found means in the course of conversation on a German physiological work, to introduce his favorite notion, narrating several interesting anecdotes of himself when Kosciusko, which I am afraid are not to be found recorded in any life of that personage. But one of the students, more waggish than wise, ventured to tell him that he too had recollections of a similar kind, having in a former state of existence actually been the celebrated Marshall Suwarrow. The word had hardly left his lips, when the Pole, in a burst of frenzy that was plainly maniacal, seized a ponderous beam of iron, the bar used to fix the window-shutters at night, and, heaving it aloft, brought it down with his whole strength in the direction of the unlucky jester's crown, accompanying the act with a wild shriek that speedily collected a crowd round the door. Had the blow reached its aim it would undoubtedly have sent the spirit of the Russian in quest of a less jocular tabernacle. As it was, the poor fellow had just time to start to one side, when the iron descended upon him; his arm, which he had instinctively thrown up, received it, and both bones were fractured.

After this he went beyond all bounds, and in a few days, on the au-

thority of the coroner, he was certified insane, and placed by his friends under our charge.

"Since then he has only had one paroxysm, which indeed happened closely after his arrival, and was so violent as to require the whirling-chair.* So far as we can judge, he appears to be now in a steady way of recovery.

"We make a practice never to allude to the hallucinations of any patient. The allusions they make to it themselves are allowed to pass apparently altogether unremarked; while, by affording them other pursuits of an active and engrossing nature, we endeavor to lead them altogether from employing their thoughts on the topic. I considered it as well to mention this, in order that, as you will be constantly in his society, you may follow a course in consonance with our system.

"You will find he does clerk's business in the asylum; takes reports, keeps the journal, looks after the dieting, and affects to have a sharp eye over the keepers. Of course you will require to do all these duties yourself, though you will find him of amazing value to you in a variety of ways. You must take care that no historical work of any kind, no atlas, globes nor any newspapers or periodicals, come where they can possibly be seen by him. The time he is not occupied with his fancied duties you will find him devote to the perusal of books from my uncle's library, all regarding or bearing upon his own malady, such as Abercromby, Pinel, Reports of Commissioners on Lunatic Asylums, Quetelet, Dr. Hibbert's book, and a host of others; or to the study of botany, which he prosecutes with very great ardor. He is allowed to go about the fields as often as he chooses, but Jackson the keeper always accompanies him, on the pretext of carrying his plant-case, which we have purposely had made very clumsy, and inconvenient, as if to require such attendance.

"I should state to you that you must never betray the slightest evidence of timorousness when alone with him; for if you attend to the above instructions he is altogether harmless, and, moreover, a most agreeable companion; whilst the least appearance of such a feeling gives him great uneasiness; for madmen, however strong may be their own notions, have always a suspicion about what people think of them, and any indication of the kind on your part will make him very despondent, and probably for a considerable time divert him from the salutary pursuits he is at present so much engrossed with. You may be as obstinate as you like with him in any discussion, you will always find his manner marked by good-humor and courtesy; whilst at the clear and masterly nature of his views on a multitude of subjects you will be struck with surprise.

"One of his grand accomplishments, I had almost forgot to say, is drawing. Some of his productions in this way are admirable. They appear so to me, though I must confess I have no particular taste in the art,

* This machine frequently used in the violent fits of maniacs, consists of a chair fixed upon a pivot, and so constructed that, with the unfortunate creature in it, it can be made to revolve with great rapidity. Its calming effects upon patients is complete at the time, but whether permanently useful must be questionable.

but I have heard them praised even more highly by others whose opinion is not so questionable."

Such was the account I received of this young man, and my experience shortly convinced me of its correctness.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable. He was what is called a fine-looking man, and had about him that indescribable cast of features and gestures by which it is almost always possible to know a foreigner. His eyes especially, large, prominent, and of a bluish-gray color, darted rapidly from one direction to another, and their glance had that peculiar expression whereby some think that they can detect, at the first look, an insane person, or one subject to epilepsy. His voice was very sweet in its sound, and the slight foreign accent lent it a degree of interest that rendered him a most pleasant companion to discourse with. In talent and information I found him to be indeed all that my friend had promised, and very soon got much attached to him; whilst the reflection that this fine intellect was unsound, and profitless to himself or his fellow-creatures, added a feeling of melancholy to the regard I felt for him.

He dressed plainly, but had a taste for jewelry and for fine linen. He was fond of smoking, too, a habit he had acquired long before his illness, and of which those under whose treatment he had thought it advisable to permit his continuance. He used Turkish tobacco, in a long pipe of straight stick with the bark on, which had a red clay bowl at one end, and a gilded amber mouth-piece at the other. I have since seen these in common use in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, but it was quite novel to me at the time, and added to the strange and outlandish appearance of all the man.

After I had been some days at the asylum, he used to come every evening to my apartment, generally with a book or portfolio under his arm, and we would smoke and drink coffee by ourselves for an hour or so, and talk over the contents of the volume. His very large collection, too, of sketches and water-color drawings, was a fruitful source of pleasurable amusement to me on such occasions. They were certainly most masterly productions. A number were anatomical—chiefly copies of dissections of the nervous system; and these were executed with a cleanness and sharpness of outline, and a correctness of form and coloring, that was indeed remarkable. I was particularly pleased with some drawings of the origin and distribution of the Trigemini, or fifth pair.

The reader who is in any degree acquainted with physiology will know what a difficult subject this is, whether for demonstration or copying on paper; yet to such minuteness had the dissection apparently been carried, and with such accuracy and taste had it been depicted, that I was perfectly delighted, and emphatically expressed my admiration and preference of them to all the others.

"Yes," said he, "they are the best—they were the last I ever did of that description. I was an enthusiast then for anatomy, especially physiological. I dissected eight hours out of the twenty-four for about two years; and when my other classes took up my time by day, I used to go at it by night. My grand subject of investigation soon became the nervous system. I was incited and inspired by the discoveries of Bell, Mar-

shall Hall, and others, and, convinced I too could do something, gave so much of mind to the study, that I regularly became unwell, and sometimes think there has been a strange confusion in my mind ever since."

He said this with a look and tone so mournful that I was much moved, and felt deeply for him. He paused awhile, then broke out suddenly, whilst his eyes flashed with strange lustre.

"But what do you think, D——? my toils were at length rewarded, and gloriously. A discovery arose before me, in comparison with which all the boasted ones of the most distinguished names are but as dust. I actually found out, and now know, what is the nervous influence—where it resides—how to detect it, separate it from the body, accumulate it, treasure it up apart, make it obedient to my commands. Then first did I know what mind is, and how it acts upon matter, and is re-acted on. Then did I first ascertain the immortality of the soul, and—most interesting of discoveries!—find out the origin and transmigration of the spirit that animates my own frame.

"What do you think I came here for, but to render my knowledge complete, by watching in its deranged and unsound state that mind which I had so long and so much studied in its perfect working?

"In a year or two, when I have acquired a thorough intimacy with the subject in every possible point of view, and had time to digest and arrange the facts in my thoughts, I will bring out a work that will strike the world with wonder, as did the deeds of Columbus, and open up an entirely new field for the speculations of ingenious men. The benefit I shall have conferred upon mankind will be incalculable. Who then will dread death, when he knows that his spirit can never die—that this awful event is simple as the changing of a garment—and that, by a method which I shall make public, when one body becomes no longer suited to him he can choose another, in what rank or race best pleases him?

"Oh, the wretched absurdity of hereditary honors! Could men but know, when they lick the dust before a creature to whom the chance of bodily birth has given power, what sort of spiritual origin it hath, they would hide themselves for very shame of their monstrous folly! Shakespeare talks of the base uses our clay may come to, and traces the dust of Cæsar till he finds it stopping a bung-hole. But look at yonder youthful duchess in her box at the opera, glittering with jewels—herself more dazzling in her beauty—the focus to which the beams from all eyes converge—the theme of all conversation—the idol of all worship! Whence came the soul, that, at the command of the Chief Spirit, entered into her frame when it first took form? From the body of a hideous negro, which was corrupted to death by a loathsome leprosy, while itself was debased by ignorance, slavery, and unbridled passions, till it could scarcely be known from the disgusting matter of which it had been the life.

"When this bright discovery first opened upon me, and the transports of the joy attendant had subsided into the proud but calm consciousness of a mighty triumph, you can form no idea of the feelings with which I looked back upon the gropings of men whom the unenlightened call and honor by the name 'philosopher.' When I thought of their dreams about Matter and Mind, Consciousness, Cause and Effect, and other stumbling

blocks, I could only admire with how little talent a man may acquire the name. How would they regard my great revelation, when I chose to make it? Would they treat me as they did Harvey? No, they could not: they would be overwhelmed with the vastness of the new intellectual world that would be displayed before them; and when they were, through its means, enabled to discern the nature of the mighty spirit animating the body of the discoverer, and to know the deeds it had originated in the different bodies it had sojourned in, they would fall down and worship, knowing it to be as far above them as the Chief Spirit again has marked the distance between it and himself.

"Would you know the manner in which this great discovery was made? It was terrible"—(here he shuddered)—"as must always be any breaking through the laws of nature; for such is to be considered the first consciousness a man's material senses have of the presence of an immaterial being. For about six months I had been tormenting my mind, speculating upon what could be the precise nature of that Influence, Fluid, or whatever else the ignorant call it, of which the brain is the reservoir, and the nerves the channels—whether it was a mere property of matter, or separately existent—if the latter, whether it was perishable or eternal. Methought if I could establish their separate and independent being, then matter and spirit would be proved to be the only things that had existence: but matter, we already know, is indestructible—why should not spirit then be indestructible likewise? And, then, wherefore should the connexion of a portion of spirit with matter be only solitary and temporary? Should it not rather be continual? And, as the organised portion of matter ceases in time to be capable of the connexion, should not a new portion be provided? and should not the spirit, upon the breaking up of one connexion, immediately form another, and thus migrate from body to body, suffering to be lost none of its power of being useful?"

"Such is a specimen of the thoughts that filled my head, sleeping and waking, all the while I was endeavoring, by constant and most minute dissection, to gather facts whereon to build my hypotheses, and reading every book I could lay my hands on that bore in any degree upon the subject. I had a presentiment I should make some vast discovery, and grudged no labor nor expense which the most parsimonious living could enable me to afford. As the hospital dissecting-room was unsuitable for my pursuits, from the noise and continual interruption of young men, who appear to come to such places more as a lounge than for study, and also from the want of opportunity to dissect by night, I entered myself a pupil of Mr. P——'s private rooms.

"This place was situated in — Lane, Southwark, a dingy, disreputable hole, the unseemliness of which prevented the facilities for study which it afforded from being properly appreciated and taken advantage of. Only some of the very poorest students frequented it, though about a century ago it was the best attended anatomical school in London.

"The proprietor made no emolument from it, its sole use being to afford him the title of anatomist, which was of course of infinite advantage to him in practice. He was the descendant of two generations of eminent *medical men* who had lectured there, and whose valuable museums of

morbid preparations he inherited. To find your way to it you turned from the lane up a dark covered passage for about fifty feet, then emerging into a kind of court with blind walls all around, you saw before you a tall, dark building. The lower stories had been used formerly for a leather factory, but had long been deserted, and were now quite ruinous and empty. The upper stories formed the school, approachable by a staircase behind, to get at which you had to go through another arched passage, as dark, but shorter than the first. After mounting this, and entering within the wall of the building, you ascended two narrow staircases of wood, and traversed a long passage with two doors, the further of which opened into the dissecting-room, the nearer into the theatre or class-room. Immediately under these were two large rooms, the museum, which opened at the top of the first wooden staircase. Their walls were concealed by shelves, crowded with cylindrical crystal bottles, containing various portions and organs of the body of man and of other animals, preserved in alcohol. Several of these were very ancient, and also most interesting, from the important phenomena of which they were the proofs or illustrations.

"In various cabinets, with glass fronts, were displayed bones varnished, preparations of the arteries, veins, and nerves—in short, the place had all the ghastly features of an anatomical museum, with the peculiar stillness, coldness, and strange earthy smell.

"The dissecting-room was an extensive hall, lighted by two large windows in the roof. From the ceiling, which was very high, depended a couple of skeletons, one of which had the thumb of its hand fixed up to the nose, in the attitude of derision, and the other had stuck between its teeth a short pipe, whilst one hand was made to hold a quizzing-glass to its empty socket. All round the dead walls were hung up drawings of various organs, plans of their action, preparations of legs, arms, &c., in the process of drying, and the leather and cloth gowns of the pupils;—whilst, to complete the picture, fancy a couple of tables, each bearing the cast-off and decaying tenement of a spirit, opened up in its intricate machinery to the eye, like a watch denuded of its case.

"Such was the scene in which I passed many a lonely night of hard and uninterrupted study, with no companion but my books, a small voltaic battery and coil, and some other instruments and apparatus of my own construction, of which no man but myself understands the nature.

"The place was plentifully supplied with light, the two windows taking up nearly the whole of the ceiling. In one of them I had fixed the reflector of a small solar microscope, with which I prosecuted my physiological investigations.

"But the first step towards my grand discovery was the finding a substance which had power to harden the nervous matter to an infinitely greater degree than alcohol, alum, corrosive sublimate, or any other antiseptic previously known.

"When my views began to open more distinctly, I became apprehensive that my experiments and dissections might be watched; and during the day I came only at those hours when I knew the other pupils were engaged elsewhere. The night was my chosen time for labor. To fa-

cilitate my proceedings in this way, the proprietor allowed me to have gaslight to what extent I liked, and to keep the keys of the various doors of the rooms.

"Night after night did I sit there, absorbed and rapt in my solitary study, my light visible to no human creature, and the only sound I heard being the dropping of a cinder from the fire, or the rattle of a mouse or rat among the bones in the glass cases below.

"Well, one day I was told by a young man, one of the pupils, that, as he was to go up to some examination next day, he wished to sit up all night to study the bones. Of course I could not object, and that evening he came.

"After we had smoked together for a little at the fire, he took his book and the bones, and began to pore silently upon them. I resumed my labor, and soon became so absorbed as to be altogether unaware of his presence. I was dissecting on the side of the face, the branches of the fifth and seventh, where the motor twigs of the latter run into the sentient ones of the former—a fact into which an insight was essential to my progress. I was deeply engrossed with it for several hours.

"At length, when it was between midnight and one o'clock—(I knew the time from the cold feeling that always comes on one sitting up at that hour; if you have ever studied by night, you will know that there is no time when you feel so chilly, or when your fire, if you are inattentive to it, is so apt to go out, as this)—having been for a long time in a bent and cramped position, leaning over my task, I instinctively sat up erect, to relax my wearied muscles, and half absently looked out into the empty room.

"What was my surprise to behold another being besides myself standing on the opposite side of the table, and apparently scrutinising my dissection with much interest! My first impression was that the other student had left his own work, and come to look at mine; but, on turning my head to satisfy myself, I saw him laid along, sound asleep, on a form before the fire. My eyes now returned, with unspeakable awe and terror, to the figure before me, and, rooted to my seat, with my forceps in one hand, and my scalpel in the other, I sat gazing on it, holding my breath, whilst my hair stood up, and a cold shivering ran through my limbs. But judge of my amazement, when, regarding it steadily, I saw its features to be identical in form and expression with those of the subject under my knife!

"I could easily perceive this, for I had only dissected one side of the face, and the other half was untouched, the open glassy eye of the corpse being one in color with that which sparkled with unearthly radiance in the head of the spectre.

"Paralyzed with fear, I remained unable to remove my sight from its countenance. It stood with one hand behind, and the other in its bosom. The features had an expression of much intelligence, but seemed to have been wasted with continual distress, and wore a look of humiliation and hopelessness apparently habitual to them. Had I met such a figure by day in the street, I should have taken it for that of an artisan out of employ—most likely a hand-loom weaver. Round the waist a white

apron, in appearance, was tied, which had been caught up and secured through the string to one side, leaving a triangular corner hanging down before.

"The feelings which actuated it in this strange inspection appeared to be not at all of a wrathful description; deep interest and curiosity were all that I could read in the look that was so fixedly bent upon my work. Imagine the hour, the scene, the solitude, the silence, the ghastly remains that every where surrounded me!

"I looked around into the dim corners of the large hall, with the dark gowns, grim fragments of mortality, and blood colored pictures, darkly visible on the walls: Then my eye travelled to the yawning mouth of the pitchy passage leading down to the museum, and away to the far-distant lane. I turned my gaze aloft; there swung the two skeletons, both turned towards me, their caged ribs and sharp limb-bones distinctly lined and shaded, under the light of the single jet of gas that, depending from the ceiling over my table, illuminated the place, and their grotesque attitude adding a diabolic mockery to the dread and disgust themselves inspired; like the effect German romancers seek to produce when they tell of wild bursts of demoniac laughter, marking the ratification of unhal-lowed compacts of mortals with the fiend.

"A feeling of terror now possessed me, so strange and strong that I can never express it in words. I wist not what to do—whether to address this unearthly visitant, to rise and flee from its presence, or experiment with the view to ascertain whether it might not be a delusion of the eye. You perhaps may consider, and many others with you, that this last would have been the most rational proceeding. It is all very well for one so to think, but, let him be placed in the circumstances, and how will he act?

"Retreating backwards under the influence of over-powering fear, I went to where the other student lay asleep before the fire, and endeavored to wake him—not with any view that he might witness the phenomenon of this breach of nature's laws, but solely from that master instinct that so urgently prompts us to seek the society of our own kind when we deem that beings of another order are near us.

"He was sound asleep, and when I shook him, replied by some strangely murmured words of a dream. If you have ever had the nightmare, and, when some hideous monster descended upon you, and you essayed to spring away for very life, found yourself unaccountably devoid of powers to stir, you will have had an analogous, though very far from equal, feeling to what I experienced when I found that, though this young man was with me in the body, his spirit was away in far-distant scenes. There was now an idea of forsakenness, desolation, and defencelessness, mixed with the feelings of awe and terror—the sense of vague and undefinable, but dreadful danger, which had previously filled my mind. I would have cried out; but, had I power to scream—which I had not, for a temporary aphonia* possessed me—who would have heard me? and if

* Aphonia—loss of voice—a symptom that may arise from various diseases of the larynx.

any did, how could they come to my help through those dismal and labyrinthine passages, black with the thickest darkness, and blocked with numerous gates and doors, of which the keys lay there on the table, close under the eyes of that dreadful phantom?—for, during my attempts to rouse my companion, it had moved round to where I had been sitting, and now, stooping down over my dissection, appeared to be closely and minutely inspecting it.

“As I looked at it, I perceived that the peculiar apparatus which I have before alluded to, as planned and understood solely by myself, and which I had placed upon the table, around and over the subject, had become disarranged, and that various portions of it had fallen together, apparently by accident, forming entirely new combinations and co-operations.

“I could not help starting forward to remedy this, as my whole heart was fixed upon the success of my experiments, but had just hurriedly touched it, when the spectre turned its head, and looked calmly and inquiringly at me. I leaped back in affright, my momentary interference having confounded the apparatus more than ever; in fact, I could not help fearing that it was altogether ruined.

“My concern at this was, however, in an instant absorbed in a new excitement. All at once the air of the apartment seemed to have acquired form, color, and motion. A confused intermixture of vapoury wreaths of every shade of color, here and there dim and scarcely perceptible, but elsewhere more palpable and distinct, appeared to move hither and thither all over the large hall. More and more clear and vivid did they become, till at length the whole place seemed alive with a multitude of spectral figures, as plain to the eye as the single apparition that had erewhile so disconcerted me. They appeared to be of both sexes, and of all ages, from mere infants up to the most elderly, and they moved about, apparently each engrossed with some pursuit of its own.

“I remarked that they did not avoid, or make way for each other to pass, as they glided about, but seemed to penetrate or go through each other. Two would come together, coalesce, their colors and forms seeming confounded, like one picture on paper seen behind another against a window. Then, emerging, they would become distinct and separate. Their features, too, were very clearly marked, and expressive, all different, and of a more or less intellectual cast. The same look, however, of deep interest, which I had remarked in the first instance, pervaded all their countenances. They gazed at me as they went, too, but again I perceived no appearance of anything like displeasure with me; in fact, they looked at me as they did at one another. They seemed to view with much attention the furniture and the whole paraphernalia about the room, especially the morbid preparations and drawings that stood and hung everywhere around.

“It was, indeed, a most striking spectacle. I stood crouching close to the fire, in wonder and fear, whilst my companion lay along in deep slumber, ever and anon murmuring in his dreams.

“They were continually changing their places, like a company in an exhibition-room, and moving along the passages to the lecturing-theatre, and down toward the museum. By and by I could perceive they had some

means of holding converse with each other, and communicating ideas—not by speech, for I heard no sound. They even appeared now and then, as I watched them closely, to draw each other's attention to particular objects, and sometimes to myself, seeming to converse interestedly with regard to me, and then they would move on as if some other thing attracted their thoughts.

"At once the idea occurred to me that these were the spirits of the many hundreds of individuals that had, for three or four generations back, found their final earthly resting-place in these rooms, and whose remains were preserved in the glass bottles and cases. Of the truth of this surmise I became immediately convinced, and curiosity then began to rise in my mind from under the weight of dread that had oppressed it.

"I have said that they appeared to be of all ages—they also seemed to have been of all callings and professions, of which their external appearance gave evidence. They were, likewise, of all ranks, from the nobleman to the beggar; for the hand of the medical student for former times, like that of death, had no respect for persons, and it mattered not to him whether his subject were snatched from the sculptured vault and leaden coffin, or from the shallow grassy heap of the open churchyard.

"In respect of dress, a more motley masquerade could hardly be conceived. Here I would remark the elderly physician of bygone times, with his peruke, full-frilled shirt, velvet suit, diamond buckles, and gold-headed cane; there the lady of quality, with her hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, monstrous head-dress, and the white of her complexion rendered more brilliant by fantastic patches of black; now my eye rested on a grotesque figure that seemed to have walked out of one of Hogarth's pictures; then it would be attracted by another in the old conical-capped and white-breeched and gaitered uniform of a soldier; anon it would shift to a beauty of the days of the latter Charles, with hat and feather, long train, luxuriant hair, deep stomacher, and necklace of pearl. All kinds of attire were there; old white-fronted naval uniforms, broad-skirted coats of silk and velvet, covered with lace, long-flapped waistcoats, periwigs, farthingales, sacques, hoods, plaids and philabegs, quaker broad-brims and collarless coats, jewelled rapiers, and glancing decorations,—though the majority seemed to have been of the lower classes, and wore dresses suited to their particular employments.

"Many there were that had their limbs in fetters; these were they who had expiated their crimes upon the tree, and had been afterwards given to the schools for dissection. Some were stout muscular bullies—these were burglars and highwaymen; several were pale, thin, darkly-dressed, and wearing the aspect of mercantile and professional men—these were forgers, and others guilty of similar offences.

"But the excitement—the terror—added to the fag of long study, want of food and of rest, were at last more than my exhausted frame was equal to, and I fell into some nervous fit, and remained for several hours insensible.

"When I recovered consciousness, the morning was far advanced—the sun shining gaily down through the skylight, and gilding with joyous radiance even the forbidding walls and furniture of that loathsome cham-

ber. The other pupil had awakened, and, finding me laid senseless on the floor, had adopted some professional means to restore me, which were successful.

"I went home to my rooms, and all that day gave myself up to a deep and refreshing slumber. But time was not to be lost, so next night I was again at my work—alone.

"I now proceeded to arrange and disarrange my apparatus as formerly, convinced as I was that it had some influence in calling before my vision the remarkable spectacle I had the previous evening been witness to. My efforts were perfectly successful. Shortly before midnight I had again the spectral masquerade moving around me.

"I was now less under the influence of awe or alarm, and, finding they had really no power to harm my body, I got familiar with them, and went on to experiment upon them night after night. At length I struck upon a plan whereby I could render these beings palpable to the sense of hearing as well as to that of sight. This was the crisis, the hinge upon which the whole of my after discoveries turned. A while and I could call to my presence not only them, but spiritual essences of all degrees and descriptions; for if the classes and orders of earthly things are numerous, upon those of spirits the process of mind we call numeration cannot be brought to bear, so vast is the stupendous theme.

"It was not long before I could discourse with them, and to this nocturnal converse I devoted myself with my whole energy and enthusiasm. Things now all went on smoothly with me, and from one vast view to another I leaped with lightning celerity.

"Was it not a proud, a maddening thought, that I had rent open the curtain that veils the world of spirits from the eye of sense—that the abyss which sinks between mortality and immortality, matter and pure mind, was spanned by an arch of my construction, and that I could now snatch unbounded knowledge?—for time and space had no more power to check the excursions of my intellect!

"I now found not only that my former blind surmises and conclusions were all real, but that other facts existed, to the statement of which, in the wildest dreams of my unenlightened state, I could never have given credence. But the aphorism 'Know thyself' clung to me, and one of the first and most exciting of my investigations was the inquiry into the nature and history of my own soul. With a delight beyond the conception of one whose spirit is not etherealized, I ascertained its origin, its migrations, and its destiny, and learned that almost all the noblest deeds which have been consummated in this world have been by bodies which it has animated; but my delight was increased to the wildest rapture when I knew that the spirit now sojourning in my brain was that which had fired to their high deeds, Sobieski, the bulwark of Christendom, and Kosciuszko, the—"

"Hillo!" cried I, starting as the poor Pole had got thus far in his rhapsody. The thought struck me instantaneously, "Was this the way to follow the instructions I had received with regard to his treatment—to fulfil my duty to my absent friend, and to him, too, my unfortunate patient, to whose ravings I was now listening with all interest and attention?"

Up I sprang, covered with confusion, and unable to frame a pretence to break off the conference without exciting the suspicion or rousing the passion of the maniac.

"Excuse me for a moment," said I: "the recollection has just struck me, I left a taper burning in the midst of some papers down in the doctor's room."

Away I ran, but in place of returning sent one of the keepers to watch him. This man, on entering, found him leaning forward upon the table, weeping piteously.

Next day one of his fits of despondency seized him, nor did he recover his former cheerfulness while I remained at the asylum. He hardly ever spoke to me, appearing much chagrined and embarrassed in my company, as a person does in that of any one before whom he has committed himself unwarily.

For my part, I looked upon him now with far different thoughts from what I had entertained before this singular disclosure. The narrative had riveted my attention whilst he delivered it, by its originality, its interest, and the absolute belief he appeared to feel in every incident. I was struck with the linking together of accurate reasoning, extravagance, and preposterous absurdity it evinced—at the many instances it displayed of a wildly exuberant and lawless fancy, breaking up and confounding the more sober faculties, till a sort of chaotic whole was produced, in which fantastic conception, beauty and vigor of description, richness and power of creative imagination, scientific acquirement and research, were all blended together in an incongruous tissue of delirium. I could not help thinking, was not this a mind, if properly regulated and placed in suitable circumstances, to have conducted the most laborious investigations with adequate ability and success, and to have communicated the result in a manner equal to the importance of the subject,—a mind whose graces would have been as ornamental to society as its labors would have been useful? And now misfortune, haply mismanagement, had rendered it a melancholy, though by no means ridiculous, satire upon the class of intellects to which it belonged.

Shortly after quitting the asylum I went to travel, and did not return for eighteen months. The friend whose place I had thus temporarily filled was one of the first I sought on my arrival in England, and one of my earliest inquiries was with regard to what had become of my former patient the Pole.

His fate I learned, but have some hesitation in narrating it here, unwilling to add to the scenes in these papers that seem to entail upon their author the stigma of a dealer in the horrible and awful—a pander to the inflamed taste that at present seems so much to gloat upon pictures of overdrawn and unnatural romance. As, however, the curiosity of the reader might be disappointed without it, I can only proceed in the way that appears to me to partake least of the character alluded to.

Not long after my departure, Maryanski was removed by his relations, with the view of being placed under the care of a practitioner in France. Hereafter he disappeared from the notice of my friend for about three or

four months, till he was vividly brought before it by the following circumstances :—

One night a young lady, an actress, was travelling by one of the coaches that run between London and Exeter ; she was the only passenger. The night was cold, wet, windless, and dark, and no living thing could be seen from the vehicle, the lanterns of which were the sole lights that cheered the dreary road. The only noises audible, besides the mournful howling bark of some watch-dog, were the rattle of heavy drops on the roof, the hurried plashing of the horses' feet, and the occasional sounds of encouragement addressed to the animals by the coachman and guard, anxious to get forward to where they knew that a good fire and comfortable meal awaited them.

The passenger endeavored to while away the tedium of her midnight journey by watching through the rain-dimmed glass the stunted trees and cold-looking wet hedges, as, for a moment illumined by the passing glare of the lamps, they seemed to flit away ghost-like to the rear.

On a sudden, as the vehicle was crossing one of the gloomy and extensive plains that abound on that line of road, it was hailed from the wayside by a person who stood alone enveloped in a voluminous cloak, and drenched with wet. The coachman halted, and, the stranger craving a passage to the next town, he opened the door for his entrance.

The lady remarked, as he passed under the light, something peculiar and unusual about his aspect,—something by which she was led to believe him one of her own profession, and most likely travelling with similar views to hers. She was consequently induced to notice him with some interest.

As the vehicle drove on, he seated himself before her, with his back to the horses, and commenced a conversation, which—she being a woman of considerable talent—was kept up for some time with much spirit. The extraordinary manners and language of the stranger afforded her not a little entertainment at first, as she believed their peculiarities to be acted for the time, and she listened to him with great attention.

At length his topics and words became so strange and wild, that she could not follow them, and ceased to understand him. A feeling of wonder, doubt, and vague alarm seized her, and she sat trembling, and fervently wishing for the termination of the stage. Suddenly, she heard a slight clicking sound, as of a small spring, and her eye could catch a dim metallic gleaming through the darkness of the vehicle : a moment, and the head of her fellow-traveller fell heavily forward upon her lap—and her hands were bathed with some scalding fluid. She screamed aloud—the horses were suddenly drawn up—the guard pulled open the door, and the light from the lantern showed him the lady, white as a sheet, gasping with terror, with the male passenger prone upon her knees, his head turned to one side, and air gurgling from a deep wound in his neck. In the bottom of the carriage was a pocket-case of surgical instruments, and a slender bright bistoury, falling out as the door was opened, tinkled among the stones of the roadway.

I shall go no further with the scene.

This traveller turned out to be the young Pole, my former patient. In

a pocket of the instrument-case was found a note, addressed Alexis Maryanski, of such a street, London—his father. It was in German, and merely stated that, finding his present body unsuited to him, he had made arrangements to divest himself of it, and take another.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONFESSION.

I HAD finished my education, my diploma and licence were obtained, and now, a medical practitioner, I was to go forth into the world to look for that (no doubt) abundant harvest, of which I had thus completed so arduous and expensive a seed-time. While I was yet in ignorance how or where to commence the gathering in, a tolerable situation was, by the exertions of my friends, procured for me, viz—that of resident or house-surgeon at an hospital then just erected in a rising town in the south of Ireland. I accepted it, and forthwith transported myself and effects to the place, and entered upon my new duties.

It was part of these to keep a journal of the cases, recording the cause, progress, and daily changing symptoms of disease in each patient. Every report was required to commence with a short account of the name, appearance, employment, &c., of the individual, and the circumstances that had preceded the injury or attack. The following narrative is founded upon one of such reports:—

My apartments in the hospital were just over the entrance-hall;—the windows of my sitting-room looking down the avenue that led from the door, through the middle of a small field of grass in front of the building, to one of the quiet suburban streets of the town.

At this window I sat one afternoon looking out in a sort of dreamy, inattentive mood, when, on a sudden, my eye was caught by the scarlet coats and glittering arms of a body of four or five soldiers, who came into view in the usually unfrequented streets, surrounding a cart, and keeping off a crowd of people who were running alongside, jumping on each other's shoulders, and making other efforts to obtain a view into it.

They entered the enclosure in front, and moved up the avenue, one of them remaining behind at the gate to keep back the people that followed. As the cart came nearer, I could see in it, from where I sat, an individual laid along, covered with some bedclothes and canvass, and I immediately concluded it to be a patient—yet why one should come so strangely attended, rather excited my curiosity. I went out to make inquiries, and was informed by the corporal in charge that he was an illicit distiller recently apprehended, and had been passed on from some place in a distant part of the country to be confined in the gaol of the town. Moreover

that somehow in his capture he had been very dangerously wounded, and was sent to the hospital, it being intended that one of them should keep constant guard upon him till either he died or could be removed to prison.

I had him immediately taken into the house, and put to bed in a small apartment that branched off from one of the wards; while in the latter, a great whiskered soldier forthwith took up his position, giving, certainly, rather a striking aspect to the scene.

The kindness with which I treated my patient, and the care I took to prevent him from unnecessary shaking in being carried to his room, appeared to have won for me his good graces, which were much further gained by a glass of warm spirits and water which I considered it advisable to give him by way of stimulant. His name he gave me as Philip Erris, but I am convinced that this was not his actual appellation. I was surprised to hear him speak very good and grammatical English, dashed certainly with the accent of his country, but totally different from the somewhat unpleasant patois of the locality.

On proceeding to the necessary examination, I found his whole body to be one mass of injury—shattered with many fractures: indeed, it has been always a matter of wonder to me how he could, for one moment, survive such an infliction, much more how he could bear to be carried so far and so roughly. But the chief seat of lesion was in the back. His spine was so much bruised that he had lost all power and sense in his body and extremities. Not a muscle could he move, save those of the neck and face; and he lay upon his back, every now and then giving his head a sudden jerk, accompanied by a twitching grin, half ludicrous, half fearful, but at any rate singularly unnatural in its expression.

The pain he felt must have been very poignant; he said it seemed, in every twinge, as if a red hot poker had been thrust down between his clothes and the skin of his back. His face and hair were wet with perspiration, and his eye burned with a fitful, glancing lustre, a frightening indication of the agony the spirit, whose index it was, endured. Frequently, too, the beginning as it were of a deep groan would be forced from him, but, catching it short off by the middle (if I may use the expression,) he would clench his teeth, and, holding his breath for a little, would let it escape slowly and softly out, so as not to produce any sound.

The bones of his lower limbs were completely smashed, and his haunches had been crushed together; but of these parts he made no complaint—they had neither motion nor feeling; the threads that connected them with the thinking centre were snapped asunder: to him they were even as the flesh of another man. In the morning of that day he had possessed some sensation and power of motion in his arms and hands—that was all gone now; nothing but his neck, head, and features obeyed his will, and the disorganization appeared to be rapidly creeping up toward the brain.

He had been a short, thin, wiry man, of a most active make, and was dark complexioned, with sharp, strongly marked features, very expressive. His hair was grizzled, and on each cheek was a patch of burning red, the hectic of exceeding pain. His bearing and language were very

reckless—evidently so by effort: indeed he seemed desirous of dying *hard*, as I believe the word is used.

On my inquiring his calling and the circumstances of his injury, he replied,—

“It’s no use, doctor; my sack is run*—I feel it. I shall cheat somebody, I know. Could you spare me a drop more of that *last medicine*? It’s the only thing that’s like to do me good now.”

“No, my good man, I am afraid, rather, you have got an overdose of that same drug.”

“Yes,” said he, “I got a taste at every public-house as we came along; had it not been for that, I should have *kicked* this morning—not that I care much about that, as there’s no helping it, I believe; but I thought it would be as well to enjoy what I could of the creature before going to a quarter where there will be little or no potyeen, whatever else there may be in plenty.”

My curiosity was strongly excited to learn the way in which such an extensive and singular injury had been received. I redoubled question on question with the view to elicit it. At length, when, observing him to be a very intelligent man, I had shown him, in the journal, the commencement of several other reports, a new idea appeared to arise in his mind.

“How many hours have I to live, doctor?” said he: “come, be honest—one, two, or three, think you?”

I took refuge from this question in a shake of the head, as wise as so young a practitioner could be expected to accomplish.

“Well,” said he, in a ruminating way, “I don’t care if I do tell you a thing or two, for a change: they have been now some twenty years at least untold, and to tell them you will have quite the charm of variety; so come nearer, and I will give you a report that will bang e’er a one in your writing-book.”

When I was a very young man, I believe I was what is called a wild-going slip of a lad. I was fond of company, and that none of the most refined or select description—fond of late hours—a passionate adorer of the sex—a devoted sportsman, at least in cock and dog fighting, badger-drawing, and general gaming. Besides, I took to drinking very early—indeed, I have no recollection of perfect sobriety. Nor was this latter fact so unnatural, for my father was a distiller, a manufacturer of spirits, on the most extensive scale of any in the south of Ireland.

He managed the manufacture himself, and our house was part of the buildings of the distillery. I was his only son, and, as my mother had left his house, on account of something or other, I had no one to look sharp after me; so that, wandering about among the workmen, I speedily acquired a thorough practical knowledge of whiskey in all its departments—malting, distilling, and drinking. He was a very old man, of a disposition exceedingly obstinate and overbearing,—a strictly moral person, and of all the formalities of religion most rigidly observant; actuated

* To “run a sack” is, I believe, the technical expression among the illicit distillers in Ireland for malting and distilling a bag of grain.

all the while by, I fervently believe, the sincerest devotional sentiments. He was a Protestant, and belonged to a very strict community of sectarians, most intolerant of any the lightest solecisms in morality. Again he was penurious to the last degree, holding liberality a mortal sin—nay even common mirth he considered as a degree of evil.

His whole thoughts, for this world, were directed to his business—to his distillery. He had made it what it was (having begun life upon a very limited scale,) and to make it this had been the grand object of his lifetime: he looked upon it, and felt towards it, as one might regard a child of his own that had grown up under his training to be a brawny and powerful man.

My mother was quite a girl when her friends, dazzled by his wealth and upright character, forced her upon him. They never took to each other, for she was a light-thinking, giddy creature. Worse than that was said of her; but she was my mother, and on that point I will speak no further, save that, whether she left his house, according to some accounts, or he turned her out of it, as other stories run, she lived on a separate maintenance, in a distant part of the country, till I was nearly grown up, when she died, of what ailment I could never learn precisely.

My father took care to provide for me the best education the place could afford; but, in addition, required that I should give all my serious attention to the distillery, and consider myself as born to carry on and increase the trade. This was his favorite phrase, and it was his favorite idea. He seemed to think, not that he had established a business to support his offspring, but that he had got offspring to support his business.

But I was idle and dissipated, and, conceal it as I might—and very well I did it—it came to his knowledge; and most fearful scenes sometimes occurred between us. We lived in the loneliest way, saw no friends, and had but three servants—one a poor weak old man, laboring under a chronic disease, who had been browbeaten into a state of almost perfect idiocy; the other, cook and housemaid; and the third, a coarse girl of all-work. From such a home, you may well credit me, I absented myself to the extreme limits prudence could define.

But suddenly that house acquired a charm that bound me to it with an attraction in itself a thousand-fold more potent than all the many temptations that had erewhile drawn me from it.

One of our housemaids—and the practice had been regular with a long succession of them—wearing of my father's manner, left as soon as she could with safety to her wages, and he immediately procured another in her stead. How or where he found her I never knew. I gave myself no concern; but the moment I saw her I formed a purpose, the guilt of which often rises up in my mind recriminatively when I lament at my destiny.

She was very beautiful. I have seen many women in my restless lifetime, in many parts of the world, some of them celebrated; but certainly she was the most lovely my eyes ever drank delight from looking on. I am convinced that any man, whatever might have been his highest motive, his most enthusiastic pursuit, the instant her smile lighted on him, would have forsaken, forgotten that motive or pursuit—his ruling passion would

have been changed to love—his highest aspiration would have become to acquire the regard of one so surpassingly attractive. She was Irish, and possessed of all the witchery of glance, all the enchanting grace of movement, all the heart-subduing sweetness of manner, for which her countrywomen are always and everywhere distinguished. She was darkly, dangerously beautiful—too glittering to be good. Her beauty was that of a Circe—tempting to evil: there was something mystic, unholy in it. Could you imagine a spirit of the lower world assuming a face to ensnare men's souls withal? Hers was such an aspect.

I have said that from the first moment I saw her I was resolved on her ruin;—alas! it was like a wolf resolving on the destruction of a constrictor serpent! Yes! while I was scheming how to effect my blind purpose, she had wound the fatal folds of her enchantment around me; and, when she girded tighter the coil, I felt myself at her mercy. I was the ruined party.

For several months I scarcely ever left the house, there remaining continually in fascinating but fatal dalliance with her. My excuse to my father for neglecting the counting-room was illness; and I am sure it was the truth: if I was not sick, then there is no such thing as sickness. She became to me as a superior creature—something to be worshipped, feared, prayed to, propitiated with offerings. I have known what it is to be under the influence of those strongest of passions, hatred and revenge, as you shall hear presently; but in their most energetic action on my thoughts and feelings they were as nothing to the ardent, slavish love that bowed my spirit to the very dust before this woman. My father's money I lavishly bestowed upon her and her connexions; and, as the books had fallen much behind through my neglect,—indisposition, as my father believed,—I found no difficulty in establishing a cousin of hers, apparently a man of much acuteness, in the counting-house, as chief clerk. This was a measure which she had used all her blandishments to induce me to effect—well seconded by his cringing manner, and humble, poverty-stricken aspect.

But this was a trifle to the sacrifices she required from me: my very religion I changed to gratify her. She was a Roman Catholic, and I must become one too. A whispered sentence, a smile, and a kiss, overturned all the arguments of Calvin, Knox, and Zuingli. This was not so important a matter on the score of conscience, for I had never paid any great attention to matters of faith: but what would my father think—the bigoted sectarian? Worse—what would he do? Though I had never borne for him much reverence, I trembled when I renounced his creed. I knew I was putting in jeopardy my very bread. It was therefore with the utmost secrecy that I adopted and practised my new form of religion.

Shortly after this the priest to whom she brought me performed a clandestine ceremony of marriage between us, when I had, after most vehement prayers and protestations, obtained from her a tardy consent. I thought that day the happiest of my life,—in very truth it was; never did I drain such a cup of bliss! I had been a gainer on the turf, in the cockpit, and in the bullring,—I had had runs of luck of cards, and days of riot and merriment. Such were the highest pleasures I had previously known.

when I thought on them, and compared them with the distracting joy of altogether possessing Ellen Lucas, I laughed in wonder and scorn at them, and those that had shared them with me.

I was intoxicated with my new delight: I almost altogether forsook the business; whilst my speculation upon my father's money became so extensive and systematic as to excite his fears and suspicions, though they as yet rested upon no particular individual.

She was still staying as servant in the house. In the mean time the man Ormond, her relation, to whom I had given the situation of clerk, continued to rise higher and higher in my father's estimation. He was most devoted to his duty, regular in his habits, flatteringly attentive to the old man's whims and peculiarities—indeed, was the very *beau ideal* of a faithful servant, and soon acquired the complete and absolute confidence of his master.

Still, amid all this, my heart was haunted with continual doubts; my father must find out, sooner or later, my recent proceedings, and I trembled for the issue. I was altogether dependent upon him; not one morsel of bread could I earn by my own powers or resources. I knew intimately all the complicated processes of the distillery, but I had never applied the hand—indeed, my habits were altogether inconsistent with daily labor. If he were to cast me off, I should be a beggar; and abe with whom I had promised to share the proceeds of our princely business!—love would spring from her bosom,—that love on which almost my existence now depended—and give place to the anger, the hatred, and all the bitterness, with which poverty and want supplant the warmer affections.

But now the thought arose in my mind,—What, if my father should die? Should not I be lord of this great trade, and able to pour thousands into her lap? I began to hope, to wish, and at last I determined on his end, and set coolly and systematically to think over it,—yes, procured books, medical and of other descriptions, studied them, and endeavored to hatch in my mind some method of putting him secretly and unsuspectedly out of the way. You shudder! When you have seen a few more death-beds, you will take such a confession more coolly.

[I was much horrified by this most atrocious acknowledgment, and had unconsciously made some gestures indicative of this feeling. He saw my emotion, and sneered, as if pitying my ignorance of human nature. It seemed to render the unnatural villain desirous of adding yet more to the hideous interest of his account.]

Well, while this was going on, my father came into the house one afternoon, in a state of fearful excitement;—he had discovered all. Never before had I seen him in such a fury. He vehemently protested I could not be of his blood,—launched curses at me, my mother, and her relations; even her native district of country did not escape. Then he attacked me on account of my apostacy, as he called it—accused me of robbery of his money—vehemently asserted he would prosecute me;—then, coming to my marriage, upbraided me with a number of sins I had *no idea* I was guilty of. He would not call by the name of marriage any ceremony performed by a Catholic priest, but styled it cohabiting with a

woman of abandoned character—a servant—when he himself had arranged a match suitable for me, and proportioned to his rank in business. Finally, he loudly assured me, that not a farthing of the fortune he had accumulated should ever go to the support of my paramour, myself, or one of my mother's blood. No! he would go next day and make a will, disinheriting me, and would publish an advertisement in the newspapers renouncing all connexion with me.

But ere he had got this length, my passion had arisen, and now equalled his own. I accused him of hypocrisy, dishonesty, and cruel treatment of my mother. I told him I rejoiced to think her fame had been aspersed, and that there was a probability of my being no child of his.

Here he became perfectly frantic, struck me, rained blows upon me. I resisted—retaliated—in short, we had a regular fight, and he, being somewhat of the weakest, had the worst of it. He screamed for help, and the constables rushed in. Had they not, I verily believe I should have brought my career of crime to an earlier termination, for I saw a razor laid on the top of a glass over the chimney-piece, and had thought of dragging him to it across the floor.

[He made a long pause here. I may state that, during this latter part of the narration, the look of bodily suffering completely left his face, being supplanted by an expression of excited passion, evidently raised in his mind by the recollection of these events.]

As soon as he could speak articulately, he directed them to seize me; and, while they held me fast, thrust me with his own hands out of the house. Immediately after, and while I yet stood almost crying with barked fury, and my face burning with shame, my wife was pushed out, lamenting and screaming, her chest being bundled out after her; the door was shut, and there we stood together, among a large crowd that had collected, exposed to curiosity, compassion, wonder, or ridicule, according to the humors of the individuals composing it.

We found our way to a wretched lodging, with which, in my former days, my adventures had made me acquainted, and, with the produce of some jewelry I had presented to her, and which was in her chest, managed to sustain life for some time.

Shortly after the above occurrences, I saw in a newspaper an advertisement signed by my father, informing the public that all connexion between us had ceased; and that for any debts contracted by me after that date he would not hold himself responsible.

Not long after, another appeared, stating that the spirit-manufacturing business, hitherto conducted by Patrick Erris, would in future be carried on under the firm of "Erris and Ormond," John Ormond having been admitted, as managing partner, into the concern. This last was signed severally—Phillip Erris and John Ormond. When I read these announcements, I first perceived the full extent of the misfortune I had brought upon myself.

I went to Ellen, and with drooping spirits told her of the facts. A torrent of upbraiding was my reward, for I now began to find her wilful, spiteful, ill-humored,—a perpetual scold: but, believe me as you may,

not one whit had my passion for her abated; her fatal power over me seemed rather to have increased. When she was out of temper I was miserable, and her smiles became only the more precious from their rarity.

Judge then of my state when I began to see her conduct, and evidently her feelings towards me, undergoing a rapid change. I was becoming indifferent to her—my pipe was out, as they say; somebody else had supplanted me in her affections. Long I endeavored to blind myself to the fact; but at last it became too palpable. I became jealous. Still my love fiercely burned for her; but it was equalled by hatred of him, whoever he might be, whose image had thrown me into dark eclipse.

Gracious Heaven! were you ever jealous of your wife, eh? Oh, you don't know what it is! I stated to her my fears and suspicions—she looked at me with contempt, and said nothing.

I became very wretched; my spirits sank. Our funds, too, were now exhausted, and this added to the misery I felt. I never knew what this world was till I came to want money.

At once the thought rose in my mind, that, if plenty once more smiled upon us, her affection for me would be rekindled. I resolved to go back to my father, state my penitence, and, appealing to his natural affection, implore a restoration to his house, and to the station and prospects of his son. I did this, and you may know the strength of the motive that could induce me to undergo such a humiliation. I found him at the works. He appeared much changed for the worse by the scenes that had occurred.

The moment he saw me, all his anger returned—a paroxysm of rage came upon him. I knelt to him, and prayed his forgiveness. I wept and grovelled on the earth in the abjectness of my entreaties—yes, in the presence of those workmen whom I had commanded as a master! His passion only increased. I turned to Ormond, who stood by, and, reminded him of what I had done for him, urged his intercession with my exasperated parent. But the villain only laughed at me, and looking as he mocked, to the men, they joined with hootings in the ridicule, and speedily, my father, with their assistance, seizing me, gave me in charge to a constable, and had me removed to the station-house, where I was confined forty-eight hours for drunkenness—for I really had taken a glass or so with the view of screwing up my nerves for the nonce, and to this account the magistrate laid the extravagance of my behavior.

But after all, the thing that most amazed me was the conduct of the scoundrel Ormond. I could not believe my own recollection.

Surely, thought I, I must have deceived myself: he has been only acting;—aware as he is of my father's temper, he has been only feigning this treatment of me in order not to lose his favor. No doubt he cherishes toward me the warmest feelings of gratitude, respect, and sympathy, and is continually endeavoring in the way he deems most safe and suitable, to turn away the old man's wrath. I will seek him alone, and we will concoct together some plan for a reconciliation.

Two or three evenings after that, when hunger—positive want of food—had been added to my sufferings, I watched for him, and at length ob-

served him, after seeing the large gates of the distillery locked, walk away along the dark and lone street in which it stood.

I met him, and going close to him wished him a good evening, and began immediately, and with perfect confidence, to remark upon the circumstances I have detailed. Stopping short, however, as we walked he interrupted me.

"Hark ye, Philip," said he addressing me with contemptuous familiarity; "I say it at once and for all, and pray keep mind of it for the future—I desire to have nothing to say to you, and nothing to do with you. It is not probable I shall require your interest with the old gentleman any further. My income as junior partner, though only a sixth of the net returns, is amply comfortable just now, especially as I have in prospect the good will—you understand—and possibly something more: lucky fellow! eh? But now, good evening. Don't annoy me. Give my kind love to Ellen Lucas when you see her next; tell her I hope she has not forgotten her old man."

At the beginning of this speech I thought he was in jest, but soon I saw the truth. But what—what means that last insinuation? Would he have me believe that any one—that *he*?—oh madness! As the idea swelled and took form in my mind, I became nearly frantic. I sprang at his throat, almost blinded with fury, and actually fastened on him with my teeth.

But he was a great heavy fellow, more than six feet in height, and as strong as an ox. He shook me off, and with a light cane he carried rained lashes on my face and shoulders. I stood up before him unwincingly. I would not have called for help or have turned to escape for a world. After a minute of this, down I dropped in a dead faint, partly from the pain of the cuts, partly from excess of impotent rage.

It appeared he walked quietly away. As for me, I had fallen with my head in the kennel, and the cold water from the street, running along, speedily restored me to activity. I started up and skulked home.

I saw at once that, as far as frame went, he was much my superior. As this thought rose in my mind I laughed in my heart as I set my mind to scheme up some deep plan of retaliation, in which I did not care if I was myself involved, provided only my desire of vengeance was fully glutted.

But the wormwood was in the treatment I now received from her. Every object of mine that she could thwart she did; every word she contradicted, whilst she made me a subject of continual vituperation and ridicule to the wretched associates with whom our misery made us herd; and her murmuring and repining never ceased. This from any indifferent person would have been intolerable; from her, toward whom my vehement love had as yet suffered no abatement it was distracting. I flew for relief to my old consolation—liquor; and, for a while, I became a street pest, continually wandering drunk about the town, hooted by boys—an object of public sport and contempt.

At length, when I had been confined to hard labor in the house of correction and been kept tolerably sober I reflected that this was never the way to accomplish what was now the great object of my existence. I made a

firm resolution to keep as free from spirits as, considering my habits, I possibly could, and on leaving the prison proceeded to carry the plan into effect.

But when I left it a complicated piece of news burst upon me :—

My father, it was stated, had had his reason so far impaired as to require seclusion in an asylum for the insane, which was no doubt to be accounted for from my conduct and its accompanying circumstances. This was quite possible I make no doubt; for the behavior of his whole previous life had been such as to indicate a constitutional tendency to mental disorder—which probably, by the way, you may think I have inherited from him. But a striking particular was, that the whole business was in the uncontrolled hands of Mr. Ormond, into which also the proceeds were flowing.

It was curious to hear the opinions of people that knew us. My father's madness was admitted on all hands, as also my own; indeed, I was given to understand that my proceedings had given a considerable bias to the opinions of the doctors whose certificates had authorized his confinement. We were a pitied family, and Mr. Ormond met with every commendation for his steadiness, rectitude, and business activity. I was also informed that he had at one time expressed his intention of having me too subjected to judicial inspection, and if possible, despatched to the same quarters.

All this,—moreover, that my father was in a very dangerous state, and not expected to survive,—was told me by the keeper of a whiskey-cellar, from whom I had been in the habit of getting my small daily supplies, and whose house was of course the first place I sought on being set at large.

On leaving this I set off homeward, if the hole I had harbored in could be called by such a name. As I went I reflected on, and was amazed at the singular run of luck that had blessed this most consummate scoundrel Ormond, who had thus in a few months found his way to fortune over the necks of his benefactors. With my mind filled with working thoughts I slunk along through lanes and alleys, toward the place where I had left Ellen on the day of my imprisonment. As I drew near the place I began to conjecture, to hope, to be anxious, to dread. What was I to expect—joy at my return, pity for my misfortunes, upbraiding for my misconduct?—or could anything have happened to her in my absence?

I entered the house. She was not there! I enquired when she would be: a loud laugh was the reply; and when it ceased, I was told she had gone to stay with a gentleman. A gentleman! I staggered back as if I had been struck on the head, while my heart whispered the name—*Ormond*, but my tongue was silent. I could not speak—I turned round and left the place.

It was getting late in the evening, and almost unconsciously I took my way towards his house. On my arrival there I found a hackney-carriage drawn up opposite the door. Presently out they came together,—yes, there she was, leaning on his arm! My eyes were riveted on her as he led her forth, beaming in her strange beauty, bright as when she first seduced me, and decked out in splendid apparel and ornaments. Oh, doctor, doctor! the thought of that sight yet maddens me, though twenty years have passed since then!

The first regular theatre we have had in this town had just been completed and was that night to be opened, and they were on their way to the scene. They both saw me as they crossed the pavement. He laughed, and motioned her to look at me; while she, my wife, affected to turn away and hang down her head.

I was frantic: I cannot describe to you the feelings that settled in my mind. Hatred—jealousy—not that fantastic emotion built on trifles light as air, but the dread passion of one who knows—who with his eyes sees himself betrayed; these mingled with intense, unquenchable, and sorrowing, supplicating love to her, even now, and with bitter self-condemnation—filled my bosom. I felt my heart, as it were, swelling and rising up in my throat! Oh, how it beat, as my eye moved and rested on him! My first impulse was to attack him; but it was useless—he had ten times my strength, and I would only be exposing myself to new contumely, and in her presence. Would you believe it?—all I did was to stand and grin at him—make faces at him—upon my soul. I could not help it: my whole frame was quivering with the emotion I was suppressing. They entered the carriage and drove away.

That night I committed my first theft. I had been guilty of cheating at cards and other games before, but this was my first case of regular stealing. With the proceeds I bought a pistol at an old iron-stall, and some powder, and procured leaden slugs by cutting fragments from the rain-pipes on the walls of houses. Having ascertained that the weapon was trustworthy, I lay in wait for them as they emerged from the theatre. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and they walked towards his house. I shrank in the shadow behind them and listened. They were talking and laughing together. At length, watching my opportunity, I crept up close behind them. I raised the pistol and pointed it at the back of his head; he was not two feet in advance of it. I slipped my finger to the trigger, and was about to pull.

“Strange!” thought I, “revenge is not such a sweet thing as I thought. What, shall an instantaneous death compensate for the mighty wrong he has wrought to me?”

My arm dropped to my side, and I stood stock still, looking after them, as, gradually increasing their distance, they moved away from me, all unconscious of my neighborhood.

Next day I sought employment as a working distiller—with difficulty obtained it. I did not, however, long preserve it: my habits of idleness and intoxication were altogether inconsistent with it, and I was dismissed from the work. This being the case, my last resource was to join with some old connexions of my dog-fighting days, and commence the manufacture of potyteen among the hills. There were nearly a dozen of us in the gang, and we carried on the thing in the most systematic manner, occasionally diversifying the pursuit by a little smuggling through the Isle of Man into England—more frequently by fishing and shooting.

Some of us had followed the employment from our boyhood, but most were broken-down characters like myself, who took it for their bread, but especially to be sure of a continual and plentiful supply of spirits. My knowledge of the processes, as conducted on a large scale, was decidedly

an acquisition, and I speedily acquired much influence in the party. Our apparatus was of the simplest description, light, and easily removed, for we had no fixed place of working, but shifted about as occasion demanded.

It was a week here, and ten days there; now in an old barn, now in a hut in the middle of a bog; anon in some lonely cave in the mountains, or among the rocks of the shore; but always within a convenient distance from this town, where the chief market of our produce lay.

The prime seat of the manufacture, previous to my joining, had been the ruins of an old castle, about eighteen or twenty miles from the town, and a couple or so from the sea-coast. One tower of it only remained standing, the rest being a heap of masses of stone and mortar. Beneath this tower was a large, low-roofed vault, whose only proper vent was a square trap in the arch, through which you descended into it. In order, however, to admit a current of air for their furnaces, they had dug a hole through the thickness of the wall, which opened on the outside, close to the edge of a stream, and covered by brushwood and ivy.

This vault, however, was found to be so damp as materially to interfere with the delicate processes necessary, as well as with the health of the operatives, some of whom caught their deaths there; and finally though admirably adapted in so far as concealment went, it was abandoned.

When I had been a few days connected with the set we found it most advantageous to ply the trade at an old mill which had been for some years in disuse. It is situated at a place called the Mill Hole, a wild spot on the coast, about twenty miles from here.

This place possessed peculiar points of merit. It was surrounded landward by miles of mountainous, almost uninhabited moorland. A stream, coming from the hills, found its way to the sea beside it, washing its walls; and among the rocks through and over which it gushed were innumerable crevices, most suitable for concealment. Moreover, the sea, hard by, afforded every convenience for the transport of our commodities; and, possessed of all these advantages, we soon began to extend our speculations, and shortly attracted the attention of the authorities of this town.

Several licensed distillers formed a society for the suppression of the illicit trade, and kept a very high reward continually advertised for the conviction of offenders. The secretary of this society, and he whose name was affixed to the placards offering the reward, was no other than my old acquaintance Mr. Ormond of the firm of Erris and Ormond.

But we were not very apprehensive of any immediate danger, as our agent in the town had especially informed us that we were not at all suspected. This person proved to be a traitor: the temptation of the reward was too strong for him; and he betrayed the whole concern to Ormond, who immediately communicated with the high sheriff of the county.

The result was that, early one morning, as a man named Quin and myself were engaged within the old mill, he, who was lying along upon the ground, thought he heard it vibrate with a heavy tread. We thought this might be the rest of our crew, who had gone up to the tower for some grain, having with them a light rickety cart or car with which we used to transport materials; but, on listening further, we perceive a regular measured step, as of soldiers on a march. We ran out, and about a

couple of hundred yards off saw a party of military, accompanied by two civilians. One of these was an excise-officer; and the other was Ormond, in his capacity of secretary of the protection society.

The instant they saw us they quickened their pace into a run. Ormond recognised me. I saw him pointing me out with violent gesticulations to the officer that accompanied him. He was mounted on a blood-horse (an exceedingly beautiful and spirited animal,) and immediately gave chase to us.

I stood for a moment looking at him, my blood boiling with astonishment, hatred, and rage: the next moment, however, the instinct of self-preservation overcame these feelings, and, turning, I ran rapidly after *Quin* towards the shore, close to which we had a small hooker moored. We rushed into the sea, and swam off, using our utmost exertions. Ormond came galloping up ere we had made three strokes from the beach. Enraged at our escape, he made furious attempts to urge his horse yet after us: the animal, however, refusing to take the water, stopped short, reared, kicked, and finally threw him among the sand. He had preserved his grasp of the reins, and, immediately springing up, began whipping the beast with great violence.

As soon as we got on board the hooker we cast off the line that attached it to its grapple, and rowed out with all speed. When we had reached a safe distance we lay upon our oars, to witness their proceedings. We saw them first read over, probably by way of form, one or two papers. Immediately after they fell to work and demolished our whole apparatus.

All this while Ormond was riding about the mill, interfering, directing, and making himself the busiest of all, appearing to be exulting in his work with a devilish glee.

And there was I, lying inactive on my oar, a spectator from a distance, while my last means of earning my bread were being annihilated by him who had already robbed me of every other thing—station, wealth, love! What could I have done to him that, not content with this, he should pursue me still with such rancor—persecute me with such exterminating malignity? I had raised him from the very dunghill, and sent him to my own place. Oh, ingratitude! most mortal of the sins that sink men's souls! surely from the smoke of the bottomless pit didst thou draw the deep dye that blackens thy hideous front!

I felt as if struck dumb. While *Quin*, my companion, shrieked oaths and maledictions at them across the water, I remained mute and calm, looking on,—but the state of my thoughts during that fearful time! It was as if my whole mind were not an aggregate of faculties, as you philosophers will have it, but one single dread passion, *revenge*! My heart beat slowly and laboriously—there seemed to be a dull heavy mass weighing down my bosom—my skin felt cold—I actually shivered. Then, in the silent thoughts of my own heart, I prayed to the fiend, that I felt was there at the time, that he would glut me to the teeth with vengeance, though I should perish with the surfeit.

At length, as the work of destruction continued in the ruin, a large quantity of spirits appeared to have caught fire: they were the firstlings, or products of the first distillation, containing a large quantity of essen-

tial oil. The burst of flame was sudden, loud, and very bright, flashing through the small windows and crevices of the old building. Thereupon Ormond's horse, wild with fright, darted from the building, and flew madly up hillwards from the shore. In vain he attempted to rein or manage it; it bore him furiously on; and they disappeared behind a rising ground while we could hear the rapid sounds of the galloping lessening, growing faint, but not slower, in the distance. The excise officer rode a short way after him, but soon turned and came back alone.

Shortly after, having completed the destruction of the still, they marched in a body away along the shore, in the direction of the highway to the town, which passed about three or four miles distant.

As soon as we were satisfied of our safety, we rowed ashore and landed. On going to the mill we found everything broken or burnt, not a stave of a tub remained entire. With heavy hearts we left the place, embarked again, and reached a quiet cove, a couple of miles down the shore; here we drew our boat up on the beach beside the houses of some fishermen that we knew, and went up the country towards the tower.

On reaching this ruin, what was our surprise to find Ormond's horse standing among the fragments of building, tied to a stone, and dripping with perspiration! A loud sound of altercation reached our ears from the inner part of the tower, and presently out rushed two or three of our band, and immediately with eager exultation, informed us that Ormond's horse had borne him to the immediate vicinity, where it had terminated its race by falling to the ground. They had immediately secured both the horse and its master, and the latter was now fast in the vault below, where formerly our still had been wrought.

When I heard this the blood gushed to my head; I grew dizzy; I could hardly see; my heart beat with bursting force and rapidity; I could not speak; I felt a strong impulse to drop upon my knees and return thanks to some superior power—not of heaven, certainly—for delivering him into our hands.

Not so Quin: partly by hurried speech, partly by signs, he gave them to understand the total destruction of our stills at the Mill Hole, and the active share in it of this our prisoner. The old building echoed with cries of execration, shouts of triumph, and for immediate vengeance. There were eight, every one excited almost to madness; but what was *their* joy, their fury, or their thirst for vengeance to mine?

We had a hurried consultation how we should proceed.

"Let me see him," cried I; "let me be sure of him. Bring him to look me in the face!"

Two of them immediately jumped into the vault and pushed him up through the trap. His hands and feet had been tied, and, as they thrust him up into the light, he struggled much to avoid the sharp edges of the stones. As his head and chest appeared through the aperture, and while his eyes were yet blinded with the sudden change from darkness to bright light, Quin rushed to him, and dashed his fist with his whole force into his face. He fell back with a loud cry upon those below, but he was again pushed up, while the rest held Quin back. He was set upon his feet, and our boys dispersed from about him.

As soon as he saw me standing before him, his face, which had before been pale with fear, grew actually greenish-yellow in color. He trembled violently, his knees knocked together, and he staggered; presently a flow of blood gushed to his face, and the red, mingling with the yellow, produced a livid, lurid hue, a satisfying indication of the thoughts that were passing in his mind.

I stood and glared at him with all the luxury of triumphant animosity: then, going close to him—

“Now,” I cried, “now you”—

[Here the narrator came out with a torrent of most ghastly imprecations, altogether unsuitable for any pages.]

“Now, whose hands are you in? Whose turn is it now? What have you to expect? How have you served me? Harken, now, you black-hearted Judas, that betrayed your master—think over all that you have done to me, and reflect that, with help from —, I will take the full equivalent of it out of your body! Before another sun rises, *you will be murdered!* I will have revenge! Do you know what *that* is?”

In this way I continued to rave in his ears, till, in a paroxysm of fear, he turned to the rest, and, imploring compassion, offered them rewards and immunity from the law if they would seize me and allow him to escape. But they laughed at him. Then he tried to intimidate us, telling us that, if any violence were offered him, we should dearly pay the penalty; but, finding this to be of as little avail, he dared to appeal to me—to promise me a sum of money and a passage out of the country if I would be his friend, and intercede with my comrades for him!

I was amazed.

“What!” cried I; “you have robbed me of everything a man can have in this world—home, rank, wealth, and love. You are inhabiting my house, spending my fortune, filling my station in society, paramour of my wife! Yes, you most villanous of traitors—you have driven me to what I am! You have scoffed at me, whipped me, persecuted me to death, for no cause; and *now*, when I have you in my power, would it not be sweet revenge to take a few pounds of my own money, and go away from you out of the country?”

He remained speechless, and again the yellow tinge overspread his face as we seized upon him, and, stifling his vain screams for mercy and help, put him down once more into the vault, and, laying a broad flat stone over the trap, heaped others upon it, to make assurance doubly sure.

We then entered into a consultation together with regard to his fate. We were unanimous in resolving on his death, and it was proposed to toss up who should despatch him. This I immediately volunteered—they would scarcely hear of it, insisting that the danger should be equally shared. But when I sued and prayed them to consider my wrongs and grant me this satisfaction—when I told them the story I have told you, though many of them doubted that such things could be, and considered me at best exaggerating, yet my pleading was allowed, and it was agreed that I should do the deed, while Quin offered to stand by me, in case he should prove too much for one.

For themselves, the plan was this: They were to go off, collect four or five days' provision and water for the hooker, and settle their affairs in this country, for even they had much to settle on so short a notice. This done, Quin was to be sent to inform me that all was ready for our escape, when we should, immediately on completing our purpose, flee to a certain place on the coast where they were to be waiting, embark with them, and make sail for the coast of England, there to lurk till the noise of the affair should blow over.

For all that night and next day I kept watch within the ruin, sometimes going to look after the horse, or for food or drink, but mostly sitting on the pile of stones over the entrance to the vault, in which I could often indistinctly hear him stirring about.

When the second night came round, Quin came to inform me they were all ready with the hooker. Thereupon, with stern and silent alacrity, we commenced removing the stones from over the trap, and, lighting a splint of bog-pine, jumped down together.

To our amazement, Ormond was not to be seen. There lay the cord with which his hands and feet had been bound, but where was he? The question was immediately resolved. The vent which I have said we constructed to cause a current of air for the still-fires, this he had discovered; and, with the help of an old reaping-hook he had found, wherewith also he had cut the cords, had enlarged it from a few inches to several feet in size.

This was not so difficult, for the damp had regularly sapped the wall, and the great, angular, ill-built stones would come away, in the hands of a strong man, with much readiness. Our attention was directed to it by hearing a sound of violent struggling, and, on darting across the vault to where the aperture gaped, we found within it the body of our prisoner. His head was outside the wall, which was, here about eight feet in thickness, and his shoulders had stuck fast in the outer opening, which, owing to the mortar being hard and firm, from proximity to the air, he could not so easily enlarge. With a wild shout of joy we caught hold of his heels and drew him gradually in, securing him the while by binding the cord firmly around his limbs.

Though much spent with hunger and thirst, and the labor of excavating the old wall, still he struggled much and violently, and would yet have been a match for either of us singly, but in the hands of both it was unavailing; and at last flushed and covered with perspiration, his eyes wildly glancing, his heart beating, and his breath panting, he lay on the floor of the vault, his ankles and knees bound firmly together, and his hands twisted and bound behind his back.

We waited a minute or so. As we stood, Quin, wiping the moisture from his brow, whispered me—

"Haden't we better do it here?"

Ormond heard this and trembled excessively; then, in a low whining voice, he implored us to have mercy on him; then, breaking out suddenly, with a voice that made the vault and the whole ruin ring, screamed "Murder!" but, kicking the iron-shod toe of my brogue into his mouth, I put an abrupt stop to this.

"No," said I, in reply to Quin, "I have a plan of my own. Let's hoist him out of the vault."

Thereupon, seizing him, we dragged him, vainly kicking and wriggling his corded limbs, up through the trap into the cold air of night, and finally, outside the ruin.

"Now," said I to my comrade, "go and fetch me, first, the cart, and put it here, then bring out his horse; you will find it tied to a stump close to Brian's arch.

He did so, I, the while, standing over my victim, who groaned deeply, but did not speak. When the horse was brought out, with the help of Quin I proceeded to yoke him to the car, and effected it, though with very great difficulty, from the spirit of the animal, and his ignorance of those who were handling him. Having completed this, we placed Ormond in the cart, bound as he was, and, springing up in front and catching up the reins,—

"Now, Quin," said I, "that is all I want from you; look out for yourself; off with you to the hooker, and tell them that, if I don't come to them before sunrise, they may shove off, and leave me to my luck."

Upon that, allowing the horse to go forward, we moved on, and Quin, standing for a little to look after us, plunged into the darkness, and was off.

As soon as Ormond saw himself alone in the cart with me, his first proceeding was another powerful but unavailing struggle to free his limbs. When I saw this, taking out my knife, I gave him a small cut in the throat, and told him that the next struggle that he made it should go deeper. This had the desired effect, and he lay quiet and motionless.

Presently, in a state of mortal fear, he began,—

"Young master" (by the way, this was the title by which I was addressed formerly by my father's workmen, and which this same wretch had always used to me when he was a clerk in the counting-house)—"young master, for Heaven's sake what are you going to do with me? You won't slaughter me, surely, tied like a sheep? Oh, master dear, have mercy on me!"

"This is a nice horse of yours, Jack; what may you have given for such a tit?"

"Thirty-five guineas, Master Phillip. Now, won't you be merciful? oh, spare me! I have wronged you dreadfully, I own it! Oh, how it weighs upon my soul now! But I'll do anything—"

"Now, Jack," said I again, "what do you think of having one leg tied to the stump of a tree that I'm drivin to, up the moor here, and this nice horse of yours yoked to the other?"

I felt his shudder make the wood of the light cart shake perceptibly, while a deep groan of horror broke from him.

"Oh, spare me, master, spare me! I have ruined you, I confess;—it was the devil that led me—!"

"Did you not continually stir my father up against me?" cried I, my hasty passion rising fast to fury.

"I did, I did. Oh, for mercy!"

"Did you not betray to him my marriage with *her*?"

"Oh, Heaven help me, yes, Philip, master dear! Don't take my life!"

"Did you not scheme to ruin me, when I had been the making of you ?—did you not mock me ?—did you not lash me ?—did you not take my birthright ?—did you not take the wife of my bosom ?"

Here my passion deprived me of the power of speech, my voice ending in a fierce guttural cry.

"Oh, Heaven reward your kind, trusting heart, Mr. Erris ! I confess I have been worse than a fiend to you : but have mercy ! I will give you a share in the trade—"

A loud laugh of derision burst from me.

"I will burn your father's will—I will assign back to you the whole property,—only let me live, Master Philip, darling : don't murder me ! I will have him taken from the asylum where he is dying : he cannot come out except through me. Spare me !"

"Spare you ! Will Heaven spare me for the deep sins you have driven me to—your murder among the rest ?"

"Oh pardon, pardon ! you may be happy yet, Master Philip. I will restore everything, every jot, every farthing. I will serve you for life—be your slave. Oh, for the love of God in Heaven, don't kill me !

"Tell me," said I, suppressing my emotions, "why did Ellen leave me for you ?"

"Oh, young master, dear, if I tell you the truth, will you have mercy ?"

"Ask mercy of him whose affair it is, if you think he will give it to such a fiend incarnate. Answer my question, or I will dispatch you this instant."

He started abruptly in the cart.

"I knew her before she became your father's servant. She lived with me before ever you saw her. It was all a scheme to better ourselves. She gave me the money you gave her, and I lived upon it. We were not relations. Now will you let me go with my life, Mr. Philip ? You see I am too despicable for your vengeance."

I stopped the horse and jumped from my seat, and taking hold of him, drew him from the cart to the ground.

"Enough," said I ; "*I have it all now.*"

The deep, husky, unnatural sound of my voice as I said this struck terror to his heart. We had stopped close by a small tarn, or mountain lake, which lay with its black waters glassy and still, dimly palpable to the eye, in the thick, cold, moonless night,—looking like a deadly snake, coiled up and motionless, but with its fatal eye glancing upon you.

"Oh !" cried he, "do not throw me in there, tied up in this way, dear Master Erris. It is horrible. Any death but such ! Oh, will you, will you spare me ? I will make restitution of every farthing—I will publicly acknowledge my villany—I will submit myself to any punishment the law may inflict. I will—I swear before that God that sees us two, whom I believe in, and dread to meet ! I will go with you to the high sheriff, and confess my fraud ; and not one word of this night will I ever breathe to ear of mortal ! I can do no more, Mr. Philip. Now won't you, won't you ? I will take my oath to this. Oh ! won't you let me live ?"

He was on his knees, bending forward his body, and looking upward in a supplicating posture, while the tears streamed over his face. I stood

looking at him for a while. Now I knew what revenge was: this was something like it—not as on the night when I might have shot him, unknown, in the dark street. His hands were fast behind his back, and his legs encircled with the rope, from the knees to the ankles. There he knelt before me, utterly helpless; now looking at me, and now taking a glance at the dim, dark, silent pool below.

"Oh, my good young master!" he continued, "what's the use of killing me? I could make you all you ever were. I swear I will do it; only I must live! I cannot die,—I dare not. *I shall be damned—I feel it—oh, mercy, mercy!*"

In these last words his voice rose to a wild, maniacal cry of agonizing terror, while he twisted about, and danced upon his knees, in the extremity of his dread and anxiety. Approaching him, I bound a rope firmly around each ankle, and, passing them rapidly under the cart, tied his feet fast to the axle, with his face downwards. All the while he continued hurried prayers for mercy, protestations, and piercing cries of despair. Springing again to my place in front of the cart, I gave the rein to the horse, and it moved. I heard his head and face, as, hanging down, they were dragged along, go knock, knock, on the stony hill-side; whilst his shrieks rang and echoed far away across the untrodden moorland.

I was now in a frenzy of excitement; the horse broke into a trot, a canter, a furious gallop, as, screaming, "Now—now you have it: this is indeed revenge,—full, glorious revenge!—now!—now!—now!" I lashed the animal into madness. Presently, the thick and murky night broke up; there were lightning, several peals of thunder, and a deluging fall of rain. The poor horse was furious. On it flew like the wind,—while I clung to the cart, whipping it now on the one side, now on the other, with frantic violence.

In this way we dashed along for about three miles, when one of the wheels went to pieces. I was thrown to the ground, and the horse, after staggering on a few paces, fell among the stones, and lay on its side, struggling and kicking, smashing the remains of the cart, and the mutilated body of Ormond. All this time the rain continued to fall by bucketfuls.

I sprang up, considerably bruised, but my bones all sound, and that was enough for me. My first proceeding was to cut the rope-harness that bound the horse to the fragments of the cart: having accomplished this, I managed to get him upon his feet, where he stood trembling and drooping his head. Securing him to the sound wheel by the halter, I proceeded to search for and examine the body of my victim, which was scarcely to be recognised, from the horrible mutilations it had undergone.

I now began to scheme how I should dispose of the shattered remains of my enemy: a moment, and my purpose was formed. Catching the rope that tied the legs, I dragged it round to where the horse stood. As I came close with it, he snuffed the air, and started, tugging at the halter with all his force. Seeing this, I bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and with a little difficulty succeeded in fixing it across his back. Jumping up behind it, I spurred towards the sea, and, after half an hour's gallop, reached the place where the hooker lay.

I found them waiting, all in readiness. My account they heard without a word of observation. We took the body on board, and, turning the horse adrift to seek a new master where he could find one, shoved off, and made sail across the Irish Channel. When about half way, we threw the body overboard, along with the clothes I had worn that night, and two days afterwards made the Welsh coast.

We immediately sold our boat and dispersed: some went to labor at a great public work that was then in progress, others went to the harvest in England and Scotland; for my part, I became a wanderer over the face of the world for twenty years. During that time I had a taste of all the services—military, naval, and East Indian: but my adventures during that time have little to do with the story I am telling you—besides, I am afraid I will hardly have time to finish it.

Well, about a couple of months ago, I found myself once more on Irish ground. I was then one of a gipsy party, and we had just crossed from Scotland to Belfast, along with the crowds of reapers returning from the Scotch harvest, or shearing, as it is called. We travelled southward;—and, as we drew near this town, I proposed to my brethren of the gang, that we might commence distilling. This was not so much on account of the gain to be got by the trade, but in order that I might have always a ready supply of that stuff, without which life was now to me an unendurable torment.

The proposal was eagerly adopted, and we set about procuring a suitable apparatus immediately. On coming to this town to buy tin-plate wherewith to construct it (for we all understood tinplate-working in a degree,) I was struck with the appearance of a woman I saw ballad-singing in the streets. She sang beautifully; and this, added to the remains, very perceptible, of great beauty, drew her abundance of encouragement. It was herself—Ellen Lucas! Thereupon, the single and potent passion I had formerly borne for her, and which still throughout my long wanderings had filled my dreams, returned in all its vehemence.

Yes! though she had betrayed me, I never hated her! my curses and my revenge were directed, not toward her, but against her accomplice, Ormond: and now, how I could have blessed the gentleman I saw showing coppers into her bag! She frequented the more aristocratic streets of the town, and seemed to find it profitable to cultivate an appearance of faded gentility—of one who had seen better days.

When I spoke to her and mentioned my name, she was struck dumb. She plainly knew me; yet she went away with me where I led, without speaking a word. After a while, however, she recovered herself, and professed herself overjoyed to meet me. A long course of accusation, argument, and recrimination ensued; which ended, as you will not be surprised to learn, if you are at all experienced, in my once more becoming the dupe of this Delilah.

Her connexion with Ormond before our marriage she denied; and though I knew she was lying, I took her word. Her after connexion with him she excused on account of her poverty. She was starving and without a lodging; he offered her her former home, and she accepted it. All

this I took from her as valid ; and, had she offered no excuse at all, it would have been the same thing. I was infatuated.

She was anxious to know what had become of Ormond. His horse, she informed me, had been found several weeks after his disappearance, in the possession of some travelling hawkers, to whom, however, no connexion with him could be brought home. They stated they had found it grazing in a sequestered nook among the moors, and brought forward proof that they were in quite a different part of the country at the time implicated. With a strange delight I detailed to her the true account of his end. She listened in silence, and without comment.

It was now agreed between us, that she should adopt my way of life ; and she forthwith did so, and became one of our gang. A most useful member, too, she proved to be. With a bottle of spirits under her shawl, she used to go about from house to house, in a quiet, stealthy way, giving the people glasses by way of trial, and making whispered bargains for the disposal of gallons of the same stuff.

By this means we were rapidly drawing around us a profitable connexion. Our still was set a-going in the identical vault I have described : the tower was much changed in other parts, but the vault remained the same. Here I was constantly employed—the rest of our gang going about as gipsies, stealing grain, potatoes, and other materials, and also selling, when they could, the manufactured produce.

One day, while I was thus employed, and sitting watching, in a state of dreamy half-intoxication, I heard several voices speaking low and whispering about the ruin. This gave me no concern, for I distinctly heard my wife's voice, and I concluded it must be the rest of our band. There was much talking ; presently the sound reached the mouth of the vault.

" Bless me, how strong it smells !" said a strange voice ; and there was a sound of sniffing.

I was alarmed, and instantly on the alert.

" There, that is a trap, that square hole there !" said the voice of Ellen Lucas : " it's only four feet deep—but look sharp when you jump down, for he is a devil !"

I immediately saw what an egregious dupe I had been. Here was I caught like a badger in his hole ; yet I determined to give them a double again. " And as for that arch-traitress," said I—and the rest was thought—not spoken.

Springing across the vault to the place behind the still, where was the vent in the wall, I crept into it, with the view of making my way to the outside ; but, close to the outer aperture, a large stone had slipped from the upper part—the roof, you know, of the hole—and impeded my escape. Instantly—for I heard them descending through the trap—instantly I put my shoulder against it, and, lying upon my front, I thrust my heels against projecting stones on each side, and bore my whole force against it. One strong shove, and it shook ; the next—it gave way ; but that instant I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon and split me. The wall had fallen in upon me ! the vent was filled up, and I lay in the bottom of it, crushed with tons of hard stone above my broken body ! Oh, the weight

—the murderous weight—of these mighty stones crushing my very bones, to powder!—I feel them now!—they are hot—red-hot!—ah! Ormond you hound!—will you heap them on me?—will you—will you—ah—a—
a—ah—

A quantity of fluid bubbled from his mouth,—a convulsive grin passed across his face—a strange indefinable change came over his black, staring eyes, and I knew he was dead.

I turned abruptly round, and beheld the soldier standing behind me, with his terror-bleached face in vivid contrast to his red coat and glittering accoutrements. He had come into the room from the ward without, hearing the voice of his prisoner in continuous talking, and, pausing behind the door, he heard nearly the whole narrative.

"Well, sir," said he to me, "did you ever hear the like of that? Them two—that is, this hero and the other chap—must have been a pair of the dreadfullest villains—"

"Yes, my good man, they form two very excellent instances—the one of villany from ungoverned passion, the other from depraved and perverted judgment. But you don't understand these things."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VOICES FROM THE DEEP.—A YARN

WE were somewhere off Cape d'Agulhas, on our homeward voyage from the Mauritius, fighting hard against a head wind, which, though not quite a gale, was yet sufficiently provoking. There was a nasty short cross sea too, and not the mile-long rolling swell you usually meet with in that quarter of the world, for the wind had suddenly changed. It was bitterly cold, and there was no lack of rain, nor of sleet either; and as you walked the deck, you would occasionally, among the soft, cold, squashy slipperiness, feel a big hailstone crunch under your shoe, by way of variety. Now, as I was never partial to the above sort of circumstances, I was making myself as comfortable as I could below, with a glass of cold grog and some old sheets of the *Bell's Life in London* comicalities, when one of the boys, scrambling down the ladder, shoved open the sliding-door of the cabin, thereby admitting a gust of cold air that made me shiver.

"Well, what do you want?" said I.

"If you please, sir, the captain's compliments, would you come upon deck?—there's a funonymon."

"Oh, is there?—the Flying Dutchman, I shouldn't wonder—we are just about his cruising-ground now." And hastily putting on somebody's

pea-jacket, and somebody else's hard-a-weather hat, I clambered on deck and looked around me. Everything was dark and cold, though it had ceased to rain, and the quarter-deck and gangways had been swept. The sky seemed one mass of sooty black clouds, and you could not tell, from any indication of your eyes, whether it was vaulted, or flat as the ceiling in your room—all was blackness, shapelessness, and obscurity. The sea had a sort of dull, greyish appearance, from the mixture over its surface of white foam and pitchy water; there was nothing bright or phosphorescent about it; it was cold, dreary, and dispiriting; and the heavily-laden little brig plunged, and seemed to shake her shoulders, and plunge again, as if she had no particular relish for it herself; while at every shrug a shower of spray was blown aft, falling in big splashy drops upon the deck. As I was thus appreciating the full comfortlessness of the scene, the same boy addressed me, telling me the captain was forward, on the weather-side of the fore-castle. I immediately began to clapperclaw my way forward, holding on now by one thing, now by another, for she pitched so violently, that I was momentarily expecting to be chucked clean overboard. At length I brought up alongside the skipper, who, standing on a hen-coop, and holding on by the weather-shrouds, was peering anxiously out to windward.

"Do you hear that?—did you hear anything?" said he, suddenly turning to me.

"Nothing," said I, "but the moaning of the wind in the rigging, and the pile-driving thumps of her bows."

"Ah!—hush—not a word—listen—there it is again!"

"Where?" said I.

"Right out in the direction of my hand there—don't you hear that?"

"By Heaven, I hear a voice!—there again!" Here there was a lull, and we all distinctly heard it. It was a long, mournful cry, and had in its sound something inexpressibly harrowing. It seemed the voice of a strong man, exhausted in mind and body, weakened to a womanish state of feeling, by hunger, exposure, misery, and despair; calling for help without hope to find it. It was actually musical, and had in its prolonged melancholy cadence something so acutely touching as to make me experience a feeling precisely similar to that I used to have in my childhood, just when at the point of falling away into a fit of crying. We all stood entranced and motionless, listening till its dying fall was lost in the rush of the wind and dash of the waves.

"The Lord look to that poor soul, anyhow!" said a hoarse voice behind me, but in a tone of much feeling. I turned, and saw it was one of the crew, who were clustered, some forward at the heel of the bowsprit, and the others farther aft, round the head of the long-boat; everybody was on deck, and all had heard the cry, and were making whispering remarks, which, being to the windward, I could not distinctly hear.

Again the wind lulled, and again the long mournful "hillo—o—o" swelled and sank upon our ears.

"It is broad abeam of us now, sir," said the mate.

"Yes," said the master, "it must be drifting down with the current. Can any of you see anything?" But no one answered. "Here, you Tom

Bradley, jump aft in the gangway, and answer their hail, whoever they are."

The young man, who had a remarkably loud and clear voice, went aft, mounted into the weather main rigging, and immediately a trumpet-like "hillo-boy!" rang over the water. A minute, and it was answered by the same mournful call: but this time I could swear it was articulate—there were distinct words, though I could not make them out; moreover, the voice seemed more distant, and was well upon the quarter. The master and mate were of the same opinion.

"Come in board, Bradley," said the former. "Put her about, Mr. A——" (to the mate,) "we are sure to fetch the precise spot next tack." And immediately, with the usual noise and bustle, but with more than the usual smartness, round went the brig, and away upon the larboard tack.

"Put a look-out at each cat-head, and one at each gangway, Mr. A——."

"Ay, ay, sir."

For a few minutes we went on in silence.

"I think we should be near the spot now, sir," said the mate. "Shall I hail them?"

"Yes," said the master; and the mate, going to leeward, hallooed at the top of his voice. There was no answer. By this time the moon became apparent, struggling through the fleeciness, between two of the great cloud-masses. You could not see her exact disk, but the brightness between the clouds, and the light shed upon the surface of the sea, little as it was, gave indication of her intention shortly to unveil herself.

"Keep a bright look out forward there!" sang out the master

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, not in the usual drawling way, but quickly and sharply, as if anxiously on the alert.

"Gangways!" Another similar reply. "Hail again, Mr. A——"

The mate hallooed again. There was no sound in answer. At that moment the moon shone out bright and clear. The edges of the vast rolling clouds became, as it were, silverised, and a broad flow of light fell upon the sea around us, rendering everything within the eye's range clear and distinct.

Do you see anything, men—any boat, or raft, or anything in the water?"

But the light was so bright and sudden, that it was nearly a minute, during which each man had searched with his eyes all the space within the horizon, before they answered, in a tone of disappointment and superstitious dread, "Nothing, sir—nothing, sir," one after the other.

"Bless my soul, isn't that strange? Do you see anything?" (to me.)

"Nothing," said I.

"Here, Mr. A——, go aloft into the maintop, and send two or three of the people aloft also to look out. I say, Bradley, sing out, will ye!—hail again."

Again the seaman hallooed: we waited, but there was no answering cry. The master was now much excited.

"Maintop there!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see anything?"

"Nothing, sir, but those two albatrosses in our wake."

"Foretop!" again cried he.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you make out anything?"

"Nothing on the water, sir, but there's something on our lee-bow that looks very like the land."

"Come down, Mr. A——; come down out of the tops, men, and stand by to put her about again." The master's voice trembled as he asked me, "What do you think of that, Mr. D——? Strange things occur in these seas."

"Why, I am puzzled enough," said I; "the poor fellow would seem to have sunk just after his last hail."

"No poor fellow in the case, I fear," said he, with a look of much mystery. "This is not the first of this sort of airy tongues I've had to do with. Just let us get her well round on the other tack, and I'll come below and give you the yarn."

This was said as I was about to descend the companion, for the aspect of the evening was not such as to keep long on deck a man who had no business there; but ere I had got down two steps of the ladder all was dark again; the bright moon had withdrawn herself behind a thick cloud.

Shortly after, the master, along with the mate, Mr. A—— (for it was the second mate's watch,) came into the cabin, and, helping themselves to a glass of grog and a cheroot a-piece (for as there were no lady passengers, none of us objected to the odor, and the master did not care about smoking below,) sat down with faces of much seriousness.

"As I was telling you, Mr. D——," continued the master, "this is not my first experience of these sorts of noises. I remember many years ago, when I was a boy on board the frigate "Athalie," in the river Plate, we had a quartermaster on board of the name of O'Hanlan, an Irishman. He was a very good man so long as he was sober, only rather apt, when he had his beer to become obstreperous, insisting that by right of birth he was legitimate King of Galway, or some other extensive district in Ireland. He was an odd sort of fellow, you may believe, and used in these fits to ask us to kiss his hand—a request to which you may guess our reply—and to swear that his family had been princes ages before the Saxon and Norman barbarians overran his country, and stuck upon the surface of the soil the roots of their mushroom nobility; moreover, that a spirit attended his family, a malignant banshee, that rejoiced in the occurrence to them of any calamity. But when sober he was a first-rate sailor, and the officers knew it, and rather looked over his foibles. Well, there we were with a light wind one night, groping our way up the mighty river, the leads being kept going regularly in the chains, and look-outs upon the bowsprit and at the fore-yard arms. It was a beautiful evening, the water quite smooth, and the moon shining without a cloud as brightly as she did for those two or three minutes a little while ago.

"Well, this Irish quartermaster was one of those in the chains, and, just as he was swinging the lead forward, the lashing round his waist

gave away, and overboard he went, with the lead-line in his hand, with a dead plunge, not unlike that of the lead itself, and without a cry or any other indication of the accident. But the master, who, with his foot on a gun-carriage, had been looking over at him, saw him disappear, and, rushing frantically aft, cried to the captain and first lieutenant, 'A man overboard—O'Hanlan's overboard!'

"Let go the life-buoy!" cried the captain in much excitement, and, the sentry forthwith pulling the trigger, it plunged into the water and fell away astern, with its reddish-blue light flickering and flaring upon the smooth surface of the water. 'Heave-to immediately,' he added, addressing the first-lieutenant, 'and lower the boats.'

"But O'Hanlan was never more seen by us; after that first plunge he never rose to the surface; and though every eye that could was scanning the glassy water, still no one saw the least dark object to break the uniformly bright level. The cutter and jolly boat were lowered and manned, but where to bid them pull was a question. Just at that moment we heard a loud cry, similar in every respect to that we heard to-night, away on our lee-quarter.

"There is his voice," cried the captain, 'right on the lee-quarter, right in the moon's wake; that's why you can't see him. Give way, men, for God's sake;—stretch your limbs—'tis for life!' and away shot both boats, each with the officer standing up in the bows looking anxiously out. But when they had pulled about a hundred yards from the ship without seeing any object, the mournful cry came again upon our ears, but from the *weather quarter* this time.

"Gracious Heaven, Mr. Grey!" said the captain, 'have we been mistaken, and sent the boats in the wrong direction?'

"No, sir," said the first-lieutenant; 'the sound most assuredly came from the lee-quarter, I heard it most distinctly:' and, turning to the surgeon and master, who were hard by, they both corroborated his assertion from the most decided evidence of their senses.

"But, for all that," said the captain, 'it would appear there has been a mistake—recall the boats.'

"Here again the wild wailing cry came again from the same direction as it had done the second time: and though, when the first-lieutenant hailed the tops and asked if they could see anything, they answered they could not, yet the boats were recalled, and, as they passed under the stern, were sent in the other direction.

"Did you see anything of him?" asked Mr. Grey. Both the midship-men in the boats replied they had not.

"But when they had gone about as far to windward as they had previously done to leeward, the cry broke upon our ears once more, but faint and far away astern, while the life-buoy itself had hardly had time to drift more than a hundred yards from the ship.

"The captain appeared much struck. He looked at the other officers; then, without a word, went and walked by himself; while the others, with faces paler than they would like to hear me say, gathered in whispering groups.

"Shortly the boats returned. They had pulled about for some time,

but could see nothing. The jolly-boat was sent to pick up the life-buoy. All this while every soul of the men had been as silent as a mouse ; and you could hear the flap of the sails, the cheeping of the tiller-ropes, and the ripple of the current against the ship's bows, unnaturally loud and distinct.

"As soon as the life-buoy and boats were secured, 'Fill and stand on, Mr. Grey,' said the captain ; and, without another word, he moved towards the companion, to go down to his cabin. Just, however, as he was about to descend, his eye was attracted to a bright pale flame that kept fluttering and flickering about the weather foretopmast studding-sail boom end, and then, gradually withdrawing, but seeming to hold on by the spar by a long, slender, bright limb, as if loth to leave the ship, finally let go, rose into the air, and was lost, flashing and wavering high up in the heavens. When it disappeared he turned round to look at the officers, who were all with pallid faces and silent lips gazing aloft into the sky. Then, without addressing any of them, he bade the messenger-boy call his steward from the deck, and went into the cabin.

"In a minute all was bustle again, as the ship was brought to her course. Now, what do you think of that, Mr. D—— ?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MINERS : A STORY OF THE OLD COMBINATION LAWS.

THERE is a certain district of England which is at once a coal and an iron field. To the eye of the passing traveller it presents now, as it did many years ago, at the period of our tale, all the dreary and repulsive features such a portion of country usually exhibits. The air has a dingy and clouded smokiness, the grass and trees are of a dirty green, the fences are uncropped and broken down, and every now and then you come to fields laid partially or altogether under water. This is caused by the sinking of the earth, from the decay of the props supporting the roofs of the old wrought-out mines beneath.

There is nothing of the fresh, breezy, sunny joyousness of rural scenery—everything is bleak, cold, and sooty, and the mind of one wandering over such ground, in place of experiencing the exhilaration of the country, is oppressed with feelings of vague despondency and hopelessness. He cannot help knowing that, instead of a ruddy cheeked and light hearted peasantry, those long straggling lines of dirty, tile-roofed cottages, that stretch up from the highway, have for their inhabitants an ignorant, stunted, half-savage race, miserable, misanthropic, and inhospitable, among whom it is dangerous for the merely curiosity-led stranger to venture.

The view of the many magnificent, wood-embosomed mansion-houses of the coal and iron masters alleviates nothing of these feelings, for the sight at the same time takes in numberless hills of coal-dust, and shapeless mounds of brown iron-stone; while the road you travel on is formed of crumbling black slag, the refuse of the smelting-furnaces, whose ugliness deforms the landscape as much by day as their volcanic glare upon the lowering clouds makes night hideous. And while you gaze, the impression irresistibly comes upon you, that the monstrous wealth of a few is the result of the monstrous suffering and degradation of the many, and that the gorgeous equipages that whirl along the furred and jewelled young ladies of the proprietors are but in another form the labour—the life sweat of the miners' daughters, who, in ignorance, wretchedness, filth, and disease, drag on all-fours, like bruits, the trucks of coal or iron-stone, along the stifling passages and dripping poisonous caverns of the pits, a hundred fathoms beneath the very road their proud sisters of clay are riding over.

At the date of our story there was no branch of manufacture or commerce, no mode of employing capital or labour, more productive of profit than the mining of coal and iron ore: probably there is none even now—but that was the era of the old combination laws, when it was felony for any number of workmen to murmur against the price the purchasers of their toil chose to give for it, or combine their energies to obtain the highest remuneration for their labour. From this and other causes, one of which was the facility and perfect legality of combination among the masters to keep up prices and keep down wages, the greatest fortunes were made with the most incredible rapidity, and the descendants of many that made them now hold high places among our privileged ranks.

One of the wealthiest and most influential masters in the district alluded to was Anthony Hasteleigh, Esq., of Welden Edge. His annual income was much more than ten thousand pounds—how much we are afraid to say, lest we should throw discredit on our story, in the thoughts of those of our readers who may be unaware of the treasures which trade, manufacture and mining pour into the laps of our commercial aristocracy, or who may be displeased that such enormous wealth, and all the luxuries and enjoyments it can procure, should be in the power of men of no more noble or ancient origin than Adam. He was considered rather a hard master, and was a man of much talent and considerable acquirement; indeed his great fortune, having been almost all accumulated by himself, may tend to show this. He was a widower, and had one daughter, a young lady of no little beauty, though the energetic and determined expression that shone through her features gave them somewhat of a hard and masculine turn. She, with the two persons next to be introduced, will enact the principle scenes of the following narrative tragedy.

Mark and Edmund Vaspar were the sons of one John Vaspar, a working coal-miner, of average ignorance and wretchedness, who was one day killed by an explosion of fire-damp. His wife had died about a year before, and now his two sons were left to look out for themselves in the best way they could. Now, reader, you will scarcely credit it that upon the heads of these two miserable children had descended the inspiring

spirit of genius. It is nevertheless true, however unaccountable it may seem to those who believe that rank and talent always are born together, that these young beggars received from on high as much intellect as would have made a nobleman's second son premier and his third, lord chancellor; but as they were born of the despised caste of those that *make* the gold—what it made them this tale is written to show forth.

At the time of his father's death, Mark Vaspar, a boy about fourteen years of age, was employed in the mines, partly as a truck-drawer, partly as a sort of apprentice to the mining itself. But it happened, that a new shaft of much promise having been sunk which required a Newcomen engine of great magnitude, he managed, with some intriguing, to get employment as a sort of assistant to, or attendant on the engine keeper. Up to this time he could not read, nor, though he regarded with much curiosity the forms of the letters painted on the waggons, &c., and wondered how they could represent sounds—moreover, though he frequently expressed this curiosity, yet he never could find any one able to satisfy it—all around were as ignorant as himself. But when he got this situation about the engine, he found the keeper—a quiet, well-informed Scotchman—both able to give him instruction, and also disposed to feel amusement in the task; and while the engine, requiring them to give merely a glance at it now and then, labored away at the pumps, they were employed in the business of teaching and being taught—a piece of chalk and one of the iron plates of the engine-frame serving as the materials.

Mark had been from his earliest years a boy of very great penetration, in addition to his talent. He had seen, almost from the day he came above-ground, that, whether there ought to be or not, there are, have been always, and will continue to be, two distinct classes of men—the high and the low—between which lies a great gulf, almost altogether impassable, and whose conditions are widely different in respect of enjoyment; the portion of one being poverty, hard labor, ungratified appetites, humiliation, early death; that of the other, wealth, idleness, gratification of every desire, honor, and life prolonged to the utmost by care and nursing; and this too arising from no moral merit or demerit in the individuals of either class. He perceived it, and also that he himself was of that class doomed from birth to toil and disease, to every privation and all disrespect, whose sole comfort was said by the humane of the higher class to lie in contentment with its miseries, and an attempt to form a kind of negative happiness, by teaching the mind not to pine after the positive and real, which these humane had set apart for themselves.

He never thought there was the least political or moral injustice in this state of things; but, knowing himself to be born of the low or miserable class, and feeling his mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the high or happy one, his whole thought was to discover a means of quitting the one and finding his way to the other—a course which he knew that a few had successfully followed out. And, first, on considering the careers of these latter, he became aware that no man ever raised himself in the world by ignorance, idleness or drunkenness, but that the steps whereby to ascend were intelligence, activity, sobriety, prudence, perseverance.

That knowledge is power he soon perceived, although he had never heard of the aphorism, or the mighty mind from whom it first emanated.

It was therefore with an engrossing enthusiasm that Mark, the mining-boy, set himself to the acquirement of knowledge, as one of the steps whereby he might make himself a *gentleman*—coveting that rank and condition solely because he believed they afforded all facilities for the gratification of the appetites and desires, and in this consisted all the happiness of which he had any idea.

The slothful or incapable may make extreme poverty or constant toil an excuse for ignorance and debasement—where there is a will there is a way, and the enthusiast after knowledge, however great his poverty, or apparently unceasing his labor, will find ten thousand means and opportunities of mental cultivation. Believing this, you will not be surprised that in three or four years Vaspar was a highly intelligent young man, and, on the death of the engine-keeper, was found best qualified of any about the works to take his place. This was the most advantageous thing for him that could have occurred. He had now good wages, plenty of leisure, the respectability of having a charge, and the power of keeping himself personally clean. All these but whetted his appetite for further advancement, and for those great pleasures which money and influence over the actions of others, could place within his grasp. Wealth and power were the deities he worshipped with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm, and the possession of them the only paradise he looked forward to; and so ardently was his pursuit that no obstacle could turn him from the path he had shaped out for himself as the most direct to this goal of his hopes and wishes. Crime, in his eyes, was no obstacle, that is, if it could be perpetrated without chance of punishment. The worse crimes he would freely have committed if they helped him forward on his way to wealth, and could be done without discovery—for of moral right and wrong he took a most extensive and “philosophical” view. A crime that could not be punished he considered no evil; and he saw that in the world many horrible crimes are continually being committed, which, from the criminals not being punishable, are even considered as laudable actions, and sent down as such through history to posterity. You will at once see our drift when we state that in his eyes conquest and robbery were the same thing, war in no ways different from murder, and fraud identical with diplomacy; and when we tell you further that he believed religion to be a contemptible imposition, which showed little genius in its inventors, and less penetration in its dupes, you will be able to take a fuller view of his character on the whole. He saw the world to be one vast struggle, in which every body of men strove for their own interest, and, again, each individual of every body for his own particular advantage; and this interest and advantage he finally fixed to be the gratification of mental desires and bodily appetites—the *summum bonum*—to attain which it was right to use every means, be they commonly called good, bad, or indifferent. You will begin to think that this hero of ours looks very like a villain. True, he was one; but he was not the only one in this world.

When he was about twenty-one years of age, and his brother eleven, he

got for the latter employment in the engine-room, similar to what he had himself first held. This added a few shillings to their weekly income, and brought the youngster more closely under his eye; for, though he could not but look upon his brother as somewhat of a drawback at that age, yet he intended by proper instruction, to make him a valuable adjutant in his own schemes of advancement to money and influence. He had, from the earliest years at which the boy was susceptible of instruction, labored to impart to him the knowledge, taste, and general mental ability he himself had acquired, and to implant in his mind the same views of men and morality as he entertained; nor were his efforts unavailing, for Edmund, at the age of sixteen, in the merely ornamental branches of knowledge, far excelled him—more than this—began to show a desire to follow out a career in life according to his own judgment, and altogether independent of that of his brother.

And this was the first cause of disagreement between them, and a heavy cause it was; for at the means Mark adapted to acquire wealth and influence Edmund showed disgust; while those proposed by the latter were treated by the former with contempt, as hopeless folly.

But we may as well give a sketch of the person and habits of each, when we can better explain their separate speculations of advancement in life.

Mark a tall, exceedingly muscular, harsh-featured, bristle-haired, lowering-browed man, whom no process of dressing or setting off could ever make to look like a gentleman. He was decidedly repulsive in person, and his manners, (for he was conscious of his appearance) were distant and haughty, approaching to rudeness. Edmund, again, was of slight and elegant figure; and though his face too much resembled his brother's to be any thing like handsome, still their was nothing about it positively disagreeable—indeed, there was an expression of intellect pervading the features, and something like a poetic glance about the eye, that to some persons would have made him highly interesting. He was a poet, too, in a measure—read, in spite of his brother, all works of fiction in verse or prose—made verses himself, and took pride in a tongue whose persuasiveness to evil not Belial's could surpass. In conversation his knowledge, however he had picked it up, seemed inexhaustible; and his manners were so winning, his voice so sweet in its sound, at the same time there seemed so much earnestness, so much enthusiasm in all his views, and so much force and originality in his way of expressing them, that no one could avoid being pleased with him, and entertaining a desire to please him in return. Indeed, the truth of this was proven by the ruin of two poor girls, miners' daughters, who tearfully laid at his door their moral death.

At the age of seventeen he applied to Mr. Hasteleigh for a situation as clerk in the counting-house attached to the mines. His master, pleased with his handwriting, and the smart but respectful style of the application, gave him the situation he required, and he forthwith bade adieu to the miners, and all sympathy with them, talking for ever after with supreme contempt of the class from which he sprang.

Before the death of Mr. Hasteleigh, which took place about three years afterwards, he had risen high in his confidence, and had been intrusted with several important duties, the latest of which was the superintendence of a *truck-store*, where the workmen were paid their wages, not in money, but in provisions and other necessities, on which the master took a most respectable profit, thus grinding out of the poor creatures the uttermost farthing. So respectably did he acquit himself in this, that he rose daily higher in his employer's esteem, and was even honored once or twice with invitations to his table, where he shone with equal lustre in his eyes and those of Miss Joan, his daughter. It is true, there were a few awkwardnesses about his presence and manners at first, at which Miss Hasteleigh did not scruple to laugh, not caring much about the pain she gave her guest, whose burning blushes bore witness to the acuteness of his feelings. Yet at each laugh Edmund wished and hoped for a rich revenge, and he had it ultimately. But all this soon was over, and his natural genius shone forth in his conversation with such power, that the young lady, who had erewhile laughed so heartily at his blunders, forgot them all, and, won by his gentleness and grace of manner, word and thought, felt not only always happier when with him, than at other times, but, also, upon his taking leave, strangely anxious for a future visit.

Now, this only daughter and heiress of Mr. Hasteleigh must have seemed a very lofty and satisfactory summit to the hopes and speculations of Edmund, and to afford as short a cut to great wealth and influence as could be supposed. As such did he look on her, and he labored with his whole endeavor to render himself agreeable in her eyes. And certainly no man could be possessed of a more bewitching presence, or more calculated to win the heart of a woman, herself of some judgment; and for this he could not help giving her credit.

And this was the scheme which Mark Vaspar looked on as hopeless folly. Now, what was his own, which Edmund did not care to abet?

It was, we have said before, the time of the old combination laws. The workmen—wrought to the last drop of sweat, ill fed, and ill clothed, through the operation of the *truck* system—kept in ignorance and wretchedness, and, when mentioned by their superiors, only mentioned with the contempt wherewith a Brazil merchant speaks of negroes—were driven to the greatest exasperation against their employers. Any person combining, as it was called, with others to withhold their labor, so as to raise wages, was severely punishable by law; and the ringleaders of combinations have been known to suffer banishment, long periods of imprisonment, whipping, and other inflictions, suited, no doubt, to the heinousness of the offence. Consequently, when a *strike* was in contemplation, it required to be organized with so much nicety and secrecy, that, on the day fixed, every man seemed to throw up work as if from his own opinion of the propriety of the measure, without previously conferring or combining with others. In such a case the masters would be altogether unaware, till the very morning when the men struck work, that such a thing was to occur, and quite unable to fix upon any as the ringleaders, as they were called, or getters-up of the strike. But, in order to bring such an affair as this

to perfect completion, it required in the organizer a genius of no mean order—and such a genius was that of Mark Vaspar.

From his twentieth year he had been sedulously going about among the men, endeavoring to persuade them he was the very man best capable of guarding their interests, and lecturing to them in knots of two or three, mingling among them at the few sports for which their overwrought frames allowed them inclination, doing for them, gratis, anything in the way of letter-writing that might be wanted—nay, even teaching some of them that desired it, to read and write.

The continual burden of his song to them, on all occasions, was the iniquitous injustice of the fact that they whose labor created the money, enjoyed such a miserable proportion of it, while such a vast share fell to the luxurious, oppressive, and do-nothing masters. The doctrines of equality among mankind, agrarian division of property, limited labor, and all other doctrines of the French school, he disseminated, advocated, and explained among them to his utmost. And when the people, over a wide district, saw his great muscular strength, indomitable courage, and his talent and information, which appeared to them almost superhuman—his continence, sobriety, benevolence, and apparent entire devotion to their interests—they began, in a year or two, to place implicit confidence in him, and to take any advice or command from him with the same reliance as if it were a mandate from on high.

Now Mark, in the course of his extensive reading, had met with accounts of secret societies for various purposes—political, religious, and of other descriptions—and knew of Orangeism, Ribbonism, the secret tribunals of the middle ages, and the Carbonarism and Calderarism of Italy. Upon the basis of what he knew of these, aided by his own invention, he built a confederation among the mining workmen, for the purposes of combination, so secretly and so perfectly organized, that he had at once every individual in it under his cognizance, and was enabled to completely baffle all the efforts of the masters, aided by the minions of the law, by bribes and espionage, either to discover its nature, or who were its originators or directors. This society had oaths, penalties, ceremonies, tribunals of judgment, signs verbal and by gesture, and certain apparently unmeaning marks, which, chalked on wall or tree, indicated to the initiated of the neighborhood particular understood commands.

But this perfection was the result, not of a few days' thought, but of years of study, experiment, and failure—for once, having been convicted of an active share in an abortive strike to procure certain alleviations in the *truck* system, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor, which was rigorously inflicted. But this failure was perhaps the thing that contributed most to his ultimate success, for he had now the testimony, as it were, of martyrdom to his honesty; and the able way in which he had conducted his defence, and that of his fellow-workmen, and kept up their spirits under punishment, made those of them the most disposed to be independent at once knock under, and acknowledge him as their master-spirit. Several letters, too, which he began to show them, and which he stated were in foreign languages, understood by him, and came from high personages disposed to sympathise with and aid them.

threw an air of vast and hidden power about him, that made them regard him with a kind of awe.

After his conviction and imprisonment, he, of course, lost his situation as engine-keeper, and was disowned in public by his brother, now in high favor with his own and neighboring masters. He removed to a small mining town, nearly in the centre of the district, where, after idling about for half a year or so, he took on lease, and furnished, a small but pretty respectable house, and put on his door a plate bearing the inscription *Mark Vaspar, Agent*; though in what line the agency lay it would be difficult for a stranger to guess. But when we tell you, reader, that from each member of this body, containing as it did nearly all the adult population of an extensive district, he received sixpence every month as contribution to a common fund, of which he was the treasurer, along with one penny for his own salary, a compensation for having lost on their account, his means of living, and devoted all his energies to their cause—then, perhaps, you will perceive the agency in its proper light. For this money, he knew that there was no fear of those who contributed ever calling him to account; for so well was the society arranged, that the number at large could not communicate with him, except through inferior officers, whom he led them to change, or arbitrarily changed himself, every six months, thus allowing them no time, even had they been possessed of intelligence sufficient, to see through his character or measures; keeping also even from these nearest him in the ranks a sort of mysterious distance on all points connected with his own proceedings.

By means of this society he could in a morning throw every mine out of work, as the expression is, and that, too, at a moment unexpected and unprovided for by the masters; and for such moments, too, he was constantly on the look-out, rendering himself as complete a thorn in their sides as could well be supposed, and materially affecting the state of markets. In fact, he wielded with admirable skill, dexterity, and success, the engine of labor against that of capital; and, so secret and well concerted were his measures, so baffling to the ingenuity of the masters and their myrmidons, that at last they succumbed, allowed reasonable wages, and the workmen their own choice between *truck* and free shops for provisions, clothing, and general goods; and to conclude, at any time when they desired constant labor for any push in trade, they were glad to bribe Mr. Vaspar, the agent, with large sums of money. These he contrived to receive Jonathan Wild fashion—that is, in such a way that the givers could not possibly bring the criminality of the receipt home to him. Will you believe us, too, reader, that he was in constant communication with certain government authorities as an informer? being well paid either for plausible stories without foundation, or for betraying quietly any other bodies of laborers, except those of his own society, who might be disposed, tempted by the success of those he managed, to try for a few analogous results; and of these, from the extensive ramifications of his own society, he had early and always unsuspected intelligence.

Thus, the men being happier now than they were before his supremacy, and filled with hope of being happier still—seeing, moreover, all *things of the kind* fail in which he had not a hand—began to look upon

him with reverence, pride, and affection, considering him the very prophet of their class, and often paying, out of sheer gratitude, double the usual monthly subscription.

Money was thus flowing in upon Mark, for we presume you will be aware there was no such thing as an established *fund*, every penny he received being at once appropriated to his own uses. - His continence and temperance seemed now also to have undergone a wonderful change. He dressed, ate, drank, and did other things, as closely like a gentleman, as he could, and with the complete abandonment of a professed voluptuary, stinting no appetite of which the money so freely flowing into his coffers could afford the gratification. Moreover, the masters, knowing that his mysterious power over their workmen not only existed, but could be regulated, and was to be purchased, showed him every attention, invited him into their society, and he was even not a little courted. But here again the contrast was singular between him and his brother. He affected pride of his origin—practised no affectation—talked of the working class with the greatest respect—and in place of an affable manner, a musical voice, and a winning tongue, preserved and seemed to pride himself in his forbidding demeanor, and his few and harsh, but forcibly expressed, sentences, all bearing upon some important particular of commerce, politics, or the like, while he had ever a sneer for any of the little bits of refinement he could not help observing among the wealthy and sometimes well-educated proprietors. Those blunders, too, that a person suddenly raised from the lowest caste to a comparatively high one cannot help committing, and which drew from his brother such blushes of shame, did not at all incommode him; indeed, the sneer of utter contempt that would on such occasions glide over his dark and harsh physiognomy effectually prevented anything approaching to that unfeeling laughter which so mortified Edmund.

But while Mark was thus become a moneyed and influential man, popular and powerful, loved by the majority, and courted by the minority who hated him, Edmund continued to draw a small but still respectable salary upon the *truck* business of Mr. Hasteleigh. He envied his brother, it is true. "However," he would say, "he is my senior by eleven years; when I am of his present age, what shall I not be?"

But in the mean time he had been progressing further and further into the favor of Miss Hasteleigh, when an event that for a year or two had certainly not been unexpected took place; Mr. Hasteleigh died, having first settled on his daughter, Miss Joan, and her issue only, all his property.

In fact, though she was at the same time but twenty years of age, for the year or two previous the whole vast business of her father had been *bona fide* under her management; for he suffered from a painful chronic ailment that confined him to the house, and was glad to acquiesce in, and give the sanction of his name to, any measure she pleased; and, with the assistance of the various confidential clerks, &c., and especially of Edmund Vaspar, who acted as a kind of private clerk, she conducted all affairs with the greatest ability and success. She was now to be the independent mistress of a great and flourishing business, and to be disposed of

at her own caprice alone. She was, moreover a woman of much beauty, and of a character remarkable for masculine judgment and energy.

"She is mine!" thought Edmund—"she must be; I know she loves me; but more—she knows my talent, and that, great as her fortune is, I am the man that can double it in ten years."

"Poor fellow!" thought Joan; "he loves me I believe; but however good, amiable, talented, and, latterly, polished, he is still only a miner's son. His career has been remarkable; but what is intellect, enterprise, anything, if their possessor be low-born? I make no doubt he thinks to have me, but that cannot be; however, I will help him on in life as far as I can."

In the mean time Edmund did his utmost to render himself pleasing to her, and once or twice was convinced he would win her. He devoted himself with his whole energy to the task; considered no labor too great; and often, after a long day's work at the counting-house, would sit up half or all the night, balancing and squaring different portions of the business, to please her, or lessen her trouble; or, perhaps, arranging the returns sent by the different commercial travellers, or making up abstracts of the state of the coal and iron markets at different periods, to guide her speculations. And when she saw the pale cheek and lustrous eye, produced as much by this labor as by having the all-exciting thought of making a fortune continually before the mind, she laid it to his consuming passion, and, while she pitied him, regretted that he was of a rank so low. But she did not love him—no, *as yet* she did not—he was merely the favorite servant of the firm of Hasteleigh and Co.

She became now the great toast of the district—the very pet of its society—the cynosure of all ball-rooms, and the like places of resort. Her name and fortune were the conversation of all the young men who thought their rank (they all thought their persons) offered pretensions to her favor. Moreover, her habits and disposition were a frequent theme of discourse; and those who were wise enough to see themselves altogether shut out from any chance of her were pretty well agreed upon the point, that whoever got her would get something to keep his wits in exercise without any mistake.

Edmund was not surprised that with all her talent she should thus take delight in pursuits so frivolous in the eyes of those incapable of enjoying them. He could enjoy them himself, and panted for that time when his money and influence would allow him to take his natural place in the bright circle wherein she took such pleasure in holding her own eminent position. And yet this circle was that of the commercial and mining aristocracy of a district; there was not a lord mixed within it, save at election-time, and the landed gentry affected to keep aloof from it. Probably the cause of this was that few of them had money enough to keep up in it the consideration they deemed their due.

But shortly there appeared in this circle a class of persons who probably are the proudest, the poorest, the worst educated, the most polished, and most privileged of all orders of people above the rank of mere bodily labor. We mean military officers—not generals, colonels, and other *master officers*; but the majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, &c., who tramp

with their regiments, and may therefore be styled the journeymen officers. These personages, in all provincial towns, have an *entr  e* at once unquestioned into the wealthiest circles ; and a poor ensign, whose father's pay could not afford him more education than he could pick up about the barracks—who has some six or seven shillings a-day, and out of that must find a glittering uniform and a man to keep it clean—will find himself more courted than the university-educated head of a mercantile house who sends a dozen men through the kingdom to puff his goods, giving each of them four or five times his rival's income. How this comes we need not delay our story to investigate ; suffice it to say that the regiment that had for a year or so been at the barracks of the large town in which the principal business of Hasteleigh and Co. was transacted, marched away one fine morning, to the great grief of all the young ladies, which was changed to smiles when, on the following morning, another regiment, with young officers, marched in.

In this second regiment was Lieutenant Peeche, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, remarkable for a tall and very fine figure (partly the gift of the tailor,) handsome features, a good complexion, rather stolid blue eyes, a receding forehead, and a beautiful head of hair. His connexions were as follows ;—his father was a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, and with about two thousand pounds in the funds ; and on the produce of these he had to live himself, and educate and provide for six sons. The two eldest of them he managed to get into the army, the next into the navy, leaving them to shift for themselves when there, while the fourth had to struggle into the church, and with much ado got a situation as chaplain to a travelling nobleman, whose means required him to reside abroad, while his religious predilections needed the service of the Church of England. The fifth son, having no admiration for pride and poverty, broke away at a tangent and opened a hat-shop in Dublin, and soon made money enough to console him for being disowned by his relations. The sixth was our present Lieutenant Peeche, and was considered, both personally and mentally, the flower of the flock ; was encouraged to look out for a fortune, and told that his brother the latter's fate would be his if he threw himself away. He used to be told at home, by his anxious mother, that, though when he joined his regiment he would have to live on his pay, he might consider himself at any time worth ten thousand pound's worth of face, and the same amount of figure (if clothed in red.)

The above being his personal stock in speculating for a fortune, let us see what was his mental. He could read English, and write a note on occasion, though imperfect in the spelling department : he recollected the first five rules of arithmetic ; had a vague idea that some people bothered their heads about squares, triangles, and other odd figures ; had learnt the first half of the French grammar ; and was nearly perfect in the arts of carving, dancing, and talking charming frivolity. In society he had a fine bold bearing, let the ghost of a strangled oath haunt the conversation now and then, and had a way of leading the opinion and directing the ridicule of fair auditors that was surprising ; as, for instance, a young gentleman in black remarking that he had heard that mathematics were a branch of knowledge highly essential to a soldier, and that Bonaparte was deep in

it—"Yes," replied Peeche, "I have heard that engineer officers work at it, but none of ours—none of ours. For my own part, I never could manage dry studies of any sort." This sentence, and the air with which it was uttered, were convincing: the ladies at once agreed that dry studies were very stupid and low things, and altogether beneath the rank and mind of Lieutenant Peeche—indeed, only fit for engineer officers, Bonaparte, and the young gentlemen in black, who, feeling his discomfiture, shrank out of the conversation and was dumb, whilst his vanquisher, leaning back, showed the extreme edges of his fine teeth in a scarcely cognizable smile of self-complaisance.

But we are tired of the fool. Let us say at once he made a conquest of Miss Hasteleigh, and married her and her money. We believe she loved him very deeply. His personal prettiness (what a quality for a man!) easy manners, art of talking much and softly, and the grace of his attentions to her, won her heart suddenly for a time; during that time he proposed, and, on her learning that he was the son of Colonel Peeche, of Dublin, and had two brothers in the army and one in the navy, being thus of most respectable connexions, she surrendered at once.

This event struck a blow at Edmund which nearly prostrated him completely, and he was all but giving up his speculations in despair, and turning his talents to some other promising pursuits. Indeed, he bitterly envied his brother, whose long endeavors and disappointments had at length been crowned with success complete and unequivocal; and so strong did his feelings run, and so humbled was he by his own disappointments, that he determined to pay him a visit.

On going to the place, drooping and dispirited, he could not but admire the pretty little cottage, with the garden behind, which Mark had provided for himself; and when he compared them with his own lodgings (for he was on a comparatively limited salary,) he could not but see that the balance of happiness was altogether on his brother's side. A boy in livery admitted him, and shortly ushered him into a neat little room opening in the garden, fitted up with books all round, thickly carpeted, and every way comfortable. Here he found Mark, seated in a library-chair of the latest and most luxurious kind, busily engaged, pen in hand, among a lot of books, pamphlets, and written papers.

They talked for a little, calmly and quietly, there being nothing about the manner of either of them indicating their being more than strangers conversing on some unimportant matter, save the humbled aspect of Edmund, and the subdued exultation and slight sneering smile of Mark. After a little,—

"Well, you have had it your own way," said the latter; "had you lent your aid to me I might have been what I am now a year or two earlier; or, in other words, at this time my wealth and influence might have been the square of their present amount, while you might have shared in proportion to your years. But you could not relish an apprenticeship—you wanted to jump at fortune all of a sudden; and now I suppose you are come to join with me, after the long toil, humiliation, and imprisonment are over,—and to reap a little of their good fruits."

"Oh, no, no; I merely came to see if you were well."

"I am well, Edmund, and I can see you are ill. I'll tell you why: I educated you, and you deserted me—I was persecuted, and you disowned me. Now, I am independent—the absolute ruler of ten thousand strong men, who love and implicitly obey me, for they know that the sole motive of all my actions—the only thing I have striven for—is their welfare."

Here Edmund smiled so significantly, at the same time with so much contemptuousness, at his brother's attempt to palm a canting lie upon him, that the latter was altogether put out, and the lurid indication of a blush rose over his swarthy physiognomy. In a moment he resumed, more loudly, and in a tone that claimed not to be trifled with:—

"I can make the proudest of our old tyrants sneak and bend and smile though they wish me in —, for I could break half of them within a fortnight. I have money, influence, and, in a measure, fame, and can command all happiness;—you are poor, disappointed, considered and treated as an amusing inferior—a parasite—in that society which I enter on terms of equality. You had a scheme of your own, which has broken beneath you like a rotten staff, and you come to make a claim upon me; you, who have never done me a particle of good, but much harm, in return for all the benefits you have had from me."

"You are wrong, Mark; I have done you good negatively, if not positively; for at any time when you were building this great scientific combination system of yours, which yields you such a revenue, I might have betrayed you to the law, exploded the whole fabric, and had you banished, or worse. You recollect the *nob**-shooting business. This would have been my duty to my employers; and, besides great immediate reward, might have led to the ultimate establishment of my fortune. How do you know that when one scheme has, as you say, miserably failed; I may not be tempted to try the other, even so late as now?"

A deadly pallor, and an expression which, coupled with it, made Mark's countenance, forbidding at the best of times, positively terrific, preceded his reply. He sat calmly the while, with the top of his pen in his mouth, as if subduing by effort his emotion. At length he said, "If I thought you would, I would take immediate steps to prevent you, and you know what *they would be*;"—here he laughed a short, harsh, grating "ha, ha!" which had a sort of interrogative sound, as his dark gray eye flashed upon his brother's, searching as it were his very soul. "But as I know you dare not, brother,—so—" here, stretching his arm, he rang the bell—"I wish you a good morning: I will do nothing for you. Grey, show Mr. Vaspar out." And thus the brothers parted.

But to return to Lieutenant Peeche. No sooner had he got his hands on a little of his wife's money, or "the plunder," as one of his brothers (a wag) called it, than the fortunes of his whole family took a remark-

* We presume we need hardly inform the reader that *nobs* are men who take the place of laborers who have *struck* work for increase of wages, shortening of hours, or other objects, thus rendering null the endeavors of the workmen. Being workmen themselves, and thus betraying the cause of their class, they are generally objects of the bitterest enmity.

able start of improvement. Colonel Peeche removed to a more aristocratic part of the city of Dublin, and set up an equipage; Captain Algeron Peeche found his way to a majority; and Lieutenant and Acting-Quartermaster Percival Peeche purchased his company. All this showed Lieutenant Peeche to be a very dutiful fellow to his real relations, and to have a proper feeling towards his wife, as she, being the daughter of a coal-master, and of inferior rank to him, was therefore to be pigeoned in the game of marriage, just as her upstart father would have been rightly served in the game of *écarté*.

He also showed a strong disinclination to take upon himself the active conduct of the business. This arose partly from dislike to any employment except the toil toils call the pursuit of pleasure, partly from want of sufficient education (for carving, dancing, and gallantry are hardly enough of that for the counting-house,) but mostly from lack of adequate intellect. He was great, however, with the horse, dog, and gun, and soon became a perfect sportsman, leaving that vast business which supported him in splendor, and enriched his connexions, with all its cares, speculations, and immense correspondence, to the management of his wife, and whomsoever of the numerous underlings connected with it she chose to call her aid. He gave many and splendid dinners, moreover, and the eating and drinking gentry of the neighbourhood began to flock around, while his house was always free as the barrack to "ours."

But it was not many months before Mrs. Peeche began heartily to repent of her bargain. The warmth of her love for his pretty face and figure evaporated. It was a merely animal passion, and as such departed with its gratification; and she began to regard with satiety and disgust that beauty which had erewhile so captivated her. She found him not only idiotically ignorant on all useful subjects, but contented with his ignorance, and disposed to mock with an inane ridicule any show of knowledge or talent she or others might happen to display. On all matters that required judgment or information, or the application of thought for any time, he was utterly helpless, while at the same time he entertained neither respect for the talented, nor gratitude for the assistance they might yield.

Moreover, he had never loved her; he had not mind enough for that passion; he had all along regarded her, as we have said before, merely as a pigeon to be plucked by him in the game of matrimony—as a prize for himself and his family. As time went on he did not scruple to tell her this. Before the first year of their marriage was over he had become to her an object of contempt, a detested burden, a dreaded torment.

When she began first to see him, as the gloss of prettiness of person and of heroic scarlet faded from him, an ignorant and tyrannical fool, she could not but institute a comparison between him and that other who she believed loved her with his whole soul, and was now suffering the pangs of disappointment—the all-gifted and able Edmund Vasper. Disgusted with the beggarly aristocracy of the colonel's son, she saw a true and high nobility in the genius of the young plebeian. Tired of the stolid beauty of the one, her admiration flew to the quick eye and sharp dark features that spoke the active intellect of the other. Worried to death

with the yawning *ennui*, the lisped affectation, the stupid and often indecent slang of the stable and dog-kennel, she pined for the low-pitched and thrilling voice, the musical sentences and glowing ideas, of her former humble lover—for his exhaustless information on all topics, his dauntless talent, equal to every effort, and his indefatigable business ability, which no labor could tire, no difficulties dispirit.

Edmund could not but look upon his rival with a contempt which envy at his success elevated into fierce detestation; and as he sat day by day in his small wood-partitioned counting-room in the *truck-store*, so intense became this hatred, so complete his despair of advancement, that he meditated the infliction upon him of some grievous bodily harm. It was to sound his brother, who had the power to effect this, he well knew, with ease and certainty, that he paid him the visit we have detailed.

But as time wore on, when he saw the feeling growing up between the pair, when he marked it with his whole soul, as alive to it as the ear of a criminal to his sentence, then did his spirits mount again to more than their former level, and he set his active wits to work with all their pristine energy.

It was not long after the marriage till he was recalled to lend his aid in the chief conduct of the business of his new master. The latter saw him, surveyed him carelessly—would have done it with an eye-glass, had such a thing been in fashion then—and, on being informed that his skill and ability were indispensable, gave his consent to his being placed in the situation of chief confidential clerk, and, turning to an eminent rat-catcher who was with him at the time, began to converse about the state of the stables in regard to vermin.

Edmund was now continually about the person of Mrs. Peeche, appearing before her in his best light, and exerting upon her all his powers of fascination, and they were many. His object was to lead her to crime, partly for his own advantage—to have her completely in his power, partly from revenge: for, from the first time she had unfeelingly laughed at his early blunders, he had cherished against her a vindictive feeling, which his late disappointment, and the secondary misery it besides had bred for him, had certainly not put to rest. And the whole of this love, then, was acted—it had been all along a deception for the purpose of ambition and revenge? We cannot deny that her beauty, which was considerable, had made some impression upon him; but it was decidedly not that of *love*.

It is hard to imagine one seducing a woman out of pure animosity;—but when you reflect that in seduction it is the woman's ruin that is sought, you will be able at once to unravel the paradox. No one could be better fitted for such a course of proceeding than Edmund—totally unprincipled as he was—capable of keeping a great bad purpose constantly before his mind, and of bringing great powers to bear upon its furtherance—possessed also of a knowledge of mankind infinitely greater than might have been expected from his opportunities. All the resources of extensive reading in poetry and romance, in mental philosophy and in the great book of nature, he brought to his aid—every scheme of attraction, every winning artifice he could think of, he practised upon her, till the

poor lady looked upon his company as a relief—a refuge—a heaven—and cursed her folly in choosing the glittering ass, from whose society she now fled to his, as she would from a lazar-house to a bower in Tempe.

In a short time he was successful; she became completely his, and doted on him with an admiration, a devotion, and a joy, which she felt was truly *love*, and as different even from the regard she had formerly entertained for her husband, as it again was from the contempt in which she held him now.

But all this was totally unsuspected even by the menials of the house, a set of people who generally are the first perceptive of such affairs. Edmund was too sagacious to allow it to be in the slightest degree evident; and, while he had the wife so completely in his power, he was finding his way rapidly into the good graces of her husband. By an exceedingly distant and deferential deportment in his presence, by numerous flatteries, well disguised and skilfully administered, and by a well-acted devotion to his interests, he in a short time succeeded in gaining his entire good-will, and unquestioning obedience to every suggestion in matters connected with the business. And this fact, whereat he made very merry in private with Mrs. Peeche, only sank her husband a degree still lower in her contempt.

But while he was thus managing his master and mistress, he did not forget his brother Mark, and during his leisure moments concocted a scheme which he thought would make his fall sudden and complete. This was to organize a counter-combination among the masters, one of whose measures was to be a sudden and simultaneous dismissal of all their men, at a moment previously agreed upon in secret, and the importation from the mining districts in Scotland, by their collier-vessels, of a colony of new workmen, who would be content with lower wages, and, being strangers and *nobs*, and detested by the former laborers, would not be likely, at least for years, to join in any general union.

This he explained to Mr. Peeche, directing him to unfold it to the other proprietors, and get as many of them to join it as possible.

Now, at this time, Mark Vaspar, by some insolent and exorbitant demand, had strongly excited the masters against him, though they were powerless to avoid complying with it. They were therefore prepared to receive with avidity such a scheme as that invented by Edmund; and, when at a dinner given at his house to about a dozen of them, Peeche proposed it, taking the merit of it entirely to himself, he found them disposed both at once to embrace it, and to give him credit for more capacity than they had ever before placed to his account. But Edmund, on hearing that he had thus exposed the scheme in public, before numerous servants, most of them belonging to the mining class, and some of whom he knew, and others suspected, to be members of Mark's confederacy, while he cursed his unguarded folly, could not help congratulating himself on his vanity, which had led him to claim the whole authorship.

Within an hour after the proposal had been broached, and while they were yet over their wine, Mark Vaspar had got possession of the whole

affair, and had taken his measures. But before you find out what they were, let us return to Edmund and Mrs. Peeche.

It is difficult for an author to allude decorously to such a connexion—for the odium attached to guilty love, the difficulties, its transient and precarious nature, the thought that for it all the pleasures and comforts of family and of society are put in jeopardy—that, by yielding to it, the consciousness of honor and fair virtue is for ever gone—and the fact that, to brave this, the passion, bad as it is, must be of extremest strength—all these make the poor heart cling to it with double fondness, and give it a sweetness exquisite, though delusive and mortal, like the fragrance of the poison-laurel. Poetic justice demands that sin should not in our pages wear an enticing aspect; but if the romancer is to copy truth, he cannot but represent that “stolen water is sweet,” and, while he paints the loss for aye of self-respect, the terror of discovery and dishonor, the gnawing of conscience, and all other miseries attendant on the love we allude to, that make the mind a very place of torment, he can hardly paint them in more vivid colors than the deep delight for which they are encountered.

We have mentioned that Mrs. Peeche was a woman of considerable intellect. She possessed a mind fully capable of entertaining the passion of love in its strongest intensity and most perfect refinement—that love which is perceptive of beauty of soul alone, taking that of body but as a secondary consideration, though it may afterwards, by fancy’s aid, gild up the latter to something like a proper material image of the former—that love in which was the spirit of the object is the thing truly loved, and which is the only love that can be immortal. And with this, an emotion such as only minds of a high order and much cultivation are capable of feeling or appreciating, she loved her paramour; and with the same fervor wherewith she loved him she abhorred her husband, and would talk to Edmund of him in a manner that often startled even him.

About two miles to the rear of her house was a large wood, which, being enclosed within a round bend of a river, had no regular path through or even near it, and was quite unfrequented. It was very rocky, and thick with brushwood; and in different parts of it were the mouths of one or two old coal-mines, long ago disused or wrought out. One of these had the engine-house, a little turreted building, still standing, covered with ivy, and topped with waving bushes. The mounds of coal-dust or other rubbish had been converted into grassy knolls, overgrown with bramble, wild brier, and dog-rose; and in the midst gaped the black mouth of the pit. This one had been filled up to within about thirty feet of the upper surface, in which state it had been left, with its brim overhung with bushes, and its new bottom formed of mud, moss, weeds, sticks, fallen leaves and the like. The spot was completely surrounded by wood, and was approached by an old wheel-track that wound among the trees. Nothing could be more sequestered. The only creatures to be seen near it by day might be a party of children gathering nuts or wild berries, or by night the slouching, stealthy figure of a poacher.

At twilight, or early night, this was a favorite haunt of Edmund and Mrs. Peeche, for a scarcely traceable path from it through the wood opened into the rear of the park in which the house stood, and about dif-

ferent parts of this park she had always been accustomed to take a morning or evening walk. Here they were wont to find unbroken solitude, green foliage, a balmy atmosphere, the nightingale's music, and the soft gloaming of the summer-time, with all the other charms that act as accompaniments to love, and make its sweetness come flower-scented to the heart.

On the evening of the third or fourth day after Peeche's proposal to the masters, they were here as usual; and as they sat by each other on one of the green knolls, they were startled by groans, and a voice calling faintly for help from out the old pit whose murky mouth yawned beside them.

On the first alarm they sprang to their feet, and she, starting from his side, would have fled through the wood. But, on a moment's reassurance of themselves, they stood still, whispering, pausing, and listening again, and, then, silently approaching the mouth of the mine, they parted the bushes, and cautiously looked down. They saw the body of a man laid at the bottom among some rotten brushwood, sticks, and leaves. Presently, looking up as he heard the rustling of the bushes, and catching a view of their heads—

"Mercy, good people—help me, I am dying!" he said.

"Gracious Heaven! Edmund—it's he—Peeche—my husband!" she exclaimed, in a quick, thrilling whisper, catching her paramour by the arm with a hand that trembled as it clutched. "Three days ago he went over to Haverfield to shoot—he has not been home since. Great Providence! is it come to this at last?"

"Hold back now, Joan, dearest—hush! let me speak to him." Then, going close to the brink, and stooping over to look down, "Is that Mr. Peeche?" he asked.

"Vaspar! thank God! help me out of this, Vaspar; lose not a moment, for love of mercy. I am dying—I have tasted nothing for three days."

Here he convulsively caught a handful of the wet leaves among which he lay, and pressed them to his mouth, chewing a portion. This made his voice much more strong and distinct.

"Oh, Vaspar! have you no food near you, to throw me down a morsel?—oh, for Heaven's sake! lose no time."

"How did you come to be there, sir? Did you fall in?"

"Oh, no, no—I was thrown down here by ruffians—the miners, headed by your brother, the agent. They attacked me, brought me here, and he with his own hands put me down."

Here Edmund drew slightly back from the brink, and remained for a space motionless in thought, whilst the wife stood beside looking eagerly at him, as if anxious to read in his countenance his thoughts of their situation, and intentions as to her husband; but a vast tumult of new thoughts and schemes were rising, taking form, heaving upon each other, mingling and rolling in his mind, like smoke-volumes in a crater. In a minute he had resolved upon a course of conduct to pursue. The leaving of Peeche to his fate was the principal point of it, but he desired that between himself and her it should appear that the measure was entirely of her suggestion.

This was that he might have a strong hold on her for ever after, and in any dispute between them shake himself clear of the guilt, and throw it entirely upon her.

"Had not I better go to the house, and get the servants, with ropes?" said he.

"Never!" cried she, with fierce emotion. "What! would you tie me again to a hated torment thus by lucky chance cut from me? Fool! don't you see he is here being murdered? We have not done it—we are powerless of means to help—can we be blamed? No other creature will come near—he must soon die. We can keep our secret; or, even should it come out, what can they do to us?—what have we done?—nothing! Then do nothing—let him alone, and with the blessing of—" (we cannot write the impious sentence)—"I am free once more, though with the loss of half my father's property!"

"But starvation is a dreadful death, Joan!"

"True; but a sure one for us. It has no star, and it is not to be known from common dissolution; besides, it does not entail the hideous afterthought of blood."

"But he is your husband!"—and as he spoke, she quailed before the peculiar expression of his eye—"he is the man you swore to love, and all that."

"I made him such in a moment of infatuation, produced by his false pretences. He never loved me, and fraudulently cozened me out of my hand and fortune—and to be cozened by such a fool! Oh, there have been moments since then, when, under a stronger infatuation, I could have paid the penalty by suicide. Husband! he has been a curse to me. It comes bitter, indeed, such a reproach from you, Edmund, for whose love I have dared so much, and am now daring the punishment of hell!" And she fell upon his neck and wept copiously, while he soothed her with silent caresses. "He shall never come between our loves again," she continued; "you surely do not wish to save him now, dearest?—you have not ceased to love me? if you have, save him, and I shall die."

"But, Joan—my heart's own Joan—I cannot help feeling mercy, humanity—"

Mercy to him is destruction to ourselves: is it not better that he should die than we should live in misery? We cannot much longer conceal our love, and then by divorce he may rob me of what remains, and marry some fool like himself into all my father's property."

Reader, every portion of this dialogue was overheard by the wretched husband. They had in their excitement spoken in a rather elevated tone; and as he lay below in the still, moveless air, the rocky sides of the shaft had, like a gigantic stethoscope, or the ear of Dionysius, conducted to him the sounds! He was tremblingly alive to every syllable, for his life was depending upon it, and, fool as he was, he heard his wife's infidelity, hatred, and ferocious thirst for his death, with feelings of horror, indignation, jealousy, and revenge, that rose above those of the immediate danger of his situation, and, crying aloud, by a frantic effort of his exhausted frame, he hurled at them both, and especially at her, all the epithets

curses, and threats, that a mind driven to desperation could suddenly throw together.

His wife trembled, in spite of her masculine nerve, as with her par amour she stealthily drew back, and away from the opening.

"Is there no fear of his finding his way out?" said she.

"Fear not," was the whispered reply; "the sides of the shaft are smooth and sheer: my brother takes his measure too surely for that. But look" (and he drew an orange from his pocket;) "I may throw this down to alleviate his sufferings a little?"

"No," she cried, snatching it from his hand, and flinging it away far among the brushwood; "not five minutes' prolongation of life shall he have through me. Those that will find him dead, it is possible, if he eat, might find him alive; and what becomes of us now? But hark!"

When they were no longer visible or audible to the poor writhing victim, the screams, prayers, and appeals he uttered might have turned a tiger to mercy, whilst his voice had acquired a new and rending tone that grated on the ear, and more on the heart.

"Joan, Joan," he cried, "will you leave me to die in this pit? Oh, Joan my wife! what have I done to you that you should desert me? Joan, I am starving to death—will you forsake me, your husband? You have laid in my bosom, Joan—Vaspar, have you no mercy?—speak to her, save me? and I will forgive you both. Joan—Vaspar—do you hear me? are you gone? Oh, may God's eternal truth curse you both! Joan, Joan——"

But here, in his despair, his voice refused its office; and when he would have shrieked, the breath sougled in his dry, inflamed throat, mocking his efforts to produce a sound. When he could be no longer heard, his wife, falling upon the bosom of her companion, and weeping as if she could have died among her tears, addressed him,—

"Oh, Edmund! you see what I have done for you—will you ever cease to love me?"

They kept their secret well.

In about eight days Mrs. Peeche sent to Haverfield, a distance of about twenty miles, to learn if her husband was still there. The answer was that he had not been there at all. A search was immediately instituted, and a large reward offered for any information regarding him. At length he was discovered by some laborers out of employment, who had engaged in the search with a view to the reward.

No body had any doubt that he had fallen into the pit by accident, while unwary in the pursuit of game, for his loaded gun was found beside him among the wet leaves. And while there was no marks on his frame of any violence, one of his shoulders was dislocated, as would be the likely consequence of such a fall. The verdict found by the coroner's jury was, in consequence, "Accidental Death."

It was not long till Colonel and Major Peeche arrived, accompanied by a couple of lawyers; and though Mr. Hasteleigh, before his death, thought he had pretty well secured his fortune to his daughter and her issue, they managed, as representing the heirs of the deceased Mr. Peeche—for he had no children—to secure a considerable amount of property.

As soon as this matter was settled, Edmund, who had been ever since the death of his master at the actual uncontrolled head of the business, married the widow, and thus became Mr. Vaspar, of Weldon Edge.

No sooner had he done so than his character came out in its true and most vivid colors. The name of the firm was no longer Hasteleigh and Company (for Lieutenant Peeche, tenacious of the military and aristocratic dignity of his name, had never allowed it to be associated in public with the coal-trade.) A complete revolution took place, too, at Weldon. All the servants received their dismissal, and were replaced by others from distant parts of the country. New improvements in the machinery of the mines and iron-works were introduced, and totally new discipline and arrangements among the men. Schools were instituted, and a pretty good library rapidly got together. This was, however, for no philanthropic object, but solely as a business speculation, and as as tending ultimately to his own great gain.

Although he had come to a noble fortune, still, from the slices taken from it by the Peeches, and the maladministration of the lieutenant, it was much less than it would have been had he got it when he was first, as he believed, in such a fair way. Every means, therefore, of improving it he put into active operation, and one of the chief he could think of was to put an end to the domination of his brother among the men, and thus get the poor creatures once more entirely into his power as a master, and as helpless as they were before the genius of Mark had given them such unity, strength and importance. Having fully resolved upon this, he invited his brother to his house.

He received him in a manner quite opposite to the reception he had met with from him about a year before. His immense house, his library, with all articles of taste, and luxuries in the way of furniture, he showed him—introduced him to his wife, and asked him to stay to dinner. All dainty viands, and rare and expensive wines, he set before him, and took every means to make him see the apparent happiness in which he lived with his wife, who vied with him in paying his brother attention.

Mark knew quite well that all this was intended to give him pain—to excite his envy, and humble his pride; and he felt the intention to be fulfilled. He was hardly prepared, however, for the disclosures that followed it.

Immediately on the withdrawal of Mrs. Vaspar, Edmund, bidding the servants leave the room, as soon as they had done so, and he had pushed the decanter to his brother, made to him coolly the proposal that he should immediately break up his combination society, expose to him all its signs and secrets, plots and crimes, and leave the district for ever, being grateful that he was to take the money he had made with him, and that he was not delivered up to the law to answer for his enormities.

"For I am determined," continued Edmund, "to allow no one to dictate to me in my business, or stand between me and my interest. Moreover, no man shall bully me or terrify me into any steps. I am on my guard, and have made all my preparations. I will be absolute lord of my estates, and all upon them."

Mark heard all this in silence, but the color forsook his face, giving

place to a tallowy paleness, while ever and anon some feature would give a small, convulsive twitch, and his eyes became completely altered in color and expression, looking bloodshot and lurid, in place of their ordinary gray.

"And what," said he, after a little, "if I should simply disobey this command, and go on as before?"

"Within a week I shall have you in gaol, and you are as sure to be capitally punished as you are that you deserve the fate. The combination business might be transportation—the extortion of money from men and masters might be, possibly, death—but the killing and conspiring to kill and maim *nobs*, and the murder of Peeche (for I have witnesses to prove you did it,) make the gallows inevitable."

"And I murdered Peeche, did I? Where did you learn that fact?"

"From his own lips, as he lay dying of hunger in the pit; and another person besides myself heard him say it—that you, with your own hands, threw him in; that person is really to be a witness."

Mark rose from his seat, and, pushing his chair away, whilst he glared like a tiger, unfolded his immense muscular frame, as if he would have proceeded to instant violence on the slight figure of his brother, and crushed him and his schemes for ever. But the latter, rising, nevertheless keeping his eye on his, rang a small bell. A man-servant entered the room.

"Attend to the fire, William."

"As I was saying, brother," he continued, as Mark with quivering lip resumed his seat, "I think your best plan would be to accede to my views. No other measure will be of any avail. In truth, you will find no other course is open to you. The business you practise has been going on as long as it can go. It has come to an acme, and now must go to ruin—and what I want is to have you kept clear of its wreck, with all you have made by it."

Here the servant withdrew.

"As for my intentions, I am in earnest, I assure you; and, were you not of my blood, and otherwise did I know what I know, you should swing within a month. It is only the consideration of public opinion that makes me let you off; I should like the whole thing to be brought about quietly. One indispensable condition is, that you shall leave the country. If you remain here, or near this place, you will have your wits eternally at work—plotting and scheming—I might as well have no estate."

"It is too important a matter to decide upon without a thought," said Mark; "give me time to consider."

"I will," said Edmund; "come here to-morrow at twelve, and I will be prepared to hear you; and, in the mean time, as I don't think, after what has passed, you can relish much more wine—and as, besides, I don't feel exactly comfortable with you so near me, you had better take your leave."

Mark withdrew, half stunned with what he had heard, and, seeking his own home, sat down to ruminate; and there he sat, without undressing, the whole night, revolving what measures he could adopt.

He found his vast combination scheme, which he had reared around

him at such an expense of time and thought, of crime and punishment—which was to him the source of so much influence and emolument—was about to crumble to dust, like a gourd smitten by the sun. He had established it upon so firm and extensive a basis, protected it with so many outworks, and hidden it in such a mist of secrecy, that it seemed to him indestructible. But here a more potent magician, in one moment, was about to shiver it to pieces. And against his talisman, the law, there was no counter-spell.

He saw but two alternatives—one, the removal of his brother; the other, to yield up with a good grace his system, and sell the ruins of it to the best advantage. The former he at first determined to adopt; indeed, he had a plan formed to seize the person of Edmund, carry him off, and confine him in one of the mines in the neighborhood, at the same time to throw the men off work by a sudden *strike*, and keep them thus till anxiety about his numerous speculations, or positive dread of bankruptcy, should extort from him conditions of mutual accommodation.

"Nay, he might even," thought Mark, "if his place of concealment were known only to one or two, and they trusty, be served as Peeche was."

But he had not reflected long when he began to perceive that this plan was quite hopeless—for his brother, a very different character from the other victim, was sure to be well on his guard, and to have plenty of counter-schemes in action. He therefore finally, seeing no better resources, resolved upon the latter alternative; for he saw that his brother possessed the power to expose him to condign punishment—that, by an event he had never contemplated, but which had been brought about by one of his own crimes, it had become his interest to do so—and, when it was, he knew he would do it without fail.

Nevertheless it was not without the bitterest sorrow he could find it in his heart to abandon that organized confederacy which had been the sole occupation of his thoughts since boyhood—the one object of all his youthful enthusiasm—which had been the source of his cares and joys, hopes and fears—of his pride and power—which had brought money to his pockets, and respect to his person. And must that vast combination system, by which one intellect could, for one purpose, so secretly yet certainly, direct, arrest, give, or withhold the labor of ten thousand hands—that system, so philosophical in theory, so admirably efficient in practice, which he could have well trusted to carry his fame as a man of genius to posterity—must it be at once annihilated, and pass for ever from thought and from memory? It had withstood for years the open attacks and underground machinations of its enemies, and now it was to be destroyed by the mere threat of one! But that one was himself of the laboring order—a man of high talent—*knew the system*—knew all its springs and wheels—indeed, had formerly been a member of it, and bound by oaths which he did not value one farthing; and here Mark could not but feel a pang when he reflected who had taught his brother this value of an oath.

"The first day he left us and went cringing among the masters—that day should have been his last; if it had, he would never have done this: from that one oversight the labor of a tolerable intellect for a long series of years has thus, by one blow, fallen to the ground."

Next day, at the appointed hour, he waited on Edmund. They met in the library of the latter.

Mark, like one entering a cold-bath, plunged at once into the business, stating his willingness to betray the whole.

"But what *compensation* am I to expect for my own losses by the disclosure?" said he.

"Why, indemnity for your own share of it, which is the principal one. You shall have your life, and all the money you have made."

"Nay, if that is to be all, I can have much more by disclosing the whole to the government myself, and getting admitted as crown evidence."

"But that would cost the lives of three or four of these poor people you have misled."

"I dare say a few would be *expended*, but then I should be nothing indebted to you: moreover, for the betrayal of such a combination scheme as *mine*"—(here he sighed involuntarily)—"I am sure of a thousand pounds from the secret service money, besides the credit. If you think I could do this safely, look at that." And he held a paper before his brother.

Edmund read it. It was addressed to magistrates, justices of the peace, &c., directing them not to proceed against Mark Vaspar, agent, without first communicating the whole matter to the Home Office. And when he saw the name signed to it, he could not help, as he repeated it aloud, addressing his brother.

"Well, Mark, you are the most consummate, traitorous villain it ever entered my imagination to conceive."

Mark sneered fiendishly, but remained motionless.

"I see, from the date of this, that ever since 179— you have been a hired informer."

"Yes, and have made something by it, I assure you."

"Well, I will accede to your terms. I will guarantee the masters' paying you a thousand pounds, on your effecting the complete subversion and annihilation of this confederation."

"I shall want a document from you in the form of a letter, to that effect."

With this request Edmund hastily complied. Then, taking paper, he wrote from the dictation of his brother, whose lips were bloodless, dry, and had a slight quivering motion as he spoke. Every degree and division of the society was stated, with their oaths and secret ceremonies, the ringleaders of each, their separate signs, words, and ciphers, and places and times of meeting. When he had finished with this—

"Then there was the death of Willaim King," said Edmund, "who was shot in the brier copse six years ago. I think I was led to suspect it was the man Crow that did that job. What is his proper name?"

"I thought you did not intend to bring these men under the law?"

"Not if they do as I desire. I want merely to get a hold upon them."

"I do not know his name—he goes by the nickname of Young Crow. His father was Old Crow; and I believe neither of them knew either name or surname."

"And whom could I have for witnesses?"

"Long Bill Brown saw the act. He was with King at the time, and that night was sworn in and left off *nobbing*, bringing all the rest of them into confederacy."

"And who blinded Mr. Wood, the overseer, with vitriol?"

"A man now at the High Corner pit, by name Peter Watkin, commonly called 'The Slounger.' The liquor was procured from one John Coats, a workman at the St. Margaret's Hall printing-works. There were three in company with the Slounger; one was Thomas Overton, since dead; another, Thomas Chummins, nicknamed 'The Handy Kid,' employed at the Rock-house mine; the third was myself."

Over all the other atrocities, in the way of murder, intimidation and conspiracy, that had been committed by members of his society, he went minutely, exposing freely the criminals, the objects desired in the crimes, the circumstances, and those that aided and abetted.

When Edmund had done writing, "Well then," said he, "now that it is all out, and I know so much of you as I do, I would not wonder to see you playing a double game, and betraying these men to the law on your own account, for the rewards and pay of the informing part of the business, besides what you are to receive from us."

"I should not be surprised myself," replied Mark, with mocking levity; but, immediately knitting his harsh features into threatening sternness, he came out rapidly with—"But if you should *play double with me*, or after this betray me either to the law or the confederacy, beware—I say beware how you goad a crushed and desperate man."

"Oh, the confederacy shall not hear of it through me. There are others who can give them a hint: look here!"

And, going to the side of the room, he threw open a concealed door. It had been made, for uniformity with the rest of the room, to resemble shelves and leather backs of books, each volume lettered and numbered, and so ingeniously contrived and finished that nothing but a minute examination could unveil the deception.

Mark wondered at this proceeding, and stood as if thunderstruck as he beheld enter from the dressing-room into which it opened the very men he had been just betraying—to wit, the man called young Crow, and Peter Watkin, (the Slounger,) along with others of much weight and influence among the men. Nothing could have been further from his expectation than this consummation of the adventure. There they stood before him, begrimed and muddy, in the uncouth black mining clothes, scowling upon him through the darkness of their faces like so many accusing devils. Oh, what a sight was this for Mark! whither could he have sneaked away from him his boasted and long-tried cunning, that he should be so miserably outwitted—should have so wofully and irretrievably committed himself? And who could, with a pen adequately forcible, describe the convulsive throes of his mighty though reprobate mind? Bitter, bitter chagrin, anguish, panting thirst for vengeance, rage, hate, malice, pride, despair and reckless defiance—all these fierce passions glow through his harsh and now haggard countenance, united into one expression, that had in it a terrible grandeur, a sublimity while the big tears coursed down his rugged cheeks—a thing of which he was himself unconscious. Then he

stood, regarding, them, then his brother; anon turning, and, staggering slightly as he did so, he walked towards the door and went forth from the house.

This, then, was Edmund's plan to break up the combination-union—by exposing Mark to the body in his most villanous colors of double treachery, and by showing them that they were completely in his own power, that their whole organization was known to him, and that at any time he pleased he could give up any member to capital punishment or transportation.

The men he had brought to the house he had all along suspected—indeed, from his half-and-half connexion with the society, all but understood—to be criminals, or connected with the crimes. At all events, they were exceedingly popular and influential among the great body of the workmen. Two of them were employed at his own mines, and he could thus easily get hold of them; another he enticed to his house, offering him the situation of "ganger," or petty overseer; the fourth, by stating that a letter from his brother, who had been banished, was in his possession. When he had got them together he informed them that their great apostle, Mark Vaspar, was "bought and sold," and had "sold" them and the rest of the confederacy. To give them proof, he put them into the small dressing-room, bidding them apply their eyes and ears to crevices he had previously made, and they would soon become aware of the truth of what he told them.

On the bank of the river we have described as circumscribing the wood in whose limits Peeche was destroyed, was an extensive meadow, surrounded by grounds wooded, and considerably elevated above its own level. On the night after the occurrence of the scene last narrated, a convocation of miners belonging to the society, to the number of about a thousand, were met here. Nothing could be more picturesque than this assemblage, as they stood together in the bright moonlight, with their curious caps and cowls, their loose and peculiarly shaped clothes, and their hands and faces all of one deep and mystic black. Many of them, too, had stuck in their caps their small tin lamps, which, reflecting the pale moonbeams, sparkled strangely, giving a most unearthly aspect to those who wore them. In short, if a painter had to limn some diabolic conclave described by a German romancer as assembled on the Walpurgis night, this meeting would have afforded him an admirable study. They stood and reclined pretty much in a double circle, with their orators in the midst, and had about twenty or thirty scouts on the high grounds around, whose duty it was, customarily, on any person being seen, to observe him closely—if he were not dangerous, to detain him from advancing; if he were, to give a signal agreed upon, when the whole meeting would disperse, either for the night, or to assemble elsewhere.

To this assembly went, of his own accord, Mark Vaspar. Such a proceeding would seem madness, but Mark did nothing without a purpose—the purpose of this was revenge against his brother. He knew the attempt was fraught with the greatest danger to himself; nevertheless he *had hopes* of leading the men to some wholesale attack upon Edmund—

some "do or die" business upon which he had not yet resolved, leaving its nature to be determined by after circumstances. He hoped to completely satisfy the men that the account they might have heard was false or mistaken—trusting to his great influence over them, his long management of them, the apparent improbability of one who had suffered and done so much for them betraying them, but placing his chief confidence in his own talent, tact, and powers of persuasion. But he was mistaken: he found the men entirely predetermined against him, treating him on his approach with a sneering malignity that boded the worst evil. There is no crime for which the working orders have a greater detestation than treachery—especially treachery to themselves, even suspicion of it at once condemns.

He was immediately seized, and subjected to a regular trial by jury—a form of procedure which he himself had instituted among them, and at all previous instances of which he had himself presided. Not "the man Charles Stuart" at the bar of an incensed people could be more surprised at the novelty of his situation than was Mark Vaspar before the judgment of those he had so long and so implicitly ruled, for good or bad, with not standard but his own opinion. Nevertheless he nerved himself for the hazard, and stood collected and firm, resolved to make the best of every word that should be spoken, every incident that could occur. The evidence against him was damning. There were the four witnesses, each examined separately, and all agreeing in their black and unanswerable tale, which no cross-questioning from Mark could shake in the smallest iota. Then there was brought forward a copy, on paper, of his disclosures, and another of the letter guaranteeing him the money, which had been taken, by permission of Edmund, by Peter Watkin, who happened to be able to write a little, having been taught that little by Mark himself, years before. These last appeared to sink his heart considerably; nevertheless, he entered on a long and most able defence, if intricate sophistry be a proof of ability. He endeavored to urge the falsity of the accusation, but his own bare assertion was all the proof he could offer. He labored much to persuade them that the view his accusers had taken of the matter was altogether an erroneous one—his whole apparent disclosures having been but part of a scheme to dupe his brother and the other masters, from whom there was great danger impending on them; with much in the same tenor. He dwelt greatly besides on the length and value of his services; but all was in vain; he was found most clearly and barefacedly guilty by the jury, and the whole meeting, as his judges, proceeded to pass sentence upon him by vote. It was DEATH.

He was immediately surrounded and marched away to a place about a mile distant, where was an exhausted coal-pit, known to be eighty fathoms, or four hundred and eighty feet in depth. After receiving his sentence he spoke not a word till his arrival at the mouth of the mine. He walked along, looking in a solemn, absent manner, straight before him, and once or twice raised his eyes, and gazed with an earnest glance at the starry firmament, which was that night exceedingly bright and glorious. What thoughts were passing in a mind like his in such circumstances—whether horror of the future—repentance of the past—the gall-

ing feeling of for ever disappointed revenge against his brother, or envy if the latter's triumph compared with his own miserable defeat—whether dread of the hideous death he knew he was moving to, or ideas of escape and freedom—we cannot imagine, nor will attempt to say.

On reaching the mouth of the mine he was told he would have five minutes allowed him wherein to say his prayers, and one offered him a methodist hymn-book—probably the only book of any description in all that assemblage. He motioned it away with a bitter smile, and, turning, asked one who stood by to lend him a small iron tool in his hand. With some hesitation it was lent. Taking it in his hand, he knelt down, and began to trace with it, on a smooth flat stone that lay near the brink, some strange lines and curves. It was the figure of a proposition in Newton's *Principia*, demonstrating the regular motion of the planets in elliptical orbits.

They could not conceive what this might mean, but, as he kept cutting the figure deeper and deeper into the stone, interrupted him, telling him "Time was up." They then bound his hands behind him and his feet together, and placed him standing on the edge of the yawning shaft. While the rest stood round in a dense circle, one advanced, and, standing near, pushed him. And he went somewhat slowly, inclining from his balance over the fearful brink, he gave no cry, but, with a convulsive effort of his mighty strength, wrenched one arm free from the fastenings that bound it, and, clutching the man who had pushed him by the fluttering, loose, and ragged clothes, drew him with him, and, ere the latter had time to utter one wild scream, down they went together, knocking and smashing against the rocky sides of the pit; a distant, faintly-heard, heavy blow telling when their broken bodies struck the bottom.

The thousand men stood listening appalled. A humming whisper stirred among them—"It was Young Crow!" and breaking up into groups, they hurriedly left the place, and in five minutes were completely dispersed. And that was the last meeting of the combination society.

And so Mark Vaspar passed away, leaving behind him no memorial of his crimes or his talents, save the muttered curse in the mouths of those he had betrayed, who were bound by their secret oaths not to breathe his name even in solitude, and the strange figure cut in the stone, a mystery to all that saw it, at the spot where he met his death.

His fate was not known, even to his brother, for some years, when he was informed of it, in language uncouth but strikingly forcible, in an anonymous threatening letter. Up to that time he believed he had acceded on the night after being denounced, as nothing was found in his cottage save the furniture, which was claimed for rent and taxes.

But let us trace the after life of Edmund. He was successful in business to a singularity; everything seemed to flourish with him, save that he had no children. But with all this no creature could give even outward evidence of being more miserable. It was remarked by all with whom he came into contact that he appeared a very picture of remorse and mental agony, and this was especially evident after the period at which he became informed of the fate of his brother.

About this time he took to the private consumption of opium, which

he carried to such an extent that it brought him to the brink of the grave. He was confined to bed at last, dying with all the loathsome symptoms attendant on death from such a cause. A medical practitioner who was called to prescribe for him, on hearing the nature of the case, at once completely stopped the opium. But deprivation of the stimulating drug seemed only to accelerate his dissolution, and at length he ceased to breathe.

He was buried in a vault beneath the church of the parish in which his house was situated. There was a small loophole in the wall, guarded by a crossed stanchion of rusty iron, nearly eaten through by the damp air.

"At that time," said the gentleman from whom we had the incidents of the above tale, "I was apprentice to a surgeon in the town of ———, about ten miles from Weldon Edge. There were several others in the place, and we all knew each other—indeed, formed a society for mutual instruction.

"Now one of us was out near this parish church on the day of the funeral, botanizing, or for some such purpose, and, seeing the sequestered character of the place, and reconnoitering the nature of the vault, formed an idea of stealing away the body of Mr. Vaspar, for the scientific purpose of anatomisation. Communicating the thought to us, three of us set out on the expedition.

"We managed to bend aside one limb of the crossed stanchion, and, being all pretty slim fellows, got through the loophole into the vault with tolerable facility, and commenced digging by the light of a dark lantern, having previously hung up a couple of great coats, by way of blind, before the loophole by which we had entered. Presently we came to the coffin, prized open the lid, and turned aside the drapery to see what sort of a subject we were likely to have.

"To our amazement we found him turned nearly completely around in his coffin! One ankle was dislocated, the leg been firmly locked between the sides; while that part of the bottom on which the head and shoulders lay was flooded with blood, which appeared to have come from the mouth.

We lifted up our heads and looked at each other in horror. He had evidently been buried whilst animation was only suspended, and had recovered consciousness in the grave; and dreadful must have been his vain struggling against the walls and roof of his firm and narrow house. On turning his face up a new dread froze our veins. Never on any countenance, or in any painting, did I see such a ghastly picture of despair; every feature spoke sense of dreadful danger, agony of body, and violent muscular straining, with sudden and total departure of all hope, whilst the mouth appeared to have poured forth gushes of blood.

"We were so struck that two of us were for burying him up again and having nothing to do with him; but the third, who now holds a high rank on the army medical staff, insisted on carrying him off.

"If he was buried alive," said he, 'he is dead enough now for all practical purposes—there is no questioning that phenomenon; so let's precipitate him into the sack, bundle him up, and be off in a hurry. It will be long before we get such a precious chance again.'

"And so we did, filling up the grave, lowering the flag stones that covered it, and bending back to its place the stanchion, so as to leave things as like what they had been as possible.

"The body was dissected in different portions by different students, and each preserved, and carried with him to whatever part of the world fortune and his profession took him from our town, the bones of some of his members, or some of the organs of his body, preserved in spirits. The rest of the flesh, as it was dissected, away piecemeal we flung into the river that ran through the town: nor was it ever suspected that he did anything but sleep undisturbed in his grave."

The end of Mrs. Vaspar was analogous in its misery. After the death of her husband, on whom she doted fondly to the last, it became evident her reason was impaired. She was put under restraint, and all the means that were then used or known in the treatment of mental disorders were put in requisition, but fruitlessly, and she ultimately died mad. Her mania was general—on all subjects; but she had one particular hallucination that took the lead—one scene seemed to be continually passing before her mind, and she would constantly be enacting it, though the precise words and gesticulation might vary at times.

"Edmund, dearest Edmund," so would her ravings run, "how can you think of such a thing? Take him out?—let him perish!—we shall be happy then. No, no! save his life, and you will make me a murderess either of him or myself! We shall never separate more, my love—he is sure to die! Save him?—then you may stab yourself and me! Oh, Edmund, I love you—my heart dotes on you! I have lost my soul for love of you! Take pity on me, and love me—it is all the happiness I can ever have, and happiness indeed it is! Kiss me, Vaspar. We are happy; and he—my curse!—is enduring the worst misery man can suffer—dying of hunger! While the kiss of our endearment falls soft upon the perfumed air of this chamber, his last groans sound hollow in the cold, murky pit! Whilst we are lost in blessed forgetfulness, he sleeps in the arms of death!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE OUTCAST.—A TALE.

Hotel de l'Orient, Marseilles, July 6, 183—.

DEAR ———,

I TAKE the opportunity of the packet's return, to send you the papers of my uncle, of which I spoke. You no doubt thought I was off with them for good, to the disappointment of your curiosity; but the fact of their being among my baggage is altogether owing to my hurried departure on the morning after our last meeting. As I have slender recollection of much that passed that evening, and am not aware whether or not I explained to you their origin, I may as well do it now. The narrative is the production of my uncle, the late Dr. E——, of ———, and refers to a period of about thirty years back, when he was endeavoring to conjure up a practice in England. Why he should ever have written it I cannot imagine, except it were from the difficulty of altogether keeping a secret. He died very suddenly, and these papers, tied up with others of a similar description, old love-letters, &c., came into my possession. You will observe that the names are in cipher, but this is not of much importance, and you can understand the narrative quite as well by supposing names for the personages, such as Jenkins or Snooks, if your taste lie one way, or Howard or Cavendish, if the other. I may mention to you, that, though a member of the doctor's family, and brought up for the most part in his house, I never heard of the circumstances till the papers came into my possession.

* * * * *

It would be tedious to detail the various steps through which my acquaintance with Mr. Emmanuel Jaques, a gentleman of Jewish lineage and persuasion, advanced to intimate friendship. I was endeavoring to establish a practice in a small town a few miles from London, and he inhabited a retired cottage in its vicinity. When I first knew him, an elderly man, by name Conrad Hermann, and a girl about fourteen, called Rachel, resided with him: an aged Hebrew female domestic, and a kitchen girl formed the other occupants of the house. They lived an exceedingly retired life, and drew their support from some sources with which it was long before I became rightly acquainted.

At the time I thus introduce them to you, Mr. Jaques was about twenty-four years of age, and was, upon the whole, a young man of the strangest and most striking appearance, in person, manner, and habits, that I have ever observed. No man could appear more calculated for a complete enjoyment of the pleasures of society, and yet he seemed debarred from them by some strange, invisible chain—some mental barrier, that kept him back from any advances toward his fellow-beings. He was possessed of remarkable beauty of features, with the peculiarities that

are generally held to indicate a Jewish origin discernible upon them. He had, moreover, in all things, very much the aspect of a gentleman; was always remarkably clean and neat in his apparel, but used perfumes to excess. The skin of his hands and the upper part of his face were extremely fair, though on close inspection, you would find it seemed not the common white of the skin, but a sort of dry white, like that of a waxen bust in a perruquier's window. The color on his cheek was delicate and rosy, like the complexion of a female child, yet had also a dry, sapless appearance. A pair of very expressive dark eyes, and hair of a jetty curl, lent their aid to make him what he really was, the finest-faced man I have ever seen.

But Mark! Upon this beautiful face sat an expression the most unique and constant—that of painful depression, varying in its range of poignancy, from melancholy, or even a kind of resigned pensiveness, to the writhing features and upward-strained eyes which seemed to indicate mental anguish unbearable yet hopeless—complete despair, unspoken, because altogether beyond human appreciation or sympathy; and this latter was as the rule—the former was the exception. A person on first observing this would have concluded it to be the despair of religious fanaticism with regard to futurity, for nothing save the idea of a perpetuity of torture—the most extreme which omniscience could invent or omnipotence effect—and that, too, unavoidable, indeed, foreknown and fated from everlasting—could be conceived capable of producing a look so preter-human in its misery and hopelessness—so sublime in its bleak elevation above the common smiles and tears of mankind. But it was not so.

He seemed a being devoid of all regards or sympathies for his kind or their concerns—who walked the world alone, unmoved by its proceedings, uncaring for its opinions, his whole mind being required for one purpose—to concentrate itself under some vast and mysterious affliction—some affliction unmerited, or, if merited, not by the being who thus endured it, but by his erring fathers. His gait was slow and rambling, his aspect abstracted, his whole appearance unlike that of an ordinary man. His singular beauty, his rapt and, at the same time, agonized demeanor, his continual silence and solitude, gave him the appearance of some superior being condemned to fulfil on this earth a dreadful weird, with unseen furies lashing his spirit. Day after day might he be seen with the same costly and careful dress, giving forth the same overpowering odor of distilled essences, idling thoughtfully along a sequestered path, picking his steps with the utmost caution, avoiding with extreme care quarrelsome or suspicious looking people, cattle, dogs, and places where the slightest danger might, by possibility, be imagined; yet seeming as if his dress, as well as the direction or manner of his walk, were a matter of no import to him, his whole interest being engrossed by the mighty hidden woe that was preying upon his spirit. Sometimes the expression of mental torture in his countenance was so fearful, that the neighboring folks, contact with whom he seemed so much to dread, were frightened on their own side, and, shunning his haunts as much as lay in their power, when they could not help meeting him, passed hurriedly by him with a shudder, and a muttered prayer for blessing to themselves. Those who were in

the habit of meeting him much thought him a maniac; and the fact that Mr. Hermann was nearly always seen attending at a distance and watching all his motions, justified this belief. I entertained it at first myself, but afterwards found I was wrong.

Hope was a passion that he had long banished from him as a heartless deceiver; but anger and jealousy would, in certain circumstances, overrun his mind like barbaric hordes, converting everything beautiful or noble into a confused mass of discolored ruin.

His sensibility was excessive: the least kindness he felt and was eminently grateful for; while unkindness, though haply not intentional, wounded him to the soul. Though offered in the way of sympathy, the slightest allusion to the cause of his strange and continual despondency vexed him exceedingly. One could not help immediately seeing the extreme pain and shame he suffered from—it was so plainly evident in his exquisitely expressive face, which seemed as it were a transparency, where every bright or shadowy line of emotion showed itself. He was most gentle in all his words and deeds, and, when he spoke, his voice had a sweet low thrill, as of habitual sorrow.

A favorite pursuit of his, it could not be called amusement, was walking alone, or in company with Mr. Hermann, or afterwards, of myself. His residence afforded great facilities for this, being exceedingly retired, and having a number of sequestered walks hard by.

About a quarter of a mile from our little town, a quiet, lonely-looking lane, half a mile in length, branched off from the London road, leading to an ancient gateway of the manor-house. The house was in three divisions, completely separate; one, and the largest, was inhabited by Mr. Jaques, and in it were a couple of rooms into which no foot save his own ever entered—from these last, strange odors often issued, as of burning. The second division was inhabited by Mr. Hermann and the girl Rachel, who passed as his daughter; and here were accumulated all luxuries of oriental or western production. The third was allotted to the servants, containing the kitchen, &c.

Mr. Hermann was a foreigner, spoke broken English, and was evidently upwards of seventy years of age. It was through him all business was transacted—all purchases made; and he appeared also to act as a sort of teacher or mentor both to Mr. Jaques and Rachel, having a sort of habitual authority which both tacitly obeyed. He had very much the aspect of a foreign Jew, and spoke German well—still, however, with the appearance of its not being his mother tongue. He had evidently travelled a great deal, though he was taciturn, and indisposed to talk of his past life.

The girl who called herself Rachel also appeared not to be a native of this country, and spoke the language with a sweetly slight foreign accent, though she knew no other save by book acquirement, with the exception of a few words, hard in their sound and full of consonants, which she had for day, night, father, mother, ground, water, and the like objects, and which she said hovered about her mind as if she had heard them in a dream. She was a beautiful creature, such as you would likely see once or twice in a stirring lifetime. She was faultless in beauty of form

and face, as if Heaven had intended her for a model, to be set up against men's ideals, to prove that nature was still the proper standard of the beautiful. She seemed the child of a race whose natural perfection has never been deteriorated by any of the many causes that tend to misshape the frame—of a race whose limbs have been deformed by no slavish labor—whose skin has never been discolored by unwholesome food, cosmetics, or day slumber and nocturnal activity—whose blood is uncontaminated with the virus of royal and aristocratic diseases—who for ages, free, healthy, unrefined, have preserved the pristine and natural beauty and symmetry of animal man.

She had no trace of Hebrew origin in her countenance, nor did it, indeed, seem to bespeak her of any race or kindred; she appeared to be of the perfect race from which all others have branched, taking from circumstances their distinguishing peculiarities. Yet she was not a mere beauty—she was a warm-hearted, gentle-tempered thing, of a disposition to cling for protection, and repay it with endearment. She had talents, too, and taste, natural and therefore true—was apt at imitation, and could speedily manufacture for herself any thing light or graceful. Modest she was—humble, innocent, and unsuspecting; anxious to please, and prone to fall in love, unguardedly and wholly.

A strange family did they seem, those three, so incongruous in their characters and habits, yet all so sequestered from society!

I had become a frequent inmate of the cottage, and my company was eagerly welcomed by all within it. I had completely acquired the confidence of Mr. Jaques, affording him what he had long pined for—a friend. I had much conversation with him, for he often sought information as to what was passing and had passed in the world, from which he was otherwise completely shut out. By and by I began to walk with him, though, from his excessive avoidance of danger, I was often put to annoyance—an annoyance, however, which I was careful to conceal. Thus, once at a sharp turn we met a gang of gipsies advancing toward us: immediately he stopped, staggered toward the hedge, and stood still, pale and trembling, for they were too close upon him to allow of his retreat. One of the men, as they passed, seeing his trepidation, and desiring to make a bit of fun out of it for his comrades, rushed up near him, leaped into the air, flourished his stick, and brought it down with a loud blow on a box of tinkering tools, at the same time shouting a great oath. Poor Jaques fell against the hedge with his eyes closed and the muscles of his face twitching as if he were in a fit, while the color left not only his cheeks but his lips, which quivered now and again. The gipsy, laughing loudly, went on his way, talking with contempt of the scented lady-face. I flew to the side of Jaques and took his arm—he started up, looking wildly around, as if he would have taken to his heels.

"Nonsense!" said I, "what alarms you?"

"What!" replied he; "a fate worse to me than death could be to you—worse to me and the people from whom I spring, and therefore more dreaded. I am a horrible stigma on my race—I fear not so much for myself."

"I thought you had fainted away."

"No," said he, "I *dare not faint*. I am cursed; and, vast as my curse is, as long as it is known but to myself, it is shorn of half its terrors. If I faint I am lost for ever. Death itself offers no refuge for me. I must still live on, and suffer still—a shame, an outcast, a blot on human kind."

"But my dear Jaques, this absurd fear, which makes us both so ridiculous—"

"Fear—fear! God of my kindred, how gladly would I submit to torture, to death in its most dreadful form, were I to be freed by it from this dread burden! How readily would I this moment shatter this poor body like a vessel of clay, were it not for what would come after!"

"Compose yourself, my dear sir. You shall have my arm down to the cottage. I never saw a man in such excitement—how you shake!"

"Is it not a woful fate, my good E——? Not only does this misery grind me down both spirit and body, but entails upon me every evil imputation—cowardice, horrible sins, remorse for great crimes, madness, and from the lower orders unhallowed practices with devils. Bear with me, dear E——; if you know me innocent of the others, do not consider me a slave to fear. I have but two fears—one, of the great curse under which I suffer; the other, of the Being that saw fit to lay it upon me."

"But what has that to do with such nonsense as the gipsy's antics?"

"He might be tempted to strike, or he might do it accidentally; and the blow that might be a trifle to another man might be my utter ruin. Alas! you cannot understand it. I hold what is dearer than life but by the strength of a single hair—I cannot even die without the exposure of the everlasting shame of myself and my people: and yet death is ever drawing nearer and nearer, and, however guarded, it must ultimately be revealed; but then I shall not be alive to know the horror, the shame, the astonishment."

Another time, in conversation, he asked me if I knew of any death which withdrew the body utterly from the earth, so that no atom of it might ever meet the sight of any intelligent creature.

I told him that to have the body sunk in the ocean, with weights attached, was the only way I could think of at the time.

"Yes," said he: "but, in the progress of decay, the weights might get separated, and the dead body would rise, a blasting testimony to the eyes of frightened mariners."

I directed my mind to the thought for a little, and then related to him the following circumstance:—

"I was once visiting an extensive iron-smelting work, which had been more than a century in active operation. I may mention to you that all the materials used are poured into the furnaces—which are high circular towers of large dimensions—from the top; there being no other apertures into them, save the two holes where the air is blown in, one to draw off the liquid iron, and one, at a higher level, to draw off the slag or refuse, which floats above it, being lighter. The materials then, coal, iron-ore, and limestone, are hoisted to the top of these furnace-towers, and, by men stationed there, precipitated from the trucks into their blazing interiors. Now one of these towers was shown me, into which a man fell, along with truck, materials, and all. It was nonsense to think of doing any

thing, as he must have been *fused* immediately, for the melting heat of cast iron is equivalent to upwards of 6000 of Fahrenheit's scale, and the temperature in these furnaces is always much higher; so all that could be done was but to send another man to the top to continue the work, with advice to take care of himself."

"And did no vestige of the man remain?" cried he

"Not two atoms of him continued in vital or chemical combination. The metal buttons of his clothes must have become like water in an instant, and mingled with the liquid iron; the lime of his bones must have gone into the slag, and his flesh passed among the carbon."

"That is the death for me!" cried he, with eager enthusiasm, while I staggered back, at once in horror at such a sentiment, and wonder to hear it uttered so earnestly by one who would quail at the wind among the trees lest a bough should fall upon him.

"That," he continued, "or a volcano; and I would seek it to-morrow, were it not for the danger to be incurred in seeking it."

And yet this man was really perfectly sane; at least there was nothing the matter with his faculty of judgment. The foregoing may give an idea of the gloomy nature of his conversation, according so well with the despairing expression of his face. Again, he would speak to me in this way:—

"Could you imagine a curse upon the soul and upon the body, from almost birth, of a creature who has done nothing to deserve it—a curse which of itself effectually prevents all sin in its victim, save that of blasphemy—which at once stands a monstrous barrier between him and his species, and hangs upon him like a putrifying carcass bound to him wherever he goes—which as a flaming sword waves between him and all the pleasures man usually covets—power, wealth, society, wine, and, oh my heart! above all, *love*—deprives him of every good, and, at the same time, contains concentrated in itself every evil, for which there is no remedy, no hope, no alleviation—of which death, the refuge from all other evils, will only increase the horror tenfold? That curse is mine: it was fixed upon me while a child, ere yet I could merit it by any sin; but a mysterious tenet of my ancient people holds that among them the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children an hundred fold."

"It must be indeed a strange and mysterious thing—a dreadful thing—that makes you so different from other men. Why do you appear so fixed against my knowing of it?—I might be able to suggest a cure or an alleviation.

"A cure!—an alleviation!—oh, Father!" here he stood still and threw up his hands to heaven, while the most agonizing expression of pain and despair filled his features.

"At least," said I, sorry that I had so excited him, "the consolations of a friend are welcome under all inflictions, and you know when I speak thus it is with the best and sincerest intentions."

"I know it, dear E—, I know it: if you have any kindness for me, give your unquestioning friendship; it is a solace I with all my soul desire, though Heaven knows I can never repay it save with the regard of a *poor, helpless, hopeless, despicable being, the blasted and accursed object*

of Heaven's mysterious wrath. Seek to know nothing of me, but take me as you find me, with my misery, my groans, and my despair. If you seek more I shall begin to fear you with greater terror than you would fear the grave. Leave me alone to my wretchedness: I must have been created for it, and no other being can partake it with me."

On another occasion, I remember well, he was speaking to me as we sat together in the cottage. Rachel, who was now getting a superb girl, between fifteen and sixteen, but tall and beautifully developed for her age, had just left the room for half an hour's absence upon some of her own avocations.

"Oh!" said he, with bitterness, "if there is one portion of my great misery that tries me more in thought than another, it is this—that love—love, that passion which is the cause, remote or proximate, of all the joys of life to other men, must be to me for ever a fountain sealed—I can never know what it is to be addressed 'beloved,' or called by the dear name of 'father!' No: I may love, but who shall love me again?—I may love, but I must nourish the hopeless feeling in my own bosom, and add it to the heap of woes that is there!—I may love, but, if my passion's object knew what I really am, she would die of horror and disgust! Look at that bright being! I love her—oh, how fondly and how sadly! She is, like me, an outcast, and was sent to me to be a solace to me: but little do they know that sent her the heart that beats here! I love her, and I believe she loves me too, though she is all cheerfulness and joy, I all misery and gloom. Alas! alas! this dear Rachel, that has been my companion—my pet—even as my own child—from her infancy—did she but know what a being lived under the roof-tree with her!" Here he bent forward upon the table, and remained silent for a long time.

I used to love much to talk with him about his own religion and people. I found the feeling with which he regarded Christians had nothing of enmity or any bad sentiment in it, though he often alluded to the wrongs his nation had received from us, who owed them so much, and who, moreover, should in honor have treated them, as strangers, at least with kindness, on the principles of hospitality. He merely considered us as good men, but in the wrong, and had an idea that his nation had peculiar claims upon the Almighty beyond all others—that they were the *king nation*, as he said. He used to delight to dwell upon the old records of Jewish glory—their struggles, their wars, their defections, religion, and laws.

"I myself," he once said, with much bitterness of tone, "am a living monument of their old transgressions, plagues, and punishments."

"But, Jaques," said I, anxious to change the conversation, "what do you believe will be the ultimate fate of your people, in connexion with other nations?"

"I believe that in the fulness of time all people will see the falsity of their various faiths, and the truth of that preserved and suffered for through ages by the Jews—that the latter will then take a pre-eminence, not so much political as moral, over all the world."

As my familiarity at the house went on, I found myself daily more and more welcome, not only to Jaques but to Mr. Hermann, who seemed to have some communication of importance to make to me, but always to

procrastinate its delivery ; but chiefly to Rachel, who appeared to feel a perfect happiness in my society.

"How is it," said she to me once, "that you laugh and jest, and are always smiling and in good spirits, just like me ? I thought that all men were gloomy and sorrowful, like Mr. Hermann and Mr. Jaques. Poor Mr. Jaques ! how beautiful a creature he is ! but then he is always so unhappy ! What a pity he is not like us ! I could love him so ; for besides his beautiful face, he is very kind, very kind to me—never says anything harsh, like Mr. Hermann, nor even reproves my glee, save with his own silent sadness."

"And do you not love him as he is, Rachel ?"

"Oh, I love him very much, but he is always so repulsive, as if he feared me—as if he had something in his thoughts he dreaded I might discover ; and, though he is very kind to me, yet gloomy despondent kindness is cold, cold."

By and by I began to dread that some irresistible passion for this fearful outcast was about to usurp all my mind, and that my happiness was going to be centred in a creature of whom I knew nothing save that she was very beautiful, and in all things simple as a child. I knew she loved me with her whole heart and with more than the common devotion of woman—for she had no choice of lovers : her feeling for Jaques, much as he loved her, was more of compassion than love, mingled probably with admiration of his good looks, and gratitude for his kindnesses and attention. But for me alone I was convinced she felt the passion of love : I knew it by ten thousand tokens, in actions, expressions, eye, and gesture ; and, more, I saw that she knew of my knowing it, and felt a fluttering pleasure thereat.

Still I continued as familiar about that cottage almost as a member of the household, nor was it long before what I dreaded came to pass. I was bound to it as by an irresistible spell, and my whole thoughts, which should have been directed to doing all things in furtherance of my professional connexion and to fostering into strength my infant practice, were devoted with absorbing anxiety to this fair young creature. I may state that any open connexion with the inhabitants of that cottage was decidedly inimical to that immaculate respectability which is necessary to the rise of a young medical man ; for they were retired persons, of strange and foreign aspect, apparently following no lawful avocations, nor attending the worship of the church nor of any form of dissent ; and in a small community, where every one knows and discusses his neighbors' affairs as much as his own, the familiarity of one person alone among such people directed attention to him generally and unfavorably. I found this to be the case with me—that I became an object of almost as much remark and suspicion as my strange friends. My practice, limited as it was, fell off daily, and at last my occupation was gone. Moreover, my friends in the town became chary of admitting me to their society, or being seen with me in public. All this was, I am certain, in a great measure owing to my complete silence to all questions—and they were numerous—put to me with regard to my mysterious associates.

But while I had this heavy care weighing upon my mind, I began to be

aware of the bitter jealousy of Mr. Jaques: and whilst I felt that I had not played an altogether honorable part in allowing the affections of the girl to become fixed on me, I yet felt it would have been impossible for me to have avoided it by any other steps. Moreover, though I was ignorant of her origin, or the relation in which she stood to either Hermann or Jaques, I yet felt that, though both should appear the most mean and dishonorable, even infamous, so deeply and strongly had she, good or bad, fixed herself on my affections, that infamy and public contempt with her would be to me not equivalent to the bliss of her love.

Jaques' jealousy grew even more and more rankling, and his anger more vehement, and both, acting on his despair for himself, produced paroxysms of passion at once most violent in themselves and heartrending to be witnessed. At one time he would assail me with the blackest epithets, accuse me of worming myself into his confidence, and coming into his house under the mask of false friendship, to seduce from him the only being who held him in regard; he would impute to me the most criminal intentions and conduct, say everything he thought would wound me, and, when his attack upon me was exhausted, would launch into exclamations of wild lament and blasphemous expressions and cries of agony, that no one, however used to them, could bear to listen to. He would order me from his house, never to see him more; and, if I offered to go, would implore me to stay.

"You must not, you shall not go!" he would scream. "You have us in your power—you will expose us—you will betray what you have seen. Oh, fool, fool that I was, to be duped by such shallow artifices!"

Then he would revert to his own misery and despair, and rave wildly and incoherently, with frantic gestures and writhing features, till he became utterly exhausted in strength, and remained trembling, pale as death, unable to speak above a whisper, or weeping silently and copiously. Shortly afterwards he would address me, beseeching pardon.

"Oh, forgive me, E——," he would say; "I am a poor slave of passion—I never doubted your truth and honor. You have ruined your prospects through your friendship for me, I know. And what am I? In one way a poor, ignorant, uneducated, spiritless, afflicted creature; in another, a being under Heaven's dreadful ban—an outcast—a reproach to humanity—a blotch on the fair front of his species. Oh! what return can I ever make to you? There is Rachel—take her—make her your own. You love one another, and are happy in your love; I love her also—but what is love to me?—misery. A hideous barrier stands for ever between us; why then should I make it also come between you? But one thing: when you are happy with her—and I know you will be—do not forget the poor creature to whom it is decreed that woe in this world shall alone be known."

But Rachel and myself, observing the feelings with which he appeared to regard our intimacy, only loved each other with more fondness, and, in our conversations with one another, began to make as it were one cause together. Thus all confidences were interchanged between us, and in many sweet walks and other interviews we communicated our mutual histories.

She told me she did not know of what country she was a native—she could not recollect any land but my own; of her parentage, too, she was entirely ignorant. She had lived at the cottage ever since she was a child, and had all that time seen no one near, or to speak to, save Mr. Hermann, Mr. Jaques and the two women-servants. She had not all that time observed any difference in either, save that the former seemed growing older and more feeble. She had been brought to the cottage by the old female, Tamar, and faintly remembered being with her for many days in a ship at sea. Her life, since then, had passed in one monotonous course, with a portion of which I was fully acquainted. She owned, to my delighted ears, that she loved me with her whole heart—if love meant the fact that she could never be happy, or even at rest in her mind, out of my society; that she would go with me anywhere, and always be kind to me—that she would leave Mr. Jaques, Mr. Hermann, Sarah, the cottage, garden, dog, and all, with eager readiness, to be my humble and affectionate servant. Now here was a young creature, loving and ravishingly lovely, whom, by remarkable circumstances, I had altogether in my power, and might have taught to sin. Did I? I fear that, were it known, most gentlemen of spirit would consider me a contemptible fool for the course I did pursue. I endeavored to explain to her the higher doctrines of morals—the principles of natural religion, and afterwards of revelation. She heard with eager ears, trusting me in everything; indeed, she could not but believe me, for her heart so inclined to me, that every sentence I uttered was received and loved as if it were a portion of myself. Thereafter I taught her the tenets of that branch of the great Protestant faith upon which I saw fit to rest my own prospects for futurity. I found that by this her feelings toward me were increased to an intensity of which I had previously no conception, unacquainted as I had been hitherto with woman's love.

But, while this was going forward, Mr. Hermann, who had been gradually declining in health, sank at length so far as to be confined to his bed. I had now been between five and six years familiar about the place, during which time my aid, in the way of my profession, had frequently relieved him. But it was evident to me that the system was exhausted, and I perceived, on conversing on the subject, that his own opinion coincided with mine.

I now began to be aware of a remarkable anxiety in the old man. I have stated that for some time back he had appeared to labor under some communication of importance, which he could not bring himself to make to me; and this weight on his mind was now become so harassing as seriously to aggravate his complaint. I could hardly conceive a man so shaken, even with the thought of confessing a murder, as this man was. Often he would seem to have made up his resolution,—but the words would appear to stick in his throat, while the agitation was certain to induce a paroxysm of his malady—a dry asthma, followed by great and long-continued weakness. I observed his frequent communication with Mr. Jaques, and also that the effect of these interviews was to exacerbate the misery of the latter to an extraordinary degree. His jealousy and freaks of passion had altogether gone from him, and he appeared as if

Rachel had also completely left his thoughts, though both she and I were always near. He gave himself up almost entirely to solitude, and the expression of shame, and also of horror, sat continually upon his remarkable countenance, while his paroxysms of wailing and imprecation, in the privacy of his own apartments, were excessive and unremitting; so that I often, even in the lonely road by the demesne, have heard his cries. He never left the cottage, nor within was he ever at rest, but was continually starting and shifting about, wandering from room to room, like an animal to whose body some one has affixed a tormenting instrument.

At length, one day, they seemed to have come to a determination, and Mr. Hermann unbosomed himself to me. He was now very weak—so weak as to be unable to sit up or to speak louder than a thick whisper. Jaques had been for several hours closeted with him, and now stood by his bedside, silent, deadly pale, and with his eyes strangely sparkling.

"Mr. E——," said the old man, "I have not many hours to live, I believe: but, before I die, there is a communication which must be made to some one, and I have at length persuaded Mr. Jaques to submit to having it made to you, for it regards him alone. Your profession, your circumstances, the long friendship you have borne for him, the excellence of your heart, your firm discretion, and your strong passion for Rachel, all unite to make you appear, as it were, a person appointed by Providence to know and guard the awful secret of his affliction. You are aware that I was always absolutely necessary to him, and somebody must ever be, for he is a creature utterly powerless and helpless: he cannot mingle with society—from that he is for ever debarred; for he could not travel—he could not indulge in wine—he could not lose command of himself for a moment—the slightest accident could not happen to him—without a discovery being made, of which my mind cannot conceive the consequences, whether to himself, to his family and people, or to the public. But it is right I should first inform you who he is. He is the eldest son of the late ——, a foreign Jew, of great wealth. For many centuries there has not been such a thing among our people as what I am about to relate to you. Its causes who can tell? But his father, when he saw it, broke his heart, declined, and died. Jaques, your friend, with whom you have been for years in daily intimacy, is a miserable——"

"Do not name the accursed word!" shrieked Jaques, with frantic gestures—and, springing away, while his whole frame shook, and his face flushed to crimson, and his eyes seemed to flame in their orbits, he rent his clothes in pieces, and stood before my bewildered eyes—A LEPER! Yes! with the exception of the head and neck, and hands and feet, his whole frame was a scaly mass of horrible leprosy—oh! most horrible! I could not look upon him, but covered my face with my hands, and staggered back, feeling sick—sick and feeble; and for a moment consciousness left me. I fainted, and fell upon the carpet. Presently the horizontal position restored me to recollection, and, sitting up, the horrible scene came back upon my mind. I felt as one awakened from sleep, and recollecting a frightful dream. I looked,—Jaques was gone; but there on the floor lay the torn and scattered fragments of his dress, and in bed near me lay Hermann, with his head turned away towards the wall.

I do not think I was ever so wrought upon by any emotion as I was by the mingled surprise, horror, disgust, and dread, that hideous spectacle produced in me. I remained for several minutes seated on the floor, feeble in limbs as a child, and utterly at a loss to direct my thoughts fixedly to any subject. At length, observing a bottle of wine, from which I had been compounding some negus for the dying man, I snatched it, and swallowed a long draught.

Thereupon, rising, I approached the bedside to see the state of Mr. Hermann. Slowly and languidly he turned his head round upon the pillow, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You have seen?" said he.

"I have," I replied, and an involuntary shudder passed over me as I spoke.

"You will be aware, then, at once, of the cause of my poor friend's fear, misery, and despair. You will see, from your own medical knowledge, that there is no hope of any alleviation."

"None, except in death!"

"No! it cannot be—he must still live on, and drag out his wretched existence. Suicide would expose the body to the public gaze, and drag the veil from the ancient shame of our race. He must not die! I am convinced it is only this consideration that in some manner keeps the poor creature—more sensitive as he is than any woman—from sinking and perishing under the weight of his awful affliction; discovery of his secret by any one would be death to him, and that most fearful death which springs from mental pangs. You will see that by this he is shut out from all communion with his fellow-men. You know your own disgust, though you have known him for years, and been his most intimate friend; nor can I conceal mine, though I have been his attendant from birth. He knows this and feels it. Oh, how bitterly the wretch feels it!"

"True," said I, "he was right—all pleasures must be for ever unknown to him. He must be for ever a solitary. Oh, what an accumulation of miseries crush the poor hopeless being! none of those enjoyments that make life bearable to other men, can, by possibility ever be his! he must live aye in the gnawing feeling of ungratifiable affections—and no hope—no hope! He must be perpetually a burden—a disgust—a nuisance to himself and all who know his horrible secret—a modern Philoctetes, with poisoned wounds. And too, there is no way by which he may deliver his spirit from this bondage—every avenue of escape from his curse is by that very curse blocked up!"

"But to let you understand why I have made this communication: I hope that when I am gone you will take your poor friend under your protection, and be to him what I have been, with this difference, that, where I have been a faithful servant, you will be a confidential friend. He is, I may tell you, possessed of vast wealth, which he is for ever incapable of using; and this, as you have ruined your own prospects through attachment to him, he will place completely at your disposal, the only drawback upon it being his society, which, it would appear, for five years past or more you have not considered any burden. If you accept this proposal *Rachel is yours*. She is a Georgian girl, bought in the slave-market at

Constantinople, by order of his relations, and sent here under charge of Tamar, the housekeeper. She was brought here at five years old, and intended to be reared up in the belief that all men were the same as Jaques, in order that she might become a companion and solace to him when, in the course of things, I should be removed. From different causes, among which were the exceeding shame of Jaques, his high sense of honor, and his disgust at the immoral nature of the whole proceeding, this was never attempted to be carried into effect, and she is now to all ignorant of this secret, which, although it may be a bitter heartburning to many abroad, is in England known but to you, to its unfortunate subject, and to myself. That Rachel is beautiful, innocent, and good, you are yourself aware; and I swear, as one swears who is laid on such a bed as mine, that she is intact and immaculate as the blue sky of heaven. Her you will marry, if the proposal be agreeable to you, and take possession of this house as the master of it. You will find under my charge nearly two thousand pounds in cash, and Mr. Jaques will procure you as much more as you like, by what will seem a sort of magic."

"Alas! poor fellow! I have already been deeply obliged by him."

"Him I recommend to the compassion and kindness of you both, trusting you will make his path to the grave as gentle as I am convinced it will be short. I am sure you will do this; for if his disposition and manners were such as to win your friendship unaided, how much more will your pity and affection be attracted when you know that without your protection this friend is nought, that more than his existence depends on your kindness and discretion, and that the poor creature dotes upon you both as the only beings to whom he has ever borne regard?"

"I accept the proposal with joy," cried I. "My good Hermann, repose in peace: rely on me, that the same as I have been hitherto will I continue to be; all the cares, comforts, and mitigations my profession can suggest shall be applied, and my whole time and attention shall be devoted to him in soothing and palliation. I will be his constant companion and guard, and the aim of my every action shall be to lighten the burden of his misery."

"I am content," replied Herman, "and with your assistance will send to his relations abroad a notification of the circumstances, with other suitable communications."

And thereupon we had a conversation of some time, until he seemed very much exhausted. I then sought Jaques but he was locked in his own rooms, to which, on knocking, I found him indisposed to admit me.

Next, day, however, on going to the cottage, I found him dressed carefully as usual, and waiting for me. He had the appearance of one to whom some sudden and great bereavement had taken place. He had an aspect, too, humiliated, almost grovelling; for his shame at the revelation made to me was excessive, and he looked as if he could not stand up in my presence. He was seated by a table, with his head leaning forward upon his arms, weeping much. When I spoke to him he dropped upon his knees, and began to implore forgiveness for the imposition that he had practised upon me in palming upon me as a friend, for so long a time, the vilest wretch breathing. I entreated him to calm himself, and, when I had

restored him to his seat, blamed him greatly that this disclosure had not been made to me years before, when I might have put in requisition all the re-sources of my professional and general information to relieve or palliate his sufferings—if impossible with regard to those of the body, yet with strong hope of success as far as concerned those of the mind. I then begged him to believe that my feelings towards him were not at all changed—that I had acquired a new feeling in addition to regard—that feeling we entertain for those who are helpless of themselves, and dependent on us for protection.

The old man expired on the fourth day after the communication with regard to Jaques. He died in peace, apparently without a trouble on his mind, save the parting from his attached and grateful friend rather than master, who, on his own side, seemed to feel the bereavement acutely. Rachel, too, mourned his loss with bitter and heartfelt sorrow, mingled with a powerful feeling of dread; for heretofore she had never known more of what death was than hearing the word spoken, or meeting it held up as a terror in her reading. For many days after, on coming suddenly upon her, I would find her weeping, and her general spirits received a shock from which it was long ere they recovered.

Under my directions the body was interred in a vault under one of the churches in our little town, which I purchased at a great expense, intending it, as it was safe from all violation, for the final rest of his master.

I now took up my residence at the cottage, and at once, almost to my surprise, found myself master of unlimited funds. With these I began to secure every comfort I could devise for my patient and friend, and to accumulate a library of books on scientific subjects, and others, after my own heart. All luxuries of the table I likewise provided, and all of the cellar, and, indeed, devoted my whole time to his interests and comfort.

I had not been long at the cottage till, having agreed with Rachel on the matter, I consulted Jaques with regard to her baptism. He made no objections. "For surely," said he, "your religion cannot be a bad one, if it be according to its principles you have acted in your connexion with me. It is well that she should be a Christian—for me, I must cling to the tenets of my people."

But when, some days after, I spoke to him of our marriage, I found a very different result. He consented readily, and wished me with her all joy, but fell immediately after into a dark mood I thought ominous of no good.

Nevertheless we were wedded—as privately as possible, with no more witnesses than the law required. On the day of the marriage I observed about Jaques enough to convince me that he had some intentions of the darkest description, which I could not rest without thoroughly investigating, the more as he bade us both farewell when he left us, bursting into tears as he did so and wringing my hand, with a warmth and an expression of grasp, if I can be permitted such a phrase, that all but drew from me the same tokens of affection: for I reflected that I was taking to myself for ever the girl he doted on, with no excuse save that I felt for her as strong an affection; and that he, from no demerit of his own, was unfit to possess her, while my claim, on the contrary, arose from no merit of mine.

So strongly did a fear of some catastrophe oppress me, that I could not help, ere I myself retired, entering his apartments.

I found him laid on his bed, apparently in a deep sleep, a strong-smelling, stifling smoke pervading the room, which appeared to issue from beneath it. Panic-struck I snatched his arm, and endeavored to rouse him, but he continued to slumber on, as if under the influence of some sporific drug. I shook him and shouted in his ear, but he only answered in indistinct murmurings. For a moment my mind failed me—I was unable to resolve on any course of conduct; but this indecision was of short duration. Examining beneath his bed, I discovered a pile of wood—a regular funeral pile—partially on fire.

His object now rushed forcibly upon my thoughts, and the conversation I have detailed in the earlier part of this narrative at the same time rose vividly before my mind. He had evidently stupified himself with opium, with a view to the incineration of his body.

Immediately I caught him in my arms, carried him to another apartment, and then, returning, seized, as rapidly as I could, the burning billets, and, scorching my hands and arms very much as I did it, thrust them, one by one, out of the window, through the iron stanchions, into the flower-plot before the cottage.

I had enclosed a large field behind the garden, intending it to be a sort of exercise-ground. It was fenced, temporarily, with wooden stakes daubed with tar, until a wall could be built, and these he had carried into the house, during my absence, to such a quantity, as must, if discovered on fire a few minutes later, have involved us all in one conflagration.

As soon as I had sufficiently cleared the room of these stakes, I hastened to where I had left him, with my hands so scorched, that on anything I touched they left a cuticle behind; nevertheless, I immediately proceeded to administer the strongest and most certain emetic I knew of, namely, sulphate of zinc, or white vitriol, at the same time raising him up and endeavoring to make him use his limbs.

Shortly the medicine acted, and I became aware of his having swallowed an enormous quantity of some preparation of opium—I found afterwards that it was the mild or camphorated tincture he had taken, in place of the common tincture, better known by the name of laudanum, having been misled by the Latin labels on my bottles. Notwithstanding this, so great had been the quantity swallowed, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep him stirring till the morning. Yes, all night long, I dragged him up and down the apartment, allowing not to his most urgent entreaties a moment's rest, for I knew that to him sleep was death. All the night was I thus employed, and while I was so, my burnt hands and arms caused me the most acute anguish. At last, towards morning, the pain subsided, and, wearied out, I dropped asleep myself. He slept also, but the power of the poison had been overcome, and his sleep was like mine, more from exhaustion.

When I awoke I found him still asleep, but fevered from reaction. I left him to come back to consciousness by himself, and went to attend to my own burns, and thus was passed the day and night.

When next I saw Jaques, nothing could exceed his shame and contri-

tion, or his fervently-expressed gratitude and admiration of myself. A hundred extravagant ways, in the ebullition of his heart, with tears, protestations, and vows, did he take to convey to me his sense of these feelings, and his appreciation as much of the good I had done in saving him from a great crime and a dreadful death, as of my discretion in allowing the whole to be known only to myself. Though fiercely indignant at his unhallowed attempt on not only his own life, but those of Rachel and myself, yet, at such a season, I did not blame him, or make any display of anger—I remained calm and serious, leaving him to his own reflections until I had completely cured him of the effects of the opium, when, by expressing my resolution to remove from him for good, and persisting in it, I brought him to such a state of abject humiliation and entreaty, to an exhibition of helplessness so extreme, and a dread of being deserted so overmastering, that I found the effects upon his constitution more difficult to remove than those of the opium. By this means I got him as completely under my power, as a maniac should be under that of his keeper.

After this, I continued to devote myself altogether to the comfort of my friend and patient, and the solacement of his sufferings. I at length succeeded in breaking him of a great part of his unreasonable timidity, and induced him to meet at the cottage several medical and other acquaintances of mine, men of education and discretion, among whom he might enjoy a chastened conviviality, introducing him to them as a resident patient. To this society he became devotedly attached. I also directed his mind to poetry, inducing him to attempt versification, a pursuit or amusement for which his exquisitely-emotional turn of mind admirably fitted him, and I do believe he had a glimpse of pleasure when I showed him one of his pieces, a sweet, wailing little ode, printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was surely the smile of an author's joy that lighted his features, and not the usual sad smile of ardent affection, with which he received any kindness from Rachel or myself.

As soon as he conquered his jealousy—which he speedily did when he found that she, though my wife, continued to love him as much as ever—his attachment to us both increased, almost daily, and he returned to that sweet, gentle melancholy of temper and manner which had so charmed me with him as a friend, before his jealousy had ever been awakened. I also began, from time to time, to introduce him to a little general society, taking care to apologise previously in private for anything odd in his manner, on the ground that he was in ill health. I shall not be blamed for this when I explain that “LEPRA,” in modern days, is not infectious, nor did I scruple to allow my children to play freely with him about the rooms, or in the field behind the house. I began shortly to be persuaded that by these measures he was rendered perceptible of a degree of true happiness; for though his paroxysms were still violent and easily excited, yet there were long intervals of quiet pensiveness between, in which the interest of his mind was absorbed in poetry and painting. For I painted a little myself, and he, seeing me mix in colors, &c., began to try the pencil, and a pleasant rivalry commenced between us, in which Rachel was the acutely-discriminating and impartial judge of merit. Alas! many of these pictures now hang around me, when he who painted, and

she, the dear one, who awarded the meed of smiling praise, are in their graves! The subjects he chose were singular: one, for instance, was a picture of dreariness. It was an extended view of a lake, or broad river, running across the canvass, with a sombre wood beyond, and gray, cold-looking hills in the distance—while a bare common formed the foreground. In every part of the painting—the color and appearance of the sky, the gloomy aspect of the wood, the bare, bleak foreground and lead-colored water, whose bent sedges and dock-leaves, and rippled surface, betokened a March wind—in every line of it was indicated dreariness, or rather hopelessness, to the mind, in a manner I never could analyse, though I felt it strongly.

Yes, surely that hitherto joyless being began to feel resignation, and, in loving and being loved by us, the pleasure of one who is not altogether alone on the earth; nor was he now ignorant of the delights of home so dear to others. Oh, how often in these dreary days, when the beauty of a Mediterranean climate is unable to give my spirits elasticity, or its warmth to make the blood more than drag its way through my weary heart, does my mind wander back to those evenings at the cottage with my only friend and my only beloved—to the snug parlor, the pleasant fire, cheerful candle-light, chess-board, and piled-up books—to the open piano and the flute laid along its keys, and to the big family-Bible on the side table, awaiting its time to come into requisition. Nor is it slothful to recall the glass of negus, the cigar or the new number of the review—the little supper of the best delicacies wealth could secure, the tinkling laugh of Rachel, or the touching tones of poor Jaques' voice of sadness. Yes, he was, happy; though his delight was not as that of other men, yet he had an ideal happiness of his own in the affection of us, his friends; in the gambols of our children, in heaping upon us every benefit his wealth could accomplish—in fondly loving us, and knowing that he had constantly in his neighborhood a true, attached, and confidential friend, physician, and guard.

But although, for these latter years, along with the habitual agony of mind one so visited as he was could not help feeling, he experienced intervals of the most refined and exquisite happiness (I know it from his own assurance,) yet was his mind still so prayed upon, and so shaken had it formerly been—so decayed, too, was the poor disorganized machine it animated—that I perceived him, week by week, and day by day, slowly but surely declining to the natural rest from all his sufferings.

When he had lived under my charge as nearly as possible about seven years, he declined so far as to be unable to leave his bedroom. It is impossible to impress on paper the depth of feeling with which he now spoke to me, as I sat continually ministering by his bedside, or the acuteness of sorrow with which I saw the flame as it were of his expiring candle, sinking into the socket. Our conversations were most affecting, both in the matter and the manner; for he talked of his own life of shame and sorrow, his expulsion by his brother, and the kindness and brotherly love he had met with from me and mine; and now he was about, at the call of nature, to leave me whom he loved of all things or creatures most, and from whom alone he had received good, and to leave me for ever, really forever, for he was of the sect of the Sadducees, who believe in neither angel nor

spirit, nor in the immortality of the soul. You may be sure I combatted, as far as my powers went, this error, alleging his own case as an example. "If there be no future for you," said I, "and your life has been one of the greatest and most constant anguish, and that to all appearance unmerited by you, where is divine justice?" And this sentence contains the moral of my narrative.

Nevertheless, he was deaf to all my arguments, his constant reply being, "I must abide by the ancient faith of my people." It was harrowing to me to hear one who had been so awfully afflicted leaving life in such a creed; but infinitely more cutting was it to listen to the clinging words of affection for its darling objects, while it was being dragged away as it were heartstring by heartstring, and believed that they, the dear ones were being lost for ever.

Whilst on his death-bed he had frequent interviews with Rachel—indeed, as often as I could so arrange matters as to make it convenient—for she never in her life knew or suspected his secret, and I was the only being that nursed him or ministered to him in any way. With the pathos of these interviews, and the hopeless language of the sufferer, despairing, even in those circumstances in which hope is most needed, she was deeply stricken, and its effect upon her was evident after many days.

Thus declining, at length he died, and his spirit, as it took flight, left the words "dear friend" on his lips.

His body I tended for the grave with my own hands, and he was buried in the vault I had purchased on the death of Mr. Hermann. A large slab of stone, without name or date, covered him, and for epitaph I made the following line, which was engraved upon it:—

"HIC DORMIT TANDEM, CUI MORS FUIT UNA VOLUPTAS."

Meaning, "Here sleeps one, at last, whose single pleasure was death."

I may state that the property I inherited from him by bequeathal formed, and now forms, for me, an ample independence.

Since then I have never seen a person repining, or felt myself inclined to repine, under the light trials of ordinary life, but I think of that poor young man, guilty of no crime, yet denied all pleasures, and cursed with an inconceivable misery, nor cheered under it by even a ray of hope for the future.

END OF VOL. II.

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